NOVEMBER

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THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, P. F. WARNER.

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Vol. XIV. No. 80. NOVEMBER, 1905

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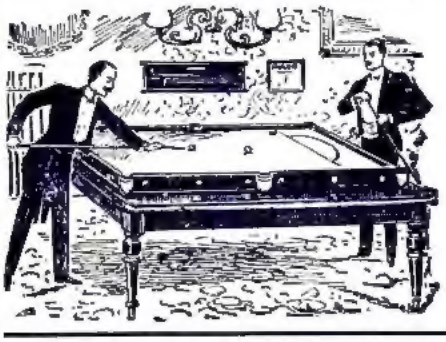

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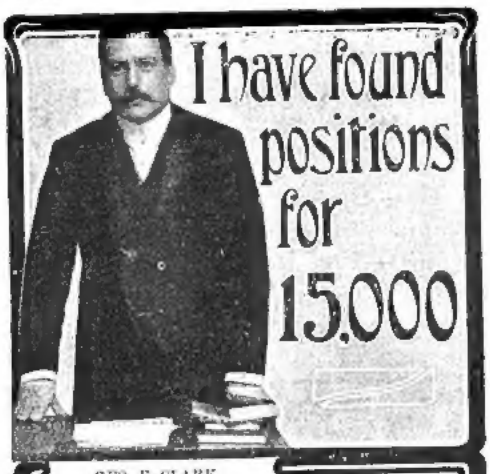

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13 Costa Rica		4	26 Portugal		6	16 Cape of good Hope		9
12 Guatemala		6	30 Roumania		6	27 India		6
30 Holland		4	15 Finland		5	10 Newfoundland		5
30 Honduras		8	20 Servia		6	18 Labuan		9
20 Ecuador		6	30 Spain		9	14 Mauritius	1	0
20 Austria	1	4	10 Siam	1	0	17 Newfoundland	2	0
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36 Egypt	1	0	12 Jamaica		8	10 Transvaal		8
30 Japan		6	30 India	1	6	26 Victoria	1	8
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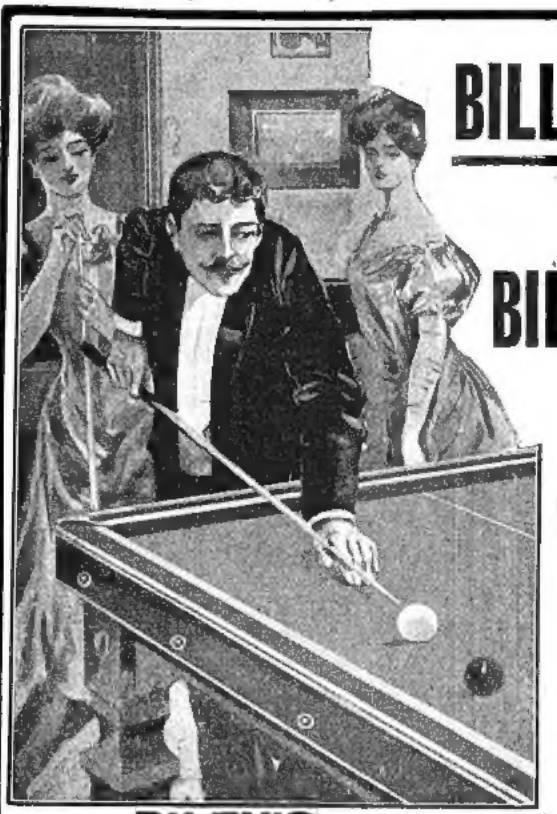

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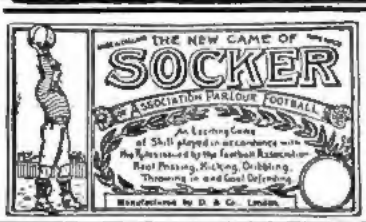

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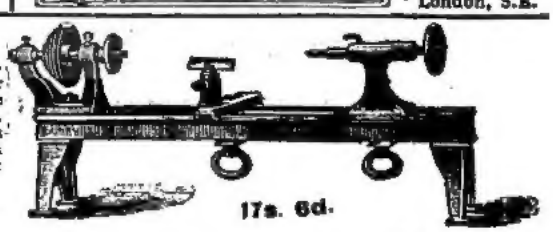

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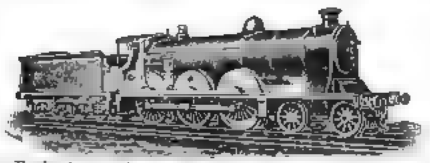

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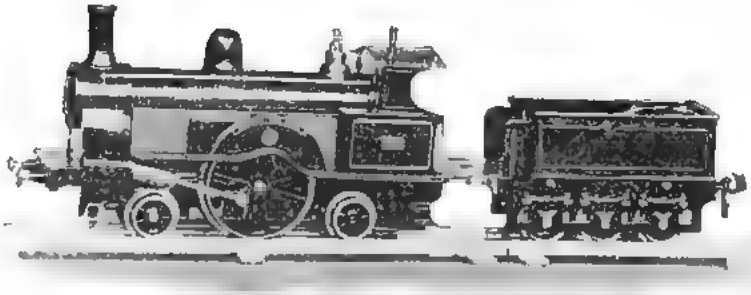

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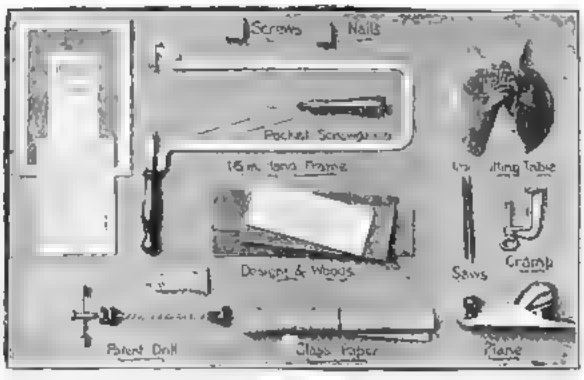

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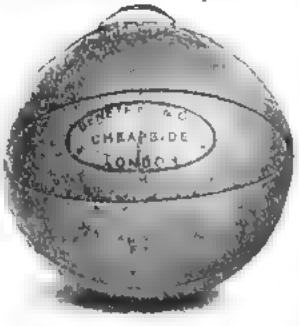

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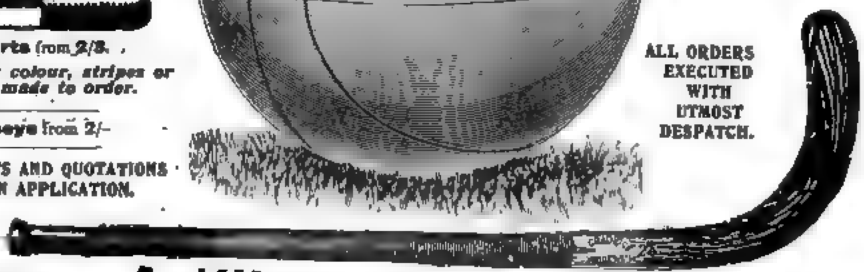

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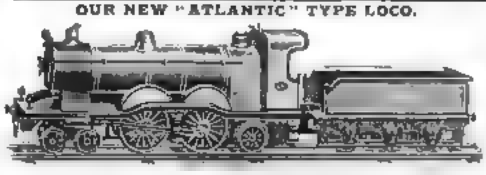

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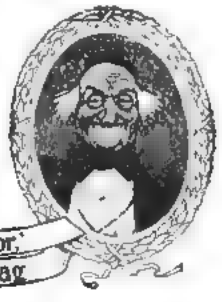

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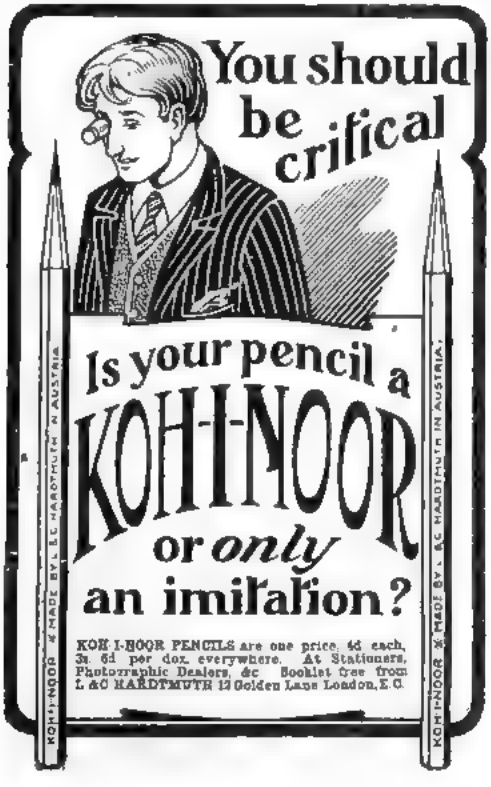

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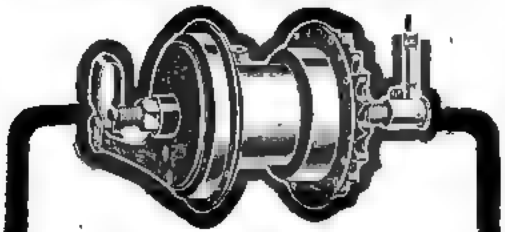

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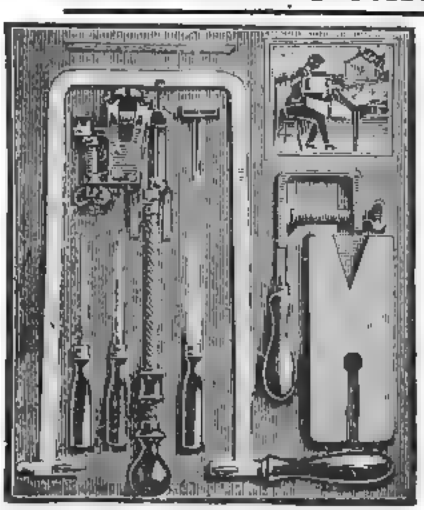

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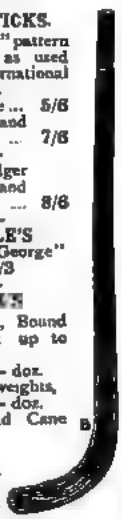

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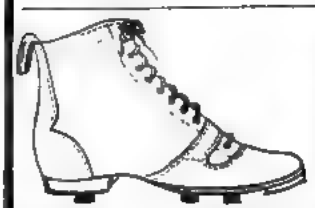

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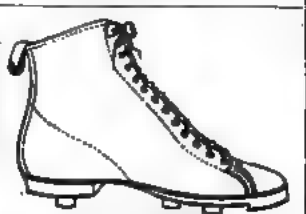

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A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

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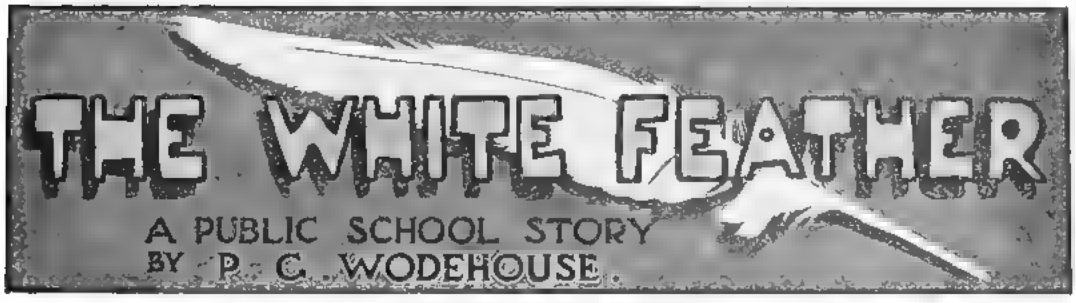


Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS.

Wrykyn School is experiencing a season of athletic slackness after a year of phenomenal success—much to the disgust of Allardyce, captain of football, who appears to be in command of a team of degenerates. The conduct of the school generally is also unsatisfactory, frequent rows with the "town" taking place over an impending Parliamentary election, in which one of the school governors is a candidate in the Conservative interest. While one of these School and Town fights is in progress in the High Street, Drummond, the best boxer in the school, and Sheen, his friend—both members of the Sixth—come upon the scene, but while Drummond hastens to help the Wrykinians, Sheen turns tail and slinks away.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

IT was not until he had reached his study that Sheen thoroughly realised what he had done. All the way home he had been defending himself eloquently against an imaginary accuser; and he had built up a very sound, thoughtful, and logical series of arguments to show that he was not only not to blame for what he had done, but had acted in a highly statesmanlike and praiseworthy manner. After all, he was in the sixth. Not a prefect, it was true, but, still, practically a prefect. The headmaster disliked unpleasantness between school and town, much more so between the sixth form of the school and the town. Therefore, he had done his duty in refusing to be drawn into a fight with Albert and friends. Besides, why should he be expected to join in whenever he saw a couple of fellows fighting? It wasn't reasonable. It was no business of his. Why, it was absurd. He had no quarrel with those fellows. It wasn't cowardice. It was simply that he had kept his head better than Drummond, and seen further into the matter. Besides. . . .

But when he sat down in his chair, this mood changed. There is a vast difference between the view one takes of things when one is walking briskly, and that which comes when one thinks the thing over coldly. As he sat there, the wall of defence which he had built up slipped away brick by brick, and there was the fact staring at him, without covering or disguise.

It was no good arguing against himself. No amount of argument could wipe away the truth. He had been afraid, and had shown it. And he had shown it when, in a sense, he was representing the school, when Wrykyn looked to him to help it keep its end up against the town.

The more he reflected, the more he saw how far-reaching were the consequences of that failure in the hour of need. He had disgraced himself. He had disgraced Seymour's. He had disgraced the school. He was an outcast.

This mood, the natural reaction from his first glow of almost jaunty self-righteousness, lasted till the lock-up bell rang, when it was succeeded by another. This time he took a

more reasonable view of the affair. It occurred to him that there was a chance that his defection had passed unnoticed. Nothing could make his case seem better in his own eyes, but it might be that the thing would end there. The house might not have lost credit.

An overwhelming curiosity seized him to find out how it had all ended. The ten minutes of grace which followed the ringing of the lock-up bell had passed. Drummond and the rest must be back by now.

He went down the passage to Drummond's study. Somebody was inside. He could hear him.

He knocked at the door.

Drummond was sitting at the table, reading. He looked up, and there was a silence. Sheen's mouth felt dry. He could not think how to begin. He noticed that Drummond's face was unmarked. Looking down, he saw that one of the knuckles of the hand that held the book was swollen and cut.

"Drummond, I——"

Drummond lowered the book.

"Get out," he said. He spoke without heat, calmly, as if he were making some conventional remark by way of starting a conversation.

"I only came to ask——"

"Get out," said Drummond again.

There was another pause. Drummond raised his book and went on reading.

Sheen left the room.

Outside he ran into Linton. Unlike Drummond, Linton bore marks of the encounter. As in the case of the hero of Calverley's poem, one of his speaking eyes was sable. The swelling of his lip was increased. There was a deep red bruise on his forehead. In spite of these injuries, however, he was cheerful. He was whistling when Sheen collided with him.

"Sorry," said Linton, and went on into the study.

"Well," he said, "how are you feeling, Drummond? Lucky beggar, you haven't got a mark. I wish I could duck like you. Well, we have fought the good fight. Exit Albert—sweep him up. You gave him enough to last him for the rest of the term. I couldn't tackle the brute. He's as strong as a horse. My word, it was lucky you happened to come up. Albert was making hay of us. Still, all's well that ends well. We have smitten the Philistines this day. By the way——"

"What's up now?"

"Who was that chap with you when you came up?"

"Which chap?"

"I thought I saw some one."

"You shouldn't eat so much tea. You saw double."

"There wasn't anybody?"

"No," said Drummond.

"Not Sheen?"

"No," said Drummond, irritably. "How many more times do you want me to say it?"

"All right," said Linton, "I only asked. I met him outside."

"Who?"

"Sheen."

"Oh?"

"You might be sociable."

"I know I might. But I want to read."

"Lucky man. Wish I could. I can hardly see. Well, good-bye, then. I'm off."

"Good," grunted Drummond. "You know your way out, don't you?"

Linton went back to his own study.

"It's all very well," he said to himself, "for Drummond to deny it, but I'll swear I saw Sheen with him. So did Dunstable. I'll cut out and ask him about it after prep. If he really was there, and cut off, something ought to be done about it. The chap ought to be kicked. He's a disgrace to the house."

Dunstable, questioned after preparation, refused to commit himself.

"I thought I saw somebody with Drummond," he said, "and I had a sort of idea it was Sheen. Still, I was pretty busy at the time, and wasn't paying much attention to anything except that long, thin bargee with the bowler. I wish those men would hit straight. It's beastly difficult to guard a round-arm swing. My right ear feels like a cauliflower. Does it look rum?"

"Beastly. But what about this? You can't swear to Sheen, then?"

"No. Better give him the benefit of the doubt. What does Drummond say? You ought to ask him."

"I have. He says he was alone."

"Well, that settles it. What an ass you are. If Drummond doesn't know, who does?"

"I believe he's simply hushing it up."

"Well, let us hush it up, too. It's no good bothering about it. We licked them all right."

"But it's such a beastly thing for the house."

"Then why the dickens do you want it to get about? Surely the best thing you can do is to dry up and say nothing about it."

"But something ought to be done."

"What's the good of troubling about a man like Sheen? He never was any good and this doesn't make him very much worse. Besides, he'll probably be sick enough on his

own account. I know I should, if I'd done it. And, anyway, we don't know that he did do it."

"I'm certain he did. I could swear it was him."

"Anyhow, for goodness' sake let the thing drop."

"All right. But I shall cut him."

"Well, that would be punishment enough for anybody, whatever he'd done. Fancy existence without your bright conversation. It doesn't bear thinking of. You do look a freak with that eye and that lump on your forehead. You ought to wear a mask."

"That ear of yours," said Linton with satisfaction, "will be about three times its ordinary size to-morrow. And it always was too large. Good-night."

On his way back to Seymour's, Mason, of Appleby's, who was standing at his house gate imbibing fresh air preparatory to going to bed, accosted him.

"I say, Linton," he said, "—hullo, you look a wreck, don't you!—I say, what's all this about your house?"

"What about my house?"

"Funking, and all that. Sheen, you know. Stanning has just been telling me."

"Then he saw him, too!" exclaimed Linton, involuntarily.

"Oh, it's true, then? Did he really cut off like that? Stanning said he did, but I wouldn't believe him at first. You aren't going? Good-night."

So the thing was out. Linton had not counted on Stanning having seen what he and Dunstable had seen. It was impossible to hush it up now. The scutcheon of Seymour's was definitely blotted. The name of the house was being held up to scorn in Appleby's. Probably everywhere else as well. It was a nuisance, thought Linton, but it could not be helped. After all, it was a judgment on the house for harbouring such a specimen as Sheen.

In Seymour's there was tumult and an impromptu indignation meeting. Stanning had gone to work scientifically. From the moment that, ducking under the guard of a sturdy town youth, he had caught sight of Sheen retreating from the fray, he had grasped the fact that here, ready-made, was his chance of working off his grudge against him. All he had to do was to spread the news abroad, and the school would do the rest. On his return from the town he had mentioned the facts of the case to one or two of the more garrulous members of his house, and they had passed it on to everybody they met during the interval in the middle of preparation. By the end of preparation half the school knew what had happened.

Seymour's was furious. The senior day-room to a man condemned Sheen. The junior day-room was crimson in the face and incoherent. The demeanour of a junior in moments of excitement gene-

THEY HOVE FOOTBALL BOOTS AND CRICKET STUMPS AT THE DOOR.

rally lacks that repose which marks the philosopher.

"He ought to be kicked," shrilled Renford.

"We shall get rotted by those kids in Dexter's," moaned Harvey.

"Disgracing the house!" thundered Watson.

"Let's go and chuck things at his door," suggested Renford.

A move was made to the passage in which Sheen's study was situated, and, with divers groans and howls, the junior day-room hove football boots and cricket stumps at the door.

The success of the meeting, however, was entirely neutralised by the fact that in the same passage stood the study of Rigby, the head of the house. Also Rigby was trying at the moment to turn into idiomatic Greek verse the words: "The Days of Peace and Slumberous Calm have fled," and this corroboration of the statement annoyed him to the extent of dashing out of his room and sowing lines among the revellers like some monarch scattering largesse. The junior day-room retired to its lair to inveigh against the brutal ways of those in authority and begin working off the commission it had received.

The howls in the passage were the first official intimation Sheen had received that his shortcomings were public property. The word "Funk!" shouted through his keyhole, had not unnaturally given him an inkling as to the state of affairs.

So Drummond had given him away, he thought Probably he had told Linton the whole story the moment after he (Sheen) had met the latter at the door of the study. And perhaps he was now telling it to the rest of the house. Of all the mixed sensations from which he suffered as he went to his dormitory that night, one of resentment against Drummond was the keenest.

Sheen was in the fourth dormitory, where the majority of the junior day-room slept. He was in the position of a sort of extra house prefect as far as the dormitory was concerned. It was a large dormitory, and Mr. Seymour had fancied that it might, perhaps, be something of a handful for a single prefect. As a matter of fact, however, Drummond, who was in charge, had shown early in the term that he was more than capable of managing the place single handed. He was popular and determined. The dormitory was orderly partly because it liked him, principally because it had to be.

He had an opportunity of exhibiting his powers of control that night. When Sheen came in, the room was full. Drummond was in bed, reading his novel. The other ornaments of the dormitory were in various stages of undress.

As Sheen appeared, a sudden hissing broke out from the further corner of the room. Sheen flushed, and walked to his bed. The hissing increased in volume and richness.

"Shut up that noise," said Drummond, without looking up from his book.

The hissing diminished. Only two or three of the more reckless kept it up.

Drummond looked across the room at them.

"Stop that noise, and get into bed," he said quietly.

The hissing ceased. He went on with his book again.

Silence reigned in dormitory four.

CHAPTER VI.

ALBERT REDIVIVUS.

BY murdering in cold blood a large and respected family, and afterwards depositing their bodies in a reservoir, one may gain, we are told, much unpopularity in the neighbourhood of one's crime; while robbing a church will get one cordially disliked, especially by the vicar. But, to be really an outcast, to feel that one has no friend in the world, one must break an important public-school commandment.

Sheen had always been something of a hermit. In his most sociable moments he had never had more than one or two friends; but he had never before known what it meant to be completely isolated. It was like living in a world of ghosts, or, rather, like being a ghost in a living world. That disagreeable experience of being looked through, as if one were invisible, comes to the average person, it may be, half a dozen times in his life. Sheen had to put up with it a hundred times a day. People who were talking to one another stopped when he appeared, and waited until he had passed on before beginning again. Altogether, he was made to feel that he had done for himself, that, as far as the life of the school was concerned, he did not exist.

There had been some talk, particularly in the senior day-room, of more active measures. It was thought that nothing less than a court-martial could meet the case. But the house prefects had been against it. Sheen was in the sixth, and, however monstrous and unspeakable might have been his acts, it would hardly do to treat him as if he were a junior.

And the scheme had been definitely discouraged by Drummond, who had stated, without wrapping the gist of his remarks in elusive phrases, that in the event of a court-martial being held he would interview the president of the same and knock his head off. So Seymour's had fallen back on the punishment which from their earliest beginnings the public schools have meted out to their criminals. They had cut Sheen dead.

In a way Sheen benefited from this excommunication. Now that he could not even play fives, for want of an opponent, there was nothing left for him to do but work. Fortunately, he had an object. The Gotford would be coming on in a few weeks, and the more work he could do for it, the better. Though Stanning was the only one of his rivals whom he feared, and though *he* was known to be taking very little trouble over the matter, it was best to run as few risks as possible. Stanning was one of those people who produce great results in their work without seeming to do anything for them.

So Sheen shut himself up in his study and ground grimly away at his books; and for exercise went for cross-country walks. It was a monotonous kind of existence. For the space of a week the only Wrykinian who spoke a single word to him was Bruce, the son of the Conservative candidate for Wrykyn: and Bruce's conversation had been limited to two remarks. He had said, "You might play that again, will you?" and, later, "Thanks" He had come into the music room while Sheen was practising one afternoon, and had sat down, without speaking, on a chair by the door. When Sheen had played for the second time the piece which had won his approval, Bruce thanked him and left the room. As the solitary break in the monotony of the week, Sheen remembered the incident rather vividly.

Since the great rout of Albert and his minions outside Cook's, things, as far as the seniors were concerned, had been quiet between school and town. Linton and Dunstable had gone to and from Cook's two days in succession without let or hindrance. It was generally believed that, owing to the unerring way in which he had put his head in front of Drummond's left on that memorable occasion, the scarlet-haired one was at present dry-docked for repairs. The story in the school—it had grown with the days—was that Drummond had laid the enemy out on the pavement with a sickening crash, and that he had still been there at, so to speak, the close of play. As a matter of fact, Albert was in excellent shape, and only an unfortunate previous engagement had prevented him from ranging the streets near Cook's as before. Sir William Bruce was addressing a meeting in another part of the town, and Albert thought it his duty to be on hand to boo.

In the junior portion of the school the feud with the town was brisk. Mention has been made of a certain St. Jude's, between which seat of learning and the fags of Dexter's and the School House there was a spirited vendetta.

Jackson, of Dexter's, was one of the pillars of the movement. Jackson was

> a calm-brow'd lad,
> Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter,

and he derived a great deal of pleasure from warring against St. Jude's. It helped him to enjoy his meals. He slept the better for it. After a little turn-up with a Judy he was fuller of that spirit of manly fortitude and forbearance so necessary to those whom Fate brought frequently into contact with Mr. Dexter. The Judies wore mortar-boards, and it was an enjoyable pastime sending these spinning into space during one of the usual *rencontres* in the High Street. From the fact that he and his friends were invariably outnumbered, there was a sporting element in these affairs, though occasionally this inferiority of numbers was the cause of his executing a scientific retreat with the enemy harassing his men up to the very edge of the town. This had happened on the last occasion. There had been casualties. No fewer than six house-caps had fallen into the enemy's hands, and he himself had been tripped up and rolled in a puddle.

He burned to avenge this disaster

"Coming down to Cook's?" he said to his ally, Painter. It was just a week since the Sheen episode.

"All right," said Painter.

"Suppose we go by the High Street," suggested Jackson, casually.

"Then we'd better get a few more chaps," said Painter.

A few more chaps were collected, and the party, numbering eight, set off for the town. There were present such stalwarts as Borwick and Crowle, both of Dexter's, and Tomlin, of the School House, a useful man to have by you in an emergency. It was Tomlin who, on one occasion, attacked by two terrific champions of St. Jude's in a narrow passage, had vanquished them both and sent their

mortar-boards miles into the empyrean, so that they were never the same mortar-boards again, but wore ever after a bruised and draggled look.

The expedition passed down the High Street without adventure, until by common consent it stopped at the lofty wall which bounded the playground of St. Jude's.

From the other side of the wall came sounds of revelry, shrill squealings and shoutings. The Judies were disporting themselves at one of their weird games. It was known that they played touch-last, and Scandal said that another of their favourite recreations was marbles. The juniors at Wrykyn believed that it was to hide these excesses from the gaze of the public that the playground wall had been made so high. Eye witnesses, who had peeped through the door in the said wall, reported that what the Judies seemed to do mostly was to chase one another about the playground, shrieking at the top of their voices. But, they added, this was probably a mere ruse to divert suspicion. They had almost certainly got the marbles in their pockets all the time.

The expedition stopped, and looked itself in the face.

"How about buzzing something at them?" said Jackson earnestly.

"You can get oranges over the road," said Tomlin in his helpful way.

Jackson vanished into the shop indicated, and reappeared a few moments later with a brown paper bag.

"It seems a beastly waste," suggested the economical Painter.

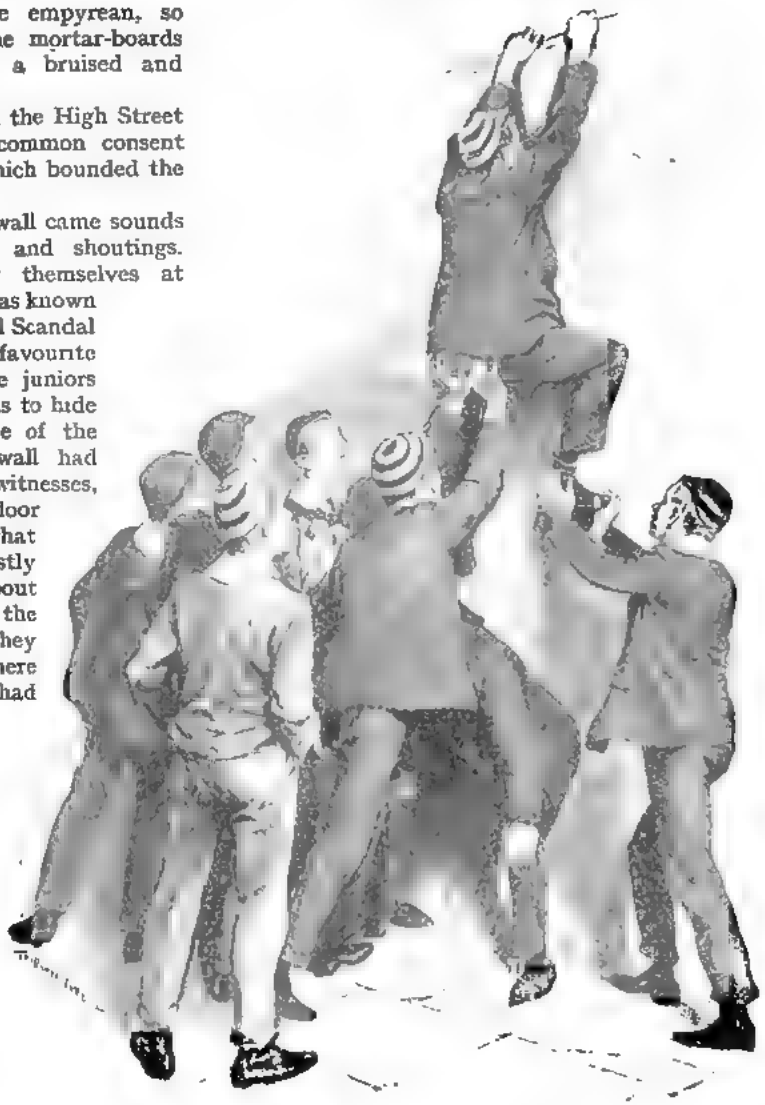
"That's all right," said Jackson, "they're all bad. The man thought I was rotting him when I asked if he'd got any bad oranges, but I got them at last. Give us a leg-up, some one."

Willing hands urged him to the top of the wall. He drew out a green orange, and threw it.

There was a sudden silence on the other side of the wall. Then a howl of wrath went up to the heavens. Jackson rapidly emptied his bag.

"Got him!" he exclaimed, as the last orange sped on its way. "Look out, they're coming."

The expedition had begun to move off with quiet dignity, when from the doorway in the wall there poured forth a stream of mortar-boarded warriors, shrieking defiance. The expedition advanced to meet them.



WILLING HANDS URGED HIM TO THE TOP OF THE WALL.

As usual; the Judies had the advantage in numbers, and, filled to the brim with righteous indignation, they were proceeding to make things uncommonly warm for the invaders—Painter had lost his cap, and Tomlin three waistcoat buttons—when the eye of Jackson, roving up and down the street, was caught by a Seymour's cap. He was about to shout for

Google

assistance when he perceived that the newcomer was Sheen, and refrained. It was no use, he felt, asking Sheen for help.

But just as Sheen arrived and the ranks of the expedition were beginning to give way before the strenuous onslaught of the Judies, the latter, almost with one accord, turned and bolted into their playground again. Looking round, Tomlin, that first of generals, saw the reason, and uttered a warning.

A mutual foe had appeared. From a passage on the left of the road there had debouched on to the field of action Albert himself and two of his band.

The expedition flew without false shame. It is to be doubted whether one of Albert's calibre would have troubled to attack such small game, but it was the firm opinion of the Wrykyn fags and the Judies that he and his men were to be avoided.

The newcomers did not pursue them. They contented themselves with shouting at them. One of the band threw a stone.

Then they caught sight of Sheen.

Albert said, "Oo er!" and advanced at the double. His companions followed him.

Sheen watched them come, and backed against the wall. His heart was thumping furiously. He was in for it now, he felt. He had come down to the town with this very situation in his mind. A wild idea of doing something to restore his self-respect and his credit in the eyes of the house had driven him to the High Street. But now that the crisis had actually arrived he would have given much to have been in his study again.

Albert was quite close now. Sheen could see the marks which had resulted from his interview with Drummond. With all his force Sheen hit out, and experienced a curious thrill as his fist went home. It was a poor blow from a scientific point of view, but Sheen's fives had given him muscle, and it checked Albert. That youth, however, recovered rapidly, and the next few moments passed in a whirl for Sheen. He received a stinging blow on his left ear and another which deprived him of his whole stock of breath, and then he was on the ground, conscious only of a wish to stay there for ever.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. JOE BEVAN.

ALMOST involuntarily he staggered up to receive another blow which sent him down again.

"That'll do," said a voice.

Sheen got up, panting. Between him and his assailant stood a short, sturdy man in a tweed suit. He was waving Albert back, and Albert appeared to be dissatisfied. He was arguing hotly with the newcomer.

"Now, you go away," said that worthy, mildly, "just you go away."

Albert gave it as his opinion that the speaker would do well not to come interfering in what didn't concern him. What he wanted, asserted Albert, was a thick ear.

"Coming pushing yourself in," added Albert querulously.

"You go away," repeated the stranger. "You go away. I don't want to have trouble with you."

Albert's reply was to hit out with his left hand in the direction of the speaker's face. The stranger, without fuss, touched the back of Albert's wrist gently with the palm of his right hand, and Albert, turning round in a circle, ended the manœuvre with his back towards his opponent. He faced round again irresolutely. The thing had surprised him.

"You go away," said the other, as if he were making the observation for the first time.

"It's Joe Bevan," said one of Albert's friends, excitedly.

Albert's jaw fell. His freckled face paled.

"You go away," repeated the man in the tweed suit, whose conversation seemed inclined to run in a groove.

This time Albert took the advice. His friends had already taken it.

"Thanks," said Sheen.

"Beware," said Mr. Bevan oracularly, "of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear't that th' opposèd may beware of thee. Always counter back when you guard. When a man shows you his right like that, always push out your left hand straight. The straight left rules the boxing world. Feeling better, sir?"

"Yes, thanks."

"He got that right in just on the spot. I was watching. When you see a man coming to hit you with his right like that, don't you draw back. Get on top of him. He can't hit you then."

That feeling of utter collapse which is the immediate result of a blow in the parts about the waistcoat was beginning to pass away, and Sheen now felt capable of taking an interest in sublunary matters once more. His ear smarted horribly, and when he put up a hand and felt it the pain was so great that he could barely refrain from uttering a cry. But, however physically battered he might be, he was feeling happier and more satisfied with

BEVAN, WITHOUT FUSS, TOUCHED THE BACK OF HIS WRIST GENTLY WITH THE PALM OF HIS HAND, AND ALBERT TURNED ROUND IN A CIRCLE.

himself than he had felt for years. He had been beaten, but he had fought his best, and not given in. Some portion of his self-respect came back to him as he reviewed the late encounter.

Mr. Bevan regarded him approvingly.

"He was too heavy for you," he said. "He's a good twelve stone, I make it. I should put you at ten stone—say ten stone three. Call it nine stone twelve in condition. But you've got pluck, sir."

Sheen opened his eyes at this surprising statement.

"Some I've met would have laid down after getting that first hit, but you got up again. That's the secret of fighting. Always keep going on. Never give in. You know what Shakespeare says about the one who first cries 'Hold, enough!' Do you read Shakespeare, sir?"

"Yes," said Sheen.

"Ah, now *he* knew his business," said Mr. Bevan enthusiastically. "*There* was ringcraft, as you may say. *He* wasn't a novice."

Sheen agreed that Shakespeare had written some good things in his time.

"That's what you want to remember. Always keep going on, as the saying is. I was fighting Dick Roberts at the National—an American, he was, from San Francisco. He come at me with his right stretched out, and I think he's going to hit me with it, when blessed if his left don't come out instead, and, my Golly! it nearly knocked a passage through me. Just where that fellow hit you, sir, he hit me. It was just at the end of the round, and I went back to my corner. Jim Blake was seconding me. 'What's this, Jim?' I says, 'is the man mad, or what?' 'Why,' he says, 'he's left-handed, that's what's the matter. Get on top of him.' 'Get on top of him?' I says. 'My Golly, I'll get on top of the roof if he's going to hit me another of those.' But I kept on, and got close to him, and he couldn't get in another of them, and he give in after the seventh round."

"What competition was that?" asked Sheen.

Mr. Bevan laughed. "It was a twenty-round contest, sir, for seven-fifty aside and the Light Weight Championship of the World."

Sheen looked at him in astonishment. He had always imagined professional pugilists to be bullet-headed and beetle-browed to a man. He was not prepared for one of Mr. Joe Bevan's description. For all the marks of his profession that he bore on his face, in

the shape of lumps and scars, he might have been a curate. His face looked tough, and his eyes harboured always a curiously alert, questioning expression, as if he were perpetually "sizing up" the person he was addressing. But otherwise he was like other men. He seemed also to have a pretty taste in Literature. This, combined with his strong and capable air, attracted Sheen. Usually he was shy and ill at ease with strangers. Joe Bevan he felt he had known all his life.

"Do you still fight?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. Bevan, "I gave it up. A man finds he's getting on, as the saying is, and it don't do to keep at it too long. I teach and I train, but I don't fight now."

A sudden idea flashed across Sheen's mind. He was still glowing with that pride which those who are accustomed to work with their brains feel when they have gone honestly through some labour of the hands. At that moment he felt himself capable of fighting the world and beating it. The small point, that Albert had knocked him out of time in less than a minute, did not damp him at all. He had started on the right road. He had done something. He had stood up to his man till he could stand no longer. An unlimited vista of action stretched before him. He had tasted the pleasures of the fight, and he wanted more.

Why, he thought, should he not avail himself of Joe Bevan's services to help him put himself right in the eyes of the house? At the end of the term, shortly before the Public Schools' Competitions at Aldershot, inter-house boxing cups were competed for at Wrykyn. It would be a dramatic act of reparation to the house if he could win the light-weight cup for it. His imagination, jumping wide gaps, did not admit the possibility of his not being good enough to win it. In the scene which he conjured up in his mind he was an easy victor. After all, there was the greater part of the term to learn in, and he would have a Champion of the World to teach him.

Mr. Bevan cut in on his reflections as if he had heard them by some process of wireless telegraphy.

"Now, look here, sir," he said, "you should let me give you a few lessons. You're plucky, but you don't know the game as yet. And boxing's a thing every one ought to know. Supposition is, you're crossing a field or going down a street with your sweetheart or your wife——"

Sheen was neither engaged nor married, but he let the point pass.

—"And up comes one of these hooligans, as they call 'em. What are you going to do if he starts his games? Why, nothing, if you can't box. You may be plucky, but you can't beat him. And if you beat him you'll get half murdered yourself. What you want to do is to learn to box, and then what happens? Why, as soon as he sees you shaping, he says to himself, 'Hullo, this chap knows too much for me. I'm off,' and off he runs. Or, supposition is, he comes for you. You don't mind. Not you. You give him one punch in the right place, and then you go off to your tea, leaving him lying there. He won't get up."

"I'd like to learn," said Sheen. "I should be awfully obliged if you'd teach me. I wonder if you could make me any good by the end of the term. The House Competitions come off then."

"That all depends, sir. It comes easier to some than others. If you know how to shoot your left out straight, that's as good as six months' teaching. After that it's all ring-craft. The straight left beats the world."

"Where shall I find you?"

"I'm training a young chap—eight stone seven, and he's got to get down to eight stone four, for a bantam weight match—at an inn up the river here. I daresay you know it, sir. Or any one would tell you where it is. The 'Blue Boar,' it's called. You come there any time you like to name, sir, and you'll find me."

"I should like to come every day," said Sheen. "Would that be too often?"

"Oftener the better, sir. You can't practise too much."

"Then I'll start next week. Thanks very much. By the way, I shall have to go by boat, I suppose. It isn't far, is it? I've not been up the river for some time. The school generally goes down stream."

"It's not what you'd call far," said Bevan. "But it would be easier for you to come by road."

"I haven't a bicycle."

"Wouldn't one of your friends lend you one?"

Sheen flushed. It was hardly likely.

"No, I'd better come by boat, I think. I'll turn up on Tuesday at about five. Will that suit you?"

"Yes, sir. That will be a good time. Then I'll say good-bye, sir, for the present."

Sheen went back to his house in a different mood from the one in which he had left it. He did not care now when the other Seymourites looked through him.

In the passage he met Linton, and grinned pleasantly at him.

"What the dickens was that man grinning at?" said Linton to himself. "I must have a smut or something on my face."

But a close inspection in the dormitory looking-glass revealed no blemish on his handsome features.

Sheen had smiled at his thoughts.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NAVAL BATTLE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHAT a go is life!

Let us examine the case of Jackson, of Dexter's. O'Hara, who had left Dexter's at the end of the summer term, had once complained to Clowes of the manner in which his housemaster treated him, and Clowes had remarked in his melancholy way that it was nothing less than a breach of the law that Dexter should persist in leading a fellow a dog's life without buying a dog licence for him.

That was precisely how Jackson felt on the subject.

Things became definitely unbearable on the day after Sheen's interview with Mr. Joe Bevan.

'Twas morn—to begin at the beginning and Jackson sprang from his little cot to embark on the labours of the day. Unfortunately, he sprang ten minutes too late and came down to breakfast about the time of the second slice of bread and marmalade. Result, a hundred lines. Proceeding to school, he had again fallen foul of his housemaster—in whose form he was—over a matter of unprepared Livy. As a matter of fact, Jackson *had* prepared the Livy. Or, rather, he had not absolutely *prepared* it; but he had meant to. But it was Mr. Templar's preparation, and Mr. Templar was short-sighted. Any one will understand, therefore, that it would have been simply chucking away the gifts of Providence if he had not gone on with the novel which he had been reading up till the last moment before prep.-time, and had brought along with him accidentally, as it were. It was a book called *A Spoiler of Men*, by Mr. Richard Marsh, and was thick with crime and desperate deed. It was Hot Stuff. Much better than Livy. . . .

Lunch Score—Two hundred lines.

During lunch he had the misfortune to upset a glass of water. Pure accident, of course, but there it *was*, don't you know, all over the table.

Mr. Dexter had called him:

(*a*) clumsy;

(*b*) a pig;

and had given him

(1) Advice—"You had better be careful, Jackson."

(2) A present—"Two hundred lines, Jackson."

On the match being resumed at two o'clock, with four hundred lines on the score-sheet, he had played a fine, free game during afternoon school, and Mr. Dexter, who objected to fine, free games—or, indeed, any games—during school hours, had increased the total to six hundred, when stumps were drawn for the day.

So on a bright, sunny Saturday afternoon, when he should have been out in the field cheering the house team on to victory against the School House, Jackson sat in the junior day-room at Dexter's copying out Virgil, Æneid Two.

To him, later on in the afternoon, when he had finished half his task, entered Painter, with the news that Dexter's had taken thirty points off the School House just after half-time

"Mopped them up," said the terse and epigrammatic Painter. "Made rings round them. Haven't you finished yet? Well, chuck it, and come out."

"What's on?" asked Jackson.

"We're going to have a boat race."

"Pile it on."

"We are really. Fact. Some of those School House kids are awfully sick about the match, and challenged us. That chap Tomlin thinks he can row."

"He can't row for nuts," said Jackson. "He doesn't know which end of the oar to shove into the water. I've seen cats that could row better than Tomlin."

"That's what I told him At least, I said he couldn't row for toffee, so he said all right I bet I can lick you, and I said I betted he couldn't, and he said all right, then, let's try, and then the other chaps wanted to join in, so we made an inter-house thing of it. And I want you to come and stroke us."

Jackson hesitated. Mr. Dexter, setting the lines on Friday, had certainly said that they were to be shown up "to-morrow evening." He had said it very loud and clear. Still, in a case like this. . . . After all, by helping to beat the School House on the river he would be giving Dexter's a leg-up. And what more could the man want?

"Right ho," said Jackson.

Down at the School boat-house the enemy

were already afloat when Painter and Jackson arrived.

"Buck up," cried the School House crew.

Dexter's embarked, five strong. There was room for two on each seat. Jackson shared the post of stroke with Painter. Crowle steered.

THE CREWS ROSE FROM THEIR SEATS AND GRAPPLED WITH ONE ANOTHER.

"Ready?" asked Tomlin from the other boat.

"Half a sec.," said Jackson. "What's the course?"

"Oh, don't you know *that* yet? Up to the town, round the island just below the bridge, —the island with the croquet ground on it, *you* know—and back again here. Ready?"

"In a jiffy. Look here, Crowle, remember about steering. You pull the right line if you want to go to the right and the other if you want to go to the left."

"All right," said the injured Crowle. "As if I didn't know that."

"Thought I'd mention it. It's your fault. Nobody could tell by looking at you that you knew anything except how to eat. Ready, you chaps?"

"When I say 'Three,'" said Tomlin.

It was a subject of heated discussion between the crews for weeks afterwards whether Dexter's boat did or did not go off at the word "Two." Opinions were divided on the topic. But it was certain that Jackson and his men led from the start. Pulling a good, splashing stroke which had drenched Crowle to the skin in the first thirty yards, Dexter's boat crept slowly ahead. By the time the island was reached, it led by a length. Encouraged by success, the leaders redoubled their already energetic efforts. Crowle sat in a shower-bath. He was even moved to speech about it.

"When you've finished," said Crowle.

Jackson, intent upon repartee, caught a crab, and the School House drew level again. The two boats passed the island abreast.

Just here occurred one of those unfortunate incidents. Both crews had quickened their stroke until the boats had practically been converted into submarines, and the rival coxswains were observing bitterly to Space that this was jolly well the last time they ever let themselves in for this sort of thing, when round the island there hove in sight a flotilla of boats, directly in the path of the racers.

There were three of them, and not even the spray which played over him like a fountain could prevent Crowle from seeing that they were manned by Judies. Even on the river these outcasts wore their mortar-boards.

"Look out!" shrieked Crowle, pulling hard on his right line. "Stop rowing, you chaps. We shall be into them."

At the same moment the School House oarsmen ceased pulling. The two boats came to a halt a few yards from the enemy.

"What's up?" panted Jackson, crimson from his exertions. "Hullo, it's the Judies!"

Tomlin was parleying with the foe

"Why the dickens can't you keep out of the way? Spoiling our race. Wait till we get ashore."

But the Judies, it seemed, were not prepared to wait even for that short space of time. A miscreant, larger than the common run of Judy, made a brief, but popular, address to his men.

"Splash them!" he said.

Instantly, amid shrieks of approval, oars began to strike the water, and the water began to fly over the Wrykyn boats, which were now surrounded. The latter were not slow to join battle with the same weapons. Homeric laughter came from the bridge above. The town bridge was a sort of loafers' club, to which the entrance fee was a screw of tobacco and the subscription an occasional remark upon the weather. Here gathered together day by day that section of the populace which resented it when they "asked for employment, and only got work instead." From morn till eve they lounged against the balustrades, surveying nature, and hoping it would be kind enough to give them some excitement that day. An occasional dog-fight found in them an eager audience. No runaway horse ever bored them. A broken-down motor-car was meat and drink to them. They had an appetite for every spectacle.

When, therefore, the water began to fly from boat to boat, kind-hearted men fetched their friends from neighbouring public-houses and craned with them over the parapet, observing the sport and commenting thereon. It was these comments that attracted Mr. Dexter's attention. When, cycling across the bridge, he found the south side of it entirely congested, and heard raucous voices urging certain unseen "little 'uns" now to "go it" and anon to "vote for Pedder," his curiosity was aroused. He dismounted, and pushed his way through the crowd until he got a clear view of what was happening below.

He was just in time to see the most stirring incident of the fight. The biggest of the Judy boats had been propelled by the current nearer and nearer to the Dexter Argo. No sooner was it within distance than Jackson, dropping his oar, grasped the side and pulled it towards him. The two boats crashed together and rocked violently as the crews rose from their seats and grappled with one another. A hurricane of laughter and applause went up from the crowd upon the bridge.

The next moment both boats were bottom upwards and drifting sluggishly down towards the island, while the crews swam like rats for the other boats.

Every Wrykinian had to learn to swim before he was allowed on the river; so that the peril of Jackson and his crew was not extreme: and it was soon speedily evident that swimming was also part of the Judy curriculum, for the shipwrecked ones were soon climbing drippingly on board the surviving ships, where they sat and made puddles and shrieked defiance at their antagonists.

This was accepted by both sides as the end of the fight, and the combatants parted without further hostilities, each fleet believing that the victory was with them.

And Mr. Dexter, mounting his bicycle again, rode home to tell the headmaster.

That evening, after preparation, the headmaster held a reception. Among distinguished visitors were Jackson, Painter, Tomlin, Crowle, and six others.

On the Monday morning the headmaster issued a manifesto to the school after prayers. He had, he said, for some time entertained the idea of placing the town out of bounds. He would do so now. No boy, unless he was a prefect, would be allowed till further notice to cross the town bridge. As regarded the river, for the future boating Wrykinians must confine their attentions to the lower river. Nobody must take a boat up-stream. The school boatman would have strict orders to see that this rule was rigidly enforced. Any breach of these bounds would, he concluded, be punished with the utmost severity.

The headmaster of Wrykyn was not a hasty man. He thought before he put his foot down. But when he did, he put it down heavily.

Sheen heard the ultimatum with dismay. He was a law-abiding person, and here he was, faced with a dilemma that made it necessary for him to choose between breaking school rules of the most important kind or pulling down all the castles he had built in the air before the mortar had had time to harden between the stones of them.

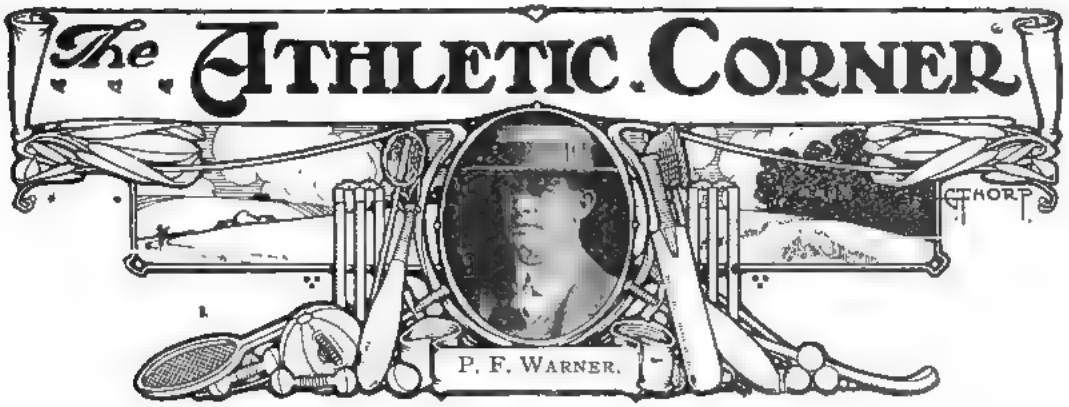
He wished he could talk it over with somebody. But he had nobody with whom he could talk over anything. He must think it out for himself.

He spent the rest of the day thinking it out, and by nightfall he had come to his decision.

Even at the expense of breaking bounds and the risk of being caught at it, he must keep his appointment with Joe Bevan. It would mean going to the town landing-stage for a boat, thereby breaking bounds twice over.

But it would have to be done.

(To be continued.)



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL AT OXFORD.

IT is the general opinion in the outside world that Association Football, however great its popularity may be elsewhere, is nevertheless losing ground at the 'Varsities, and with the popularity of a game there is generally connected the efficiency with which it is played. Whether this belief is reasonable or not it is difficult to say with any accuracy; but, judging by the receipts at the gate of the Iffley Road ground at Oxford within the past four years, the attendance, though always small and showing no signs of increasing, has maintained more or less the same standard. But to say that Association Football is unpopular is not, strictly speaking, true. It would be more correct to say that it is not as popular as it would be if Rugby Football were taken away altogether from Oxford. The facts of the case are these. The Association Football that is played at the 'Varsities is not, and under the circumstances cannot be, the best that can be seen in the land. Every now and then there is an international player on one or other side, but the general standard of efficiency is comparatively low.

'Varsity Rugger is Superior to 'Varsity Soccer.

Now, the Rugby Football played at the 'Varsities, if not the best, is, at any rate, the equal of any that is played in the kingdom, and it stands to reason that when two games are played side by side that game which most nearly approaches perfection should be the most sought after. A man cannot be always watching football matches, nor does he care to, and when he does, he watches, if possible, the best. Go a step lower, to college football, and the opening statement is palpably untrue. The keenness at Oxford among the colleges to win the Inter-Collegiate Cup, and at Cambridge to win or rise one place in the League, is intense, as the attendance at some of their matches—which is equal to that at Rugby matches—will show. But even, for the sake of argument, say Oxford had an Association side of eleven internationals, I doubt whether the interest would increase very greatly. The answer to the problem lies in the game itself. There is probably nothing more irritating to the ordinary spectator than a bad game of Rugby, one, I mean, where the ball is kept tight in the scrimmage the whole time, and no open work is to be seen, but all agree that when the game is played openly there is nothing finer to watch. But, mind you,

I do not mean to say that Rugby is a Finer Game

than Association. Association, when properly played, is quite its equal in dash and its superior in science and skill; but as a spectacle it is inferior. Against this point it might be urged, "Yes, but having regard to the thousands who collect every Saturday to watch a league match, how can you say Rugby Football is a finer sight, especially as the attendance at a Rugby match is comparatively small?" In answer to this I say, first, that this is the case only in England. In Wales and Scotland, "Soccer" supporters are not seen in anything like such vast crowds; indeed, in Scotland, considering the population, the crowds are far greater at "Rugger" matches, and the same remark applies to Wales in an even greater degree.

C. WREFORD BROWN.

Old Carthusian; played for Oxford, 1888–89; Captained Corinthian team in South Africa, 1903. One of the finest centre-halves that ever played.
Photo, "C. B. Fry's Magazine."

This is partly due to the fact that Englishmen do not, as a rule, understand Rugby Football—at any rate, that class who go to watch league matches—and partly to the fact that in the league, besides the existence of a skilful exhibition of the game, there is the keen spirit of partisanship between the inhabitants of the different towns which attracts so many. But I have wandered off my track. Let us return to football at Oxford.

The Difficulty of Choosing the Men.

With regard to the work of the Committee in the last few years, there was, and always will be, a great deal of complaint about the sides chosen. It is the same in all games at the 'Varsity. I do not mean the criticism that such and such a man should have been selected before some one else. There is, indeed, plenty of this sort. But this does not matter. Every one knows that the selection must rest with the captain. The complaint is generally that the Committee do not take enough trouble to discover the most useful material to make the selection from, and consequently cannot hope to get the best possible side. I suppose no one, even though he has been at the 'Varsity, unless he has sat on one or other committee, realises the difficulty of choosing the best side, whether it be at cricket, rowing, or football, or anything else, but, owing to the greater numbers following the three pastimes named, particularly in these. Some of my readers will be captains of private schools, public schools, and some captains at the 'Varsity, and if some one were to ask them, having chosen their side, whether they felt really certain that the side they had chosen was the best that could be got, I think I could anticipate their answer. At any rate, they are to be considered extremely fortunate if they are able to answer in the affirmative. Consider, then, how much greater the difficulty is at Oxford or Cambridge, with more than double the amount of material to pick from.

The Modus Operandi.

The term begins with trial games, and trial games are run on the following and only practicable lines. The college captains are responsible for sending in to the secretary of the 'Varsity team the names of any seniors or freshmen in their respective colleges whom they can recommend for either of these trial games. Then the responsibility of the 'Varsity secretary begins. He must choose forty-four in all for the four sides from a total of no less than two hundred names which are sent in. But it is obvious that, as he cannot know personally all those whose names have been sent in, he must sometimes make mistakes, and these may turn out to be serious. Last year the authorities at Oxford wisely decided to follow the example of Cambridge in the matter of providing more opportunities for discovering who could play well and who could not. Hitherto there has been at Oxford only one source of keen inter-collegiate football, and this is the Cup; but by following the example of the sister university and introducing the league, the amount of good football played at Oxford has been more than trebled. The 'Varsity eleven is, of course, drawn from the colleges, but the difficulty is to see each college side not merely play but play hard. Otherwise, the labour of the Committee in coming to watch is in vain. By providing more opportunities for keen matches among the colleges, you do not eradicate, though you alleviate, the difficulty, and at any rate the blame which in ordinary circumstances is so fully bestowed on the captain because A, who is worth a place, fails to get one, is, or ought to be, equally shared now between A and the captain. Further,

you do away with the great importance of trial games.

Trial Games

are very good things as long as they are considered to be no more than weed-killers. Directly they are treated as opportunities on which to pick men for an eleven, they are dangerous, except in so far as they enable one to see whether those who come up with reputations deserve them. It is worth while to mention that, in spite of the fact that last year a genuine attempt was made to get rid of the difficulties in the way of giving every single Association player a fair chance of distinguishing himself, more complaints were heard, and more letters were written to papers, about the hopeless incompetence, injustice, and favouritism of the Committee than there had been for many years. The worst of these complaints, &c., is that they are entirely destructive, and no suggestions for a new system to take the place of the old one are ever put forward. I happened to learn quite inadvertently the name of one of these complaint-makers, and found that he knew as much and no more about football as one goal-post. But let that pass. These miniature Junii crop up in every soil, like weeds. The important point is that through the praiseworthy efforts of last year's Committee, "Soccer" Football at Oxford stands on a footing which cannot fail to satisfy all those who know anything about the game and take the trouble to consider the difficulties with a calm and impartial mind.

The League System at Oxford.

Oriel have succeeded for many years in winning the inter-collegiate cup with almost unfailing regularity, and shared last year the first place in the league with New College and Hertford. Under the league system many colleges which had little or no reputation in the 'Varsity maintained a very fairly high position in the league, and thereby attracted the attention of the Committee, who found for the first time that the search for players in the smaller colleges must be more minute, if anything, than that in the larger ones, for a moderate player in a large college becomes better known than a good one in a small college. A notable example of this was the discovery of Hunt at Queen's, who turned out to be such a good player. There is one matter in which a "Soccer" captain is to be considered distinctly more for-

W. J. OAKLEY.
Corinthian; has frequently played full-back for England; played for Oxford, 1892–96.
Photo. "C. B. Fry's Magazine."

tunate than the captains either of "Rugger" or cricket, and that is the much longer time he has at his disposal to choose his side and the far greater number of matches which he can get played. At cricket there are May and June, and a few days in April, and sometimes July. Rugby has half October, November, and half December, but "Soccer" has the same time as "Rugger" plus half January and half February.

The question often occurs to me as to what form of football is the best to play with a view to training your side for the match at Queen's; that is to say, whether, simply in view of the 'Varsity match, it is better to play amateur or professional teams. I think this is an important point, and one to which enough prominence is not given at the 'Varsity. At Oxford as well as everywhere else, owing to the excess of professional football, the matches played are mostly of this class. And what is the result? It is difficult to say with any accuracy, but, at any rate, it is easy to see what happens. You will not watch a professional team at Oxford for very long without noticing that, as far as the professionals themselves are concerned,

The Game is not a very Serious one.

They are out for a holiday, and they mean to enjoy themselves. And after weeks and weeks

of hard league matches, when the result is of the utmost importance, this is only to be expected. They generally bring down a weakish side composed partly of the regular side and partly of reserves, and on the ground they piffle about with the ball and are continually passing back—that is, if they pass at all; in fact, they go for anywhere except the goal. All their customary dash is missing, and when a goal is scored, it is generally owing, not to a combined effort, but to some individual who, finding himself unmarked, runs the whole way down and scores. Now, however effective or ineffective this method of play is, it is not the style with which one encounters in a 'Varsity match. But, stay! there was an example of this last year. The Cambridge right wing was composed of two of the Farnfields, of Clapton fame, and they adopted the aforesaid tactics of keeping the ball to themselves and passing always to one another, backwards or forwards. The result was a failure. Curwen and Norris, the Oxford left, half and back, completely spoilt their game, and their success in doing so was owing presumably in some slight degree to the amount of practice they had had in this style of play against professionals. But, as I have said, these methods are rare among amateurs.

A feature which is always very noticeable in 'Varsity matches is the lack of good passing among the forwards. In all test games, whether they be 'Varsity matches or international matches at cricket or football, what is known as "nerves" play a very important part, and the art of passing, a very delicate one, when one considers that a perfect pass must be at the right moment, in the right direction, and with the right strength, cannot be attempted with great success by any one who has allowed his nerves to get the better of his muscles. But though nerves in a certain degree account for this

R. E. FOSTER,

Corinthian and Old Malvernian; can play on either wing, but prefers inside-right; played for Oxford, 1898–99.
Photo, "C. B. Fry's Magazine."

C. B. FRY.

Corinthian; played for Oxford, 1891–95; Athletic Editor of THE CAPTAIN from April 1899 to December 1904.
Photo, "C. B. Fry's Magazine."

BAD PASSING IN THE 'VARSITY MATCH.

I think we may look with more certainty to professional opponents and lay the charge at their door. Professionals coming down to Oxford, every one has remarked, do not play their ordinary game at forward, and the same applies to their game at half. The hard work of straight tackling is avoided, and they select the easier and more brilliant tactics of intercepting passes. Thus the forward, finding his allies on both sides marked, is left to his own devices and goes for goal. He draws a back on to him and loses the ball that way, or misses a difficult pass. Now, in a 'Varsity match the halves go straight

and hard, and the occasions on which a forward has been tackled before he has got rid of the ball in that match are almost innumerable.

The backs are better off. Their duty is to tackle, and they get plenty of this against forwards who never let go of the ball. But amateurs play a very different game. They play for a holiday, it is true, but it is probably their one game in the week, not a rest after previous hard matches in the league championship. Even played at its best, the amateur is very different from the professional style. There are certain sides in the league which play very like amateurs. Aston Villa is the most noticeable. Southampton and Portsmouth play a very similar game.

But the great match of the year for Oxford is against amateurs, and I think it is highly important to get a good training in that style in which you wish to end up finally victorious. Let it be carefully understood that I say nothing against professionalism. It is, as far as I know, above suspicion. But professionals play, rightly or wrongly, a different game. It includes sometimes more than one would think. In some cases it includes avoiding the referee's eye. There is no harm in this; I remember rather a good instance of this which happened at Oxford.

Some Professional "Tricks."

In the middle of the game the 'Varsity centre-forward, who was getting dangerously near his opponents' goal, having passed every one except their left back, was suddenly collared round the ankle from behind, and looked down to see the opposing centre half with both arms round his ankle, and the ball once in his possession flying towards the left back. The left back was astounded to find that he was left with such an easy task, and asked the left half how it happened.

"Bill caught 'old of 'is leg," said the left half.

Left Back.—"Bill, did you catch 'old of 'is leg?"

"Yes, ah did."

"Well done, Bill."

Mind you, this collaring was the work of a second, and was not such an easy thing for the referee to notice, as it would at first seem. Another instance of the same kind happened two or three years ago, when Oxford were playing a southern team on their ground. The inside right of Oxford went to the line out, and just as the ball was going to be thrown out he dashed forward, or, rather, tried to, so that he should be unmarked when the half threw him the ball, a prearranged plan. He found himself curiously held for a second, just long enough to prevent him getting the ball. Not understanding this, he waited for the next throw out, and just before the ball was to be thrown he had a good look at the man who was masking him and found he had got tight hold of the flap of his breeches pocket with first finger and thumb. Quickly catching hold of the professional's wrist, he held it up to him with a not very pleased expression on his face. The culprit merely smiled, and said, "*Ah, you've caught me this time, 'ave you?*"

Hockey, the Rival.

'Varsity matches have of late years been very dull to watch. The play may have been somewhat below the average, but it must be remembered that we are still in the memory of the great days when G. O. Smith, Fry, Lodge, Oakley, and hosts of others all played together. These all helped to take the standard far above its normal level, a level which cannot possibly be maintained for any length of time, and which is not likely to be reached again. But even in those days these great players were seldom seen at their best in 'Varsity matches.

They say that the days of Association Football (as a leading game) at the 'Varsity are numbered. I do not believe it. It is far too great a game intrinsically ever to die a natural death in the home of sport. It is quite possible, and I believe that the general interest in it will for a time grow less keen. I say so with bated breath, but one cannot blink the fact that the popularity of hockey, certainly at Oxford, and, I believe, at Cambridge too, is increasing by leaps and bounds. Hockey grounds are cropping up on every hand, and in whatever rooms in college you enter you are certain to find one or two hockey-sticks lying about. It may have outgrown its strength, and there may be a reaction, but it has built up a very strong foundation. Of course, as long as the game keeps within reasonable limits, there is room for both. It may be we shall soon find people taking an interest in some mongrel mixture of Rugby Football and lawn tennis which will put Rugby Football in the shade for the time being.

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Answers to Correspondents.

Kin O'Akward.—Many thanks. I expect Yorkshire find the many matches they play hard work enough without adding another.

N. Stallabrass.—Very sorry for not answering before. Certainly it was a point to you. It was a great stroke. Do you often make such?

N. White.—Stockings (below the knee)—knickers, white flannel or blue serge, ending just above the knee, and a jersey. I can answer letters only through THE CAPTAIN.

H. M. F.—Perhaps the turf is worn out. If so you must returf it or top dress it. Have you tried what is called Nottingham Marl? Write to Sec., Notts. C.C., Trent Bridge, Nottingham, for directions how and when to put it on. I expect you do not give your pitch a rest. Leave off playing on it for a week and water it well. Yes—if the fourth test match had ended in a draw the fifth would have been played to a finish

J. W. Smith.—The umpire was wrong. A bowler may bowl 23 or 24 or even 50 yards behind the wicket if he likes. It is not necessary for the bowler to have one foot between the popping crease and the bowling crease. To bowl a ball from a yard or two behind the wicket is a favourite trick of many great bowlers. In the past Tom Emmett often did it, and Rhodes does it now, to mention only one present-day bowler.

Jam Pudding.—(1) Yes, Mr. Hesketh Pritchard, who plays for Hants, went to Patagonia in search of the Great Sloth, but did not find it; (2) yes, if the ball was fairly held, which it would be if the fielder was able to throw it into the air; (3) yes, I believe so.

H. M. F.—(1) About five feet; (2) W. Brearley; (3) slow leg break with an occasional fast ball.

Coronia.—(1) The autumn is the best time: September would be just about right; (2) yes. There is *no rule* to prevent his bowling an underhand ball in the middle of an over-hand over. But the better spirit of the game is to warn the batsman.

X. Y. Z.—The centenary of Gentlemen *v.* Players will be next year—the first Gentlemen *v.* Players match having been played in 1806 and not 1805, as I stated some months ago.

P. E.—You are probably a little fat and out of condition. Take your exercise gently at first, gradually increasing it day by day.

Essexian.—The only umpire competent to decide whether a batsman has been caught at the wicket or not is the umpire at the bowler's end. From his decision there is no appeal, as the umpire at square leg cannot possibly judge of a catch at the wicket.

S. Mackenzie.—(1) Ranjitsinhji's Jubilee Book of Cricket, which can be had, I believe, for *6d* in the cheap edition; (2) as if it was French.

Cornishman.—It is not the usual thing for the scorer to correct the mistakes of an umpire, but in the case you mention I see no harm in it, though I have never seen it done on a county ground.

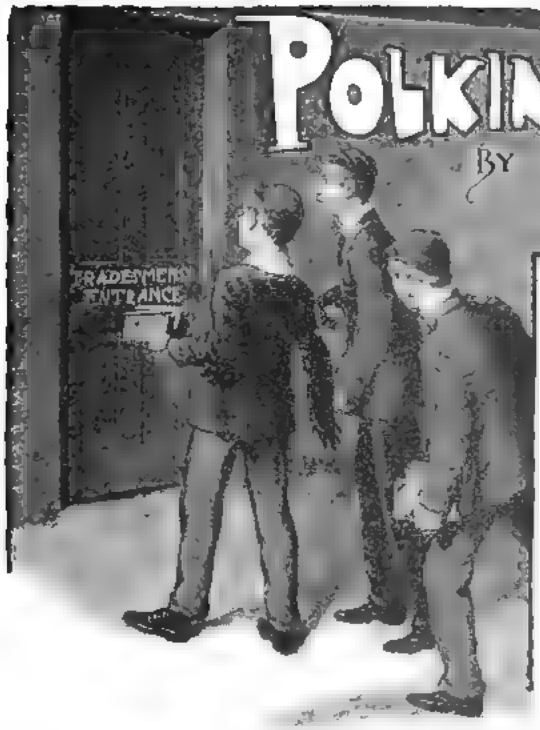
Admirer.—The colours of the last English team in Australia were red, yellow, and dark blue for the tie, a dark blue coat trimmed with red and yellow braiding with St. George and the Dragon on the pocket in white; and a dark blue cap with St. George and the Dragon in white on the front.

P. F. W.

Australian "Wickets."

AUSTRALIA is the Groundman's Paradise. He who has experienced in England the difficulty of preparing from the best of material, and following on much attention during the spring, a wicket which will not only be good, but which will remain so during the course of a match, can have no conception of the excellence of wickets in Australia, an excellence which is obtained after comparatively slight preparation from the most unpromising material. Take Adelaide. If Apted, "the Batsman's friend," were, for example, engaged there, and told that a match between England and Australia would take place in three weeks' time, his first remark, after a preliminary inspection, would probably be "where's the pitch?" He would be told to prepare one as near the middle as possible, and would probably leave for England by the next boat, considering he had been asked to attempt the impossible. Let me explain why this should be.

In England, in the centre of a ground, a portion some thirty yards square is always specially prepared and receives the most careful treatment with roller and mowing machine for months before the commencement of the season. Walk over the Adelaide ground a fortnight or three weeks prior to the time fixed for the first match, and you will not be able to find any portion which will give the impression of being specially prepared or at all suitable for a wicket. The grass is rank and grows unevenly, and it looks as if even fielding would be impossible on such turf. (As a fact, fielding at Adelaide, at the best of times, is a matter of considerable difficulty, and demands a fair amount of courage.) Checkett, the groundman, nothing daunted takes a hose-pipe and saturates a spot about twenty-five yards long by three wide. The roller is then applied, and by the use of these two agents, Apted, if he remained, would be astounded to witness the evolution of a wicket which will be the equal of any in the world. It will last for four or five days without showing appreciable signs of wear, and, if necessary, in about a fortnight's time, a further application of water and roller, and perhaps a little top dressing, will once more render it fit for any match ever played, and the despair of the poor bowler.—From "*How We Recovered the Ashes*," by P. F. WARNER.



POLKINGHORNE

By CHARLES TURLEY

AUTHOR OF "GODFREY MARTEN, SCHOOLBOY."

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

WHEN I went to Harrison's house at Cuppington I had a brother there who was not only head of our house but also head of the school. An elder brother may be either an advantage or not at school; if he is a smug you are expected to be like him and are treated accordingly, but if he is a mighty man he is in some ways a very useful possession. I had to put up with a good deal from my brother at home, so it was really only fair that he should be of use to me at school. And although he did not go out of his way to look after me, the name of Meredith was a power in the land of Cuppington when I went there. For my brother not only had brains, but also a good eye and a tremendous pace. The masters were pleased with the brains and the fellows liked the other things, but if the truth must be told I think that no one was as pleased with him as he was with himself. He just ran our house, and even Mr. Harrison did not seem to be as important as he was. The fellows let him do whatever he liked, and if they did anything *he* didn't like he caned them. I thought it was a most one-sided arrangement, but for a whole month I did not dare tell any one so.

All the new fellows were anxious to fag for him, and I stopped wondering why he had expected me to do so many things for him during the holidays. He never had a chance to do anything nasty for himself, and I came to the conclusion that he was getting spoilt. I also knew that my holidays would get worse and worse unless I reformed him. But how I was to do it I had not an idea. I might as well have tried to remove Mont Blanc by kicking it, as far as I could see.

So I pondered deeply, and when some of the new fellows told me that I was jolly lucky to be Meredith's brother I was not at all sure that they were right. My brother was altogether too much of a good thing for me, for I hate reflected glory at any time. Besides, if I had given myself any airs I should have heard about them as soon as he left, for I was not likely to count much for at least three years, and fellows have jolly good memories for the wrong things.

I had been at Cuppington a month when another new boy turned up. He appeared first of all at tea, and he happened to sit next me. From the very start he did not seem to think that a new boy was different from any one else, and the first remark he made to me was that if Harrison expected anybody to eat stale bread and butter he ought to serve out teeth for them to do it with. I warned him not to talk so loudly, and he asked why he couldn't talk as loudly as he liked.

"This is a funny place," he went on; "you have to use your teeth for all they are worth, but mayn't use your tongue. How long have you been here?"

"A month," I replied.

"And is the bread always as stale as this and the butter as nasty?" he asked.

"Generally."

"Then I shan't stand it. I'm not an ostrich or a pike, and my people pay about eighty pounds a year for my food."

Two or three other fellows heard this conversation, and as soon as tea was over they

bolted off to my brother and told him about it. You could always trust about a dozen fellows to tell him if anything happened; they almost tumbled over each other in their haste to get to him first.

It so happened that during that afternoon my brother had got three tries against some Oxford college, and he was, if possible, more upon his pedestal than ever. He was really funny, if he had only been able to see it, but as long as he did not see how comical he was it was worse than high treason for any one else to smile at him—unless he made a joke He strode into the room where the small boys worked, and promptly spotted the new fellow.

"Hi, you new chap, come here," he shouted as he sat down on a desk, with a crowd of satellites round him.

But the new chap just looked at him and took no notice.

"Come here," he shouted again.

"Are you talking to me?"

"I should rather think so."

"Well, I have got to write a letter," was the answer, and a gasp went round the room. Several fellows said they had never known such cheek in all their lives, but I began to like this new chap, for I saw that he had the reforming spirit in him and he seemed to be beginning in the right place.

You cannot, however, be a reformer for nothing, and my friend was promptly seized and taken before his judge.

"What's your name?" was, as usual, the first question asked him.

"Polkinghorne, P-o-l-k-i-n-g-h-o-r-n-e," and my brother said that he had never heard of such a name, and asked him where he came from.

"Australia," was the reply.

"Australia? You might as well say Asia or America."

"Except that it wouldn't be true," Polkinghorne answered quite calmly.

"Look here, I don't want any of your cheek," my brother told him.

"I don't know what you mean. If you'll get a map of Australia I'll show you the exact spot I come from. I was born in Cornwall, if that's any use to you."

"Born in Cornwall, and bred in Australia," my brother said, and a lot of idiots tittered.

"The best county and the best country in the world. Have you ever been to either of them?"

No notice was taken of this question, for my brother was at that time unwilling to admit that he was not as intimate with the whole world as he was with the Cuppington playing fields.

"What's your father?" he asked.

"My father is dead," was the reply, and this time the other fellows shuffled their feet and looked rather ashamed. Sometimes even my brother made a mistake.

"Oh," he said, and before he could think of anything else he wanted to know, Polkinghorne asked him what his name was and where he came from.

The crowd gasped again and stopped feeling uneasy.

"I'll give you a bit of advice," was the answer; "you aren't in Australia or in Cornwall now——"

"I wish I was," Polkinghorne interrupted.

"Well, you aren't, and as long as you are at Cuppington you had better let me see as little of you as possible."

"I should think that would suit me splendidly," Polkinghorne answered, and before the crowd could recover from their astonishment he pushed his way through them and sat down at his desk. I suppose my brother's breath must have been fairly taken away, for he vanished without saying another word, but I knew that no easy time was in store for my reformer. As soon as I could get a chance I waylaid him, and told him that the fellow who had been asking him questions was named Meredith, and that he was my brother.

"Well, you can't help that," he answered, and he expressed exactly what I felt. It seemed almost absurd that I should be ashamed of my brother, but it was the solid and solemn truth.

"I want to be friends with you," I said.

"You seem all right," he replied.

I did not know what to say to that, but I liked the look of him. He was very dark, and his tanned skin gave him the appearance of having lived in the open air all his life. And there was a jolly kind of twinkle in his eyes.

"Does your brother ever go to sleep?" he asked.

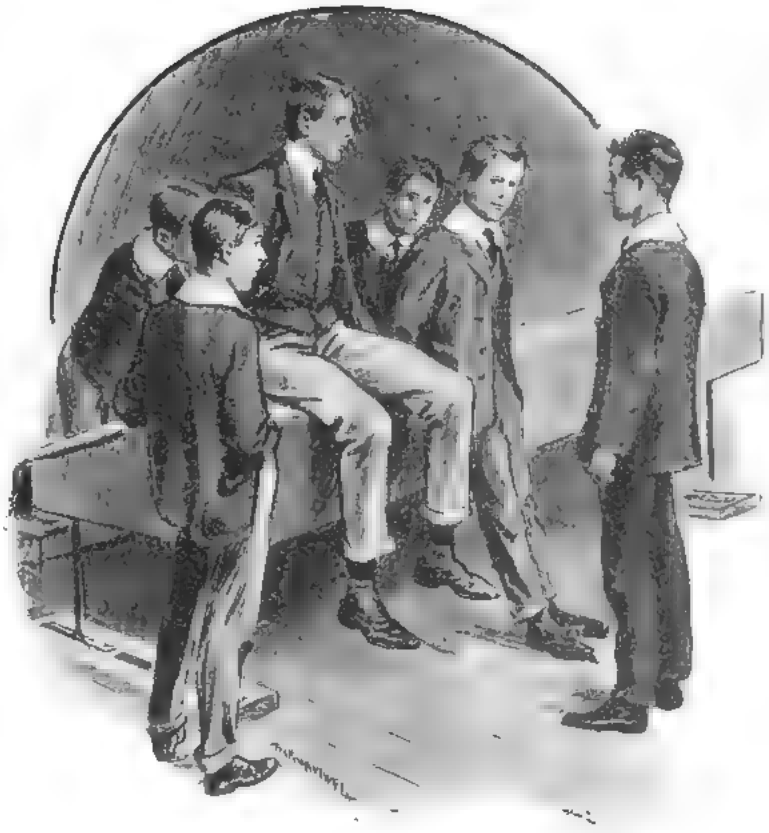
I asked him what in the world he meant.

"I only thought he might not like forgetting what a great man he is. Old Harrison jawed to me about him for ten minutes. He ought to wear a crown."

"He's not really a bad sort when you get to know him," I replied, and then I had to laugh, for things seemed to be turning upside down.

"I expect I shall get to know him soon enough. He won't like me much," he replied.

He was quite right in thinking that, for I have to confess that my brother did not think it beneath his dignity to be very horrid to Polkinghorne. If there was anything exceedingly disagreeable to be done, Polkinghorne was always chosen to do it, and when he had settled down and saw that there was no way out of it which was not painful, he did everything he was told to do in a stolid sort of way, quite unlike any one else's. He annoyed some of the bigger fellows most awfully, but in the schoolroom he became quite popular, because he had original ideas and did not hesitate to express them. A lot of fellows said that he was mad, but that always happens at school if you happen to strike out more or less of a new line for yourself, and I knew that he was as sane as anybody in the place. He was only independent, and did not see why he should be compelled to put up with what he thought swindles because everybody else had put up with them for dozens of years.



"POLKINGHORNE, P-O-L-K-I-N-G-H-O-R-N-E."

In a very short time he was not only at war with my brother, but also with Mr. Harrison. Our housemaster was never tired of telling any one who would listen that he had been at Cuppington for forty-two years. He was soaked through and through, Polkinghorne said, with Cuppington tradition; if you squeezed him you would get nothing out of him except mouldy old rules and musty customs. "This place has gone on in forty years and Harrison has stood still," he told me.

"He is one of the institutions of the place," I answered. "Cuppington without Harrison would be like Germany without an Emperor."

"Not a bit of it," he retorted; "you are born an Emperor, so you have got to stick to your throne whether you like it or not, but no one was ever yet born a housemaster. Harrison leaves everything to your brother, and does not even see that the food is good."

"The food's not so bad. They have worse in several houses," I said.

"That's just like you English," he replied; "if you can find any one who has a worse time than you do, you rub your hands together and persuade yourselves you are having a jolly good one. I am going to talk to Harrison about the food."

I don't think that it ever occurred to Polkinghorne that he was taking a lot upon himself. When things did not please him he said so very plainly and tried to get them altered. So in the opinion of most of the fellows, who had been brought up to accept everything as it was, he was either a good or a bad joke according to the temper they happened to be in. But my brother during that term always thought him a bad joke.

I never really expected that our housemaster would have to listen to a lecture upon

the food he gave us. But I did not know then that Polkinghorne never said that he was going to do anything unless he intended to have an honest shot at it. He sought out Mr. Harrison in his study, and from the accounts I heard of the interview it was a very stormy one. It ended in the reformer being handed over to my brother to be caned, and a few fellows sympathised with Polkinghorne over this and told him that he was a martyr. But this made him furious; he hadn't the slightest wish to be thought a martyr. What he wanted was better food, and he intended to get it.

"I told Harrison the meat was all right, but that the bread was stale and the butter horrid. It costs precious little to buy decent butter, and we have a right to have it."

When he considered that he had a right to a thing he meant to get it or perish in the attempt, and though I don't think much of the way he went to work, it was at least successful and original. One evening I found a pot of white paint in his desk, and when I asked him what he was going to do with it he covered it up quickly and told me to wait and see.

"Don't tell a single fellow anything about it, or the whole game will be up," he said.

After that he was very mysterious for several days, but as we went up to school on the fourth morning we saw *Tradesmen's Entrance* painted on the door leading to Harrison's garden. I knew at once who had done it, and I felt for the first and only time in my life most horribly ashamed of Polkinghorne. I foresaw an enormous row and imagined that he would leave Cuppington as suddenly he had arrived.

I did not catch him alone until the afternoon and then I went for him directly.

"It is a nasty thing to have done, but it will end bad food in the whole place and that's what I wanted," he said.

"You'll get sacked," I told him.

"Only birched," he replied.

"Then you mean to own up?"

"Of course, if Harrison asks. He'll probably know that I did it without even asking."

"It's such a bounderish thing to do, and not even funny," I said.

"It's a bounderish thing to be paid for good food and give us bad butter," he answered. "Harrison wouldn't mind being called a tradesman if he didn't know the butter was enough to make you ill."

"It never has made us ill."

"Because we can't eat it," he replied, and at that moment he was sent for by our housemaster.

Everybody said that it was a certainty that Polkinghorne would be expelled, but they were wrong. Some allowance, I believe, was made for him because he was an Australian, which sent him into fits of laughter whenever he thought of it.

"Harrison said that I couldn't be expected to know anything about good manners, and I was ass enough to tell him that at any rate I knew all about good butter. That nearly settled me. He thought I wasn't sorry," Polkinghorne told me, but he wouldn't talk about what he had done to any of the other fellows.

He got a tremendous licking, and we got much better butter. If we ought to have been grateful to him we were not, partly, I think, because he was not in the least proud of what he had done. He looked upon it as a matter of right, and there it began and ended.

Towards the end of the term he played in our second house fifteen; he was put in the squash because he was fairly heavy, but he had never played before, and some of the bigger fellows declared that he funked. When my brother heard this he watched a match, and said that if he didn't funk he was at any rate quite useless. After this the tale that he funked grew until almost everybody believed it. I went to my brother and asked him to deny it, but he only told me to mind my own business. I answered that it was my business and left his study more hurriedly than I went into it. Polkinghorne had a bad time during the rest of the term, but he stood it splendidly; any fellow with half an eye ought to have known that he was not a funk.

We had only been home three days when the Polkinghornes turned up at the house next ours. It was a house which was always being let to different people; they came there for hunting, and after they had been there once they never came again. It was, I should think, the most uncomfortable house in Wiltshire, and all the windows in it rattled so that you couldn't hear yourself speak.

My brother's indignation when he heard that he was to be haunted by the name of Polkinghorne during his holidays was hugely comical. My father laughed at him and my mother told him not to worry about it, but he thought that he had a grievance, and when he was in that state I kept out of his

way. Though I had talked many times to Polkinghorne about him, we had not improved him a bit; the whole of Cuppington seemed to conspire against our scheme.

At Christmas we had several days frost, and the only decent skating near us was on the Polkinghornes' lake. There my brother absolutely refused to go, and his temper was more trying than usual. He disliked the sight of my skates most mightily. But when the frost broke and there was a chance of hunting he became more cheerful again. He had made up his mind that young Polkinghorne, at any rate, hadn't got the pluck to ride a wooden horse on a merry-go-round, and I left him to enjoy his ignorance. It did not last long, for, when we went to the first meet, Mrs. Polkinghorne and her son were both there, and the latter was on a cob which made me dissatisfied with my pony for the first time in my life. My brother had ridden to hounds since he was about ten, and went well, but on this day he saw some one who went straighter than he did. We had a most magnificent run—too magnificent for me, because I was left out of all the middle of it; but by knowing the country and by good luck I was in for some of the end. When I joined the hounds again only about six people were anywhere near them and two of these were my brother and Polkinghorne. As I went through a gate they took a hedge and ditch nearly side by side, but at the next fence the cob hit a rail and came down a tremendous cropper. My brother stopped at once and jumped off to see what had happened, and when I got up to them I heard Polkinghorne saying that he was all right, and telling him to go on. My brother believed him and left us, so I had to help Polkinghorne on to his cob again. His face was screwed up with pain, but he insisted on going on. The run, however, was nearly over, for in a wood only a few hundred yards away the fox had gone to ground. We had hardly joined my brother and the others when Polkinghorne fell off his cob with a thud. He told me afterwards that everything suddenly went round and the trees seemed to be hitting him in the face. He had been riding with a finger of his left hand broken and a badly sprained wrist.

THE COB HIT A RAIL AND CAME DOWN A TREMENDOUS CROPPER.

"The pluckiest youngster I have ever seen. He shall have the next brush," the master declared.

As I rode home with my brother, he suddenly broke a very long silence.

"I was wrong about that chap. I may as well confess that I have been a brute," he said.

"He'll forgive you," I replied, but I believe that very few people could have known how hard it was for my brother to make such a confession as that. He had been wrong and had admitted it. Polkinghorne's second term at Cuppington was very different from his first. And my brother was very different, too.

FINDING THE WAY.

SO large a proportion of one's riding is done on main roads, or on local roads with which one is quite familiar, that, taking things as a whole, it is easy work to find one's way from any one point to any other point. There are occasions, however, when we become painfully aware of our dependence on sign-posts and chance information picked up from passers-by. Given a really good map and a post at every corner, it does not require much intelligence to travel aright from village to village, and from town to town, on roads off the beaten routes. But the rider whose wanderings have taken him into a district where roads are many, sign-posts few, and the population is thin, is often obliged to confess, in the elegant language of the coster comedian, that "'E dunno where 'e are." This is especially true of tourists who ride after nightfall.

To a certain extent the "bump of locality," which perhaps only signifies a habit of unconscious observation, will keep a cyclist from going astray. Even our advanced civilisation has not entirely robbed us of the faculty that steers the savage through the wilderness. Yet it is safer for us to trust to an ordered plan, when about to plunge into the unknown.

Assuming that you have decided upon your route, first

STUDY THE MAP VERY CAREFULLY.

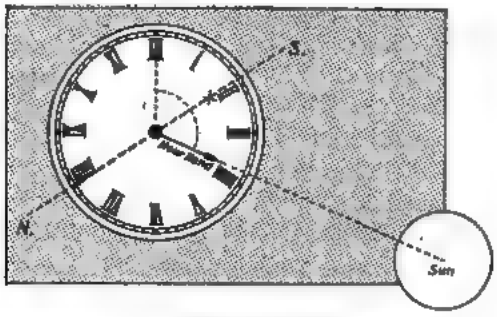
Note that B, the place you wish to reach, is, say, N.W. of A, your starting-point; that the town C is due north, and D due west. That is, impress on your mind the position of several towns which will probably appear on the sign-posts. The next thing to do is to write on a bit of card, in due order, the names of all the villages and towns you will pass through. You can consult this as you go along, and ask people you meet whether you are right for the next place. If a choice is possible, select persons who will probably give the best information. A rustic's knowledge is often confined to a very small area, and he does not regard roads from the cyclists' point of view. A tradesman is more travelled, and in most cases a cyclist himself: and you may safely trust to the advice of the local cycle-maker to be found in the large village or small town. It often pays to consult such "expert opinion," as the shortest route may be very hilly and loose, and a longer way round decidedly preferable.

Since, however, the greatest difficulties result from not being able to find an informant when you most need one, I recommend you to

CARRY A SMALL POCKET COMPASS,

which, both by night and day, will at forks and cross-roads help to direct you. Failing a magnetic compass, the sun, if it happen to be shining, will, in conjunction with your watch, serve equally well. Point the *hour* hand at the sun, and an imaginary line drawn through the centre of the dial so as to bisect the angle made by the hour hand with a second imaginary line from the centre to the figure XII., will run due north and south. N.B.—*The minute hand is to be entirely disregarded.* Your intelligence will tell you which is north and which is south.

My own experiences of riding after dark in new country at an hour when everybody is in bed, tend to confirm me in the belief that it should be avoided as much as possible, especially at the end of a long day's riding.



AN IMPROMPTU COMPASS.

Hold your watch horizontally so that the hour hand points to the sun. A line bisecting the angle made by the hand with a line drawn by the figure XII to the centre will point due north and south.

Punctures.

With the advent of the hedge-clipping season, the cyclist should not forget to carry the repair outfit which *ought* always to be in the wallet. The men who ply the bill and slash merrily at a summer's growth, are in their way almost as deadly as the bill-men that hacked on Flodden Field: though, thanks to the energy of the C.T.C., their evil doings are much more restricted than formerly. It is a kindness to fellow cyclists to stop and remove any trimmings large enough to block several inches of the road. One cannot be expected to pick up individual thorns; but away with the bough carrying a hundred spikes! I much admire the philanthropy of old gentlemen who, as they take their morning walk abroad, flip thorns and stones aside with their sticks, though they do not cycle themselves.

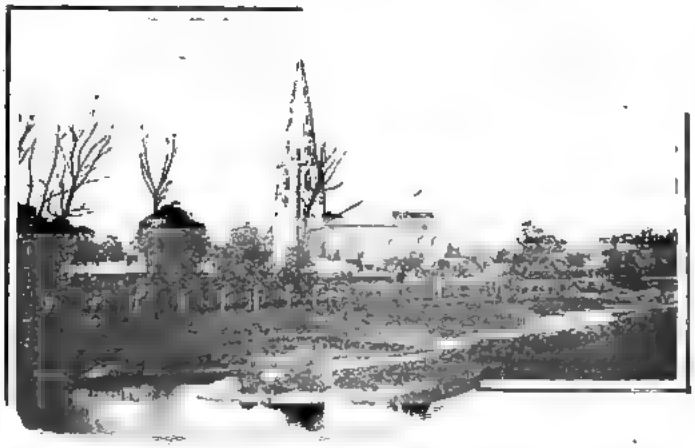
A Useful Tip.

I have to thank a friendly correspondent (Mr. Noel Arton) for the following: "I had the bad luck the other day to sustain a puncture, and I was getting out my outfit to clean the tube when a cycle maker said: 'There is a better way to clean your tyre than that [with sandpaper (?) A.W.]. Wet the place where it wants cleaning, and rub the head of a match on it.' The tyre soon became clean, and, as the cycle maker told me, the brimstone made the solution dry quickly. I thought that other Captain cyclists would like to know this." I have seen this useful tip included in the directions accompanying repair outfits, but, to be honest, had forgotten it. I find by experiment that a vesta acts much more quickly and thoroughly than a safety match. Of course, any moisture should be wiped off.

Good Roads.

I have had occasion lately to travel twice over the road between Hatfield and Cambridge, and never remember riding over a better surface than that of the Hatfield to Royston stretch. From Royston to the 'Varsity town the road is comparatively bumpy: though in many districts it would pass muster as good. I can strongly recommend the following round: Hatfield; Welwyn; Stevenage; Baldock; Royston; Cambridge; St. Neots; Bedford; Olney; Newport Pagnell; Woburn; Dunstable; St. Albans; Hatfield. *Distance*, about 115 miles. At Cambridge there are many sights to detain you; to wit, the older colleges of the university—viz., Peterhouse, founded 1257; Clare, Pembroke, Caius, Trinity, and Corpus Christi, all of which date from the fourteenth century. The famous "College backs," too, will well repay a visit. At Olney you should visit the poet Cowper's house, and the church; and at St. Albans there is the interesting old cathedral. A nice two-day trip over first-class roads.

Sheet 6 of Bacon's Cycling Road Map covers the route.



OLNEY CHURCH.

The spire is peculiar in that its sides bulge slightly in the centre. Cowper wrote of it:
"Tall spire from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear."

THE ADVENTURES OF DICK SELMES.

By BERTRAM MITFORD,

Author of the "Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai," "The Sign of the Spider," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. BOWRING.

No. 2.—THE MYSTERY OF SLAANG KLOOF.

"BUT that is Slaang Kloof, *Baas*."

"I never said it wasn't. But—what if it is Slaang Kloof?"

"We cannot go in, *Baas*." And the speaker's pleasing, good-humoured face took on a dogged, not to say obstinate expression. A little more acquaintance with the country and its natives, and Dick Selmes would have known that when the countenance of one of these took on that expression, why, he might as well whisper words of sweet reasonableness into the long ears of an experienced and jibbing mule.

"Why can't we go in, Kleinbooi?" he said, shortly.

"*Ou!* It is a place of *tagati*—of witchcraft," answered the Fingo.

"Witchcraft? Bosh!" exploded Dick. "Come now, Kleinbooi. Lay those dogs on to the spoor sharp, or my chances of getting that buck will become nothing at all, and I can't afford to lose such a fine ram as that because of your humbugging superstitions."

But the Fingo only shook his head.

"I can't do it, *Baas*," he said. "*Oud Baas** would not allow it. He allows nothing living to go into Slaang Kloof."

"But why? In Heaven's name, why?" rejoined Dick, impatiently.

"Because what goes in there living comes out dead," answered the other, seriously.

Dick Selmes stamped his foot and uttered an imprecation. He looked hard at his companion, who seemed most abominably in earnest, otherwise Dick was inclined to suspect that the Fingo was amusing himself at the expense of a newcomer. But, plainly, he could not go against the wishes of his host, and if the latter chose to give way to the absurd superstitions of mere savages, he supposed his weakness must be respected, but it was precious annoying all the same.

The dogs, some half-dozen great rough-haired mongrels, lay panting on the ground.

* The old master.

One or two were restless, and showed a desire to start off upon the yet warm spoor which led into the forbidden place, but a stern mandate from the Fingo promptly checked this, and they lay down again.

These two, the white man and the black, were standing in a wide amphitheatre of bush, walled in by rocky heights, now split asunder in gigantic, castellated crags, or frowning down in straight smooth krantzes, the nesting places of innumerable aasvogels; as the long vertical streaks down their red, iron-stone faces could testify In front of them, opening out, as it were, through an immense natural portal formed by two jutting spurs of rock, was a lateral valley, covered with dense forest and sloping up to a loftier pile of mountain beyond, the slope ending in a line of broken cliff abounding in holes and caves. This much was visible from where they stood. But not a step nearer would the Fingo advance. Dick Selmes looked wistful.

"It was just there he went in, Kleinbooi," pointing to the slope under one of the jutting rock portals. "I glimpsed him for a minute, just under the krantz on that bare patch. By Jove, it's a pity to lose a fine bush-buck ram, and he was hit hard, too. If only you had been nearer with the dogs!"

"It is time to go home now, *Baas*," said the Fingo, with a glance at the sun, which was now dipping low to the sky line, causing the great rock faces to glow red gold in the slanting beams. The scene was one of wild rugged grandeur and beauty, softened by the cooing of hundreds of doves; the cheery, piping whistle of spreeuws echoing from among the krantzes, and other mellow and varying bird voices in the recesses of the brake.

"Has anybody ever met his death in there, Kleinbooi?" resumed Dick.

"Several, *Baas*."

"What kills them?"

"That is what nobody knows." And the speaker was so obviously unwilling to pursue the subject that Dick said nothing further upon it, but he made up his mind to question Harley Greenoak thereon without loss of time.

When the two came to where they had left their horses, it was evident that the hunt had not been altogether unsuccessful, for behind Dick's saddle was strapped a fine duiker ram, while from that of the Fingo hung several guinea fowl and three or four dikkop. Still Selmes would not altogether feel comforted over the quarry he had lost.

This Kleinbooi was his host's right-hand man. He was a capital hunter, and was sent out with Dick what time nobody else felt inclined to go, and in this capacity it was an advantage that he was able to speak excellent English. Harley Greenoak was not sorry, for his part; for such was his young charge's "keenness" that he would have dragged him out all day and every day in quest of some form of sport, and half the night, too, very frequently.

That evening, after supper, as they were seated indoors, for the farm was of considerable altitude and the nights were fresh, Dick Selmes was wondering how he should broach the subject to their host. Old Ephraim Hesketh was one of the early settlers of 1820. He was a widower, and lived alone on his vast farm in the wildest recesses of the Rooi Ruggensbergen. He was a tall, lank old man, of the simplest of habits, who went to bed with the sun and got up with the same, chewed biltong when he was hungry and drank calabash milk when he was thirsty, and, owing to his solitary life, was laconic and scanty of speech. This being so, it may be credited that his domestic arrangements were primitive in the extreme; and even adaptable Dick Selmes had felt a trifle blank when he first saw his room, with its battered tin wash-basin, empty-bottle candlestick, bare thatch, and gaping wainscottings, into which latter a remarkably large centipede was at that moment disappearing. In short, Simcox's place, though rough, was a palace compared with Haakdoornfontein, as old Hesketh's place was called.

"Well, young buffalo hunter," said the latter, as they sat down to an exceedingly frugal repast, "and how many of my bush-bucks have you accounted for to-day? We can't provide record buffaloes for you here, you see. You must get back to the Addo or trek right up country for that."

Dick Selmes laughed, then, judging the moment opportune, he launched out into an account of Kleinbooi's point-blank refusal to enter the forbidden kloof.

"He was quite right," said the old man, decisively, and his face seemed to grow serious. "Yes, quite right. In fact, I told him not even to take you near it if possible, but I suppose he didn't know he was doing so in the excitement of the hunt."

Dick Selmes' face lit up with eagerness. If this hardened old settler, who believed in little else, believed in this weird mystery, why, it would be worth hearing about.

"Would you mind—er—spinning the yarn, Mr. Hesketh?" he blurted out eagerly.

"Well, it's a fact that for some years past not a man jack who has gone into that kloof from this end—and you can't get into it from anywhere else—has come out alive," answered the old man. "When searched for and spoored down, they were found quite near the entrance, stone dead."

"What killed them?"

"That's what many of us would like to know. There was a mark, just where the neck joins the shoulder at the back, a tiny mark hardly bigger than a pin point, a mere discoloration, and the bodies wore every appearance of death by snake bite. That's how the place got its name—Slaang—or Snake Kloof."

"By Jove! And what sort of snake was it?" said Dick.

"There was no snake. The most careful search revealed no trace of the spoor of anything of the kind. Besides, a snake bite invariably contains two punctures. This was only one. Another strange thing is that the mark was always the same, and in the same place, where the neck joins the shoulder, and yet another—that the people, when found, had, in each case, fallen when facing the way out of the kloof, as if they'd been running away from something. What? How many have come to grief? Seven in all—one Hottentot and six Kafirs. They had gone in after strayed stock, or to take out a bees' nest or something of the kind. The Hottentot was the only one who was still conscious, and he knew absolutely nothing of what had happened to him or when it had. I nearly pulled him through by treating him for snake bite, but it was too long after, and he kicked the bucket, like the rest. Have I been in since? No. I'm too old."

"But what on earth is your theory of it, Mr. Hesketh?" asked Dick Selmes, who was very much impressed by the story, and the old man's way of telling it. "Is there some kind of tree snake that drops down and swings itself up again after biting them? That would account for lack of spoor, you know."

"Quite right, young buffalo hunter," nodded old Hesketh. "But we've got no snakes that do that. All the tree sorts are harmless. The thing stumps me, but—there it is."

"By Jingo, but I'd like to—" And Dick stopped short. Old Hesketh turned on him a lack-lustre eye.

"To try and solve the mystery yourself?" he supplied. "M'yes. You'd better let it alone, young fellow. Keep your energies for another destroying buffalo, and you may come out of that with a whole skin. Eh, Greenoak?"

The latter, who had been a silent listener, nodded assent. Old Hesketh had—for him—taken an immense fancy to Dick since hearing of his shooting the buffalo bull in the Addo Bush, and that alone and with a single bullet. He was far too plucky a young fellow to be allowed to commit suicide in such an unsatisfactory cause as this, he decided.

"Don't let him cut into any such foolishness, Greenoak," he went on. "Keep your eye on him, Greenoak, keep your eye on him."

And Greenoak promised he would. Then he went to bed, and contrary to his usual custom did not go to sleep immediately, but lay awake thinking. And at the same time precisely the same thing was holding good of Dick Selmes.

Now, in the course of the next two or three days, while the latter seldom missed an opportunity of plying his host with questions regarding Slaang Kloof, Harley Greenoak never opened his mouth on the subject. He seemed to treat it as a mere incident: a strange incident, it was true, but still an incident, and he had come across too many such in the course of a life adventurous beyond most lives to deem one incident, more or less, worth making any fuss about. He seemed, in short, to have dismissed it from his mind.

Consequently, it is strange that, a day or two later, Harley Greenoak might have been seen—were there any one to see him—standing before the entrance of Slaang Kloof—alone.

His strong, bearded, sun-tanned face was set and thoughtful; his gnarled hands were closed round the barrels of a double gun, whose stock was grounded; and, slung round him, was a sort of bundle that bulged. The rifle barrel held a Martini cartridge, the smooth bore a heavy charge of Treble A buckshot.

He stood gazing into the place of fear, as though reading every tree and bush in its sombre forest depths. As a matter of fact, he was there to solve its secret. Old Hesketh, to whom his reputation was known as a clearer-up of many a dark and blood-fraught mystery of the veldt, and who was an old friend of his into the bargain, had sent for

him with that express object, and, as it was an entirely out-of-the-way and new part of the country to show his charge, he had heartily welcomed the idea. But he had no notion whatever of counting his said charge into the adventure with him.

He looked at the two jutting rock spurs as though calculating the distance of one from the other. Then he walked steadily forward until well within the portals of the sinister and fatal valley.

Superficially it differed in no way from any round dozen of the wild bushy kloofs on any other part of the farm. There was the same vegetation, mimosa and other varieties of acacia, spongy spekboem, and spidery Kafir bean — the geranium and plumbago throwing out a confusion of scarlet and light mauve —here a row of euphorbia, there a patch of yellow-woods, from whose limbs depended a tangle of long, straight monkey ropes. Here all was dim and cool and delightful, the sunshine completely shut off or but faintly networked in patches on the ground and tree trunks. But it was here that every instinctive faculty of grasp and perception implanted in the up-country man became keenly alert and awake. For, by a course of intuitive calculations, he had located this spot as the one where the fell and fatal terror had overtaken its victims.

HE THREW UP HIS GUN AND FIRED.

The nerve and courage of Harley Greenoak were entirely beyond question, but that did not dull his imagination or render him dead to the fact that in this cool and peaceful forest retreat he walked in very great peril indeed, or that, if he would escape this hidden death which had overtaken others, awful in its mysterious suddenness, he would have to muster every faculty of quick observation, lightning-like decision of action, and untiring alertness which he possessed.

As he walked, apparently unconcerned, his ears were open to every sound, and, although he knew that it was from above the peril should come, he did not look up, at least, not directly. Then, suddenly, and without apparent reason, he leaped nimbly about a

yard to his left; for his trained ear had caught the faintest possible sound overhead, and, as he did so, there was a soft hiss past his ear. Harley Greenoak had escaped death that time.

Quick as thought he threw up his gun, but in the moment between that action and the roar of the piece he glimpsed the most hideous and revolting object imaginable. The simian face, staring in bestial ferocity, the horn-like ears, the brown misshapen frame and limbs, were more suggestive of some forest fiend than of anything human. When the smoke had cleared away the thing had disappeared.

What did it mean? For the first time Harley Greenoak felt a thrill of superstitious misgiving as unpleasant as it was strange. He to miss, and to miss at that short distance, with a charge of buckshot, too—for he had fired the smooth bore barrel—why, it was incredible! Nothing human could have escaped. Yet this thing had done so. It had not fallen, it had simply disappeared.

He stared upward at the spot. The tall, yellow-wood tree was strong and sound, and showed no sign of hole or cleft that would have held a rat. Ha!

Lying behind a large limb, motionless as the wood itself, blending so completely with its colour as to escape detection, was the object of his search, watching him. But for the glint of the eye, he would have failed to discover it at all. Again his gun roared.

But—too late. With superhuman agility the thing had leapt away, and, springing from branch to branch with the quickness and security of cat and monkey combined, it seemed a hopeless chase to Greenoak, who, as he ran, marking its course by the swaying of the branches, had already reloaded both barrels. Just the fraction of a glimpse, and it was his last chance. Again the reverberation of the report rolled bellowing from cliff to cliff. With it was a shrill, beast-like scream, and something thudded heavily to the earth. Harley Greenoak walked leisurely up to it, and after a moment's examination came away with a smile of grim satisfaction on his face.

It was not to last, though. He had not gone far when a stony glare of horror came into his eyes as they rested on something lying on the ground, the form of a man, the form of Dick Selmes, his charge.

It was lying on its face with arms extended. But as he stood over it the eyes opened with a dull stupid stare, as that of a person awakened out of a heavy sleep.

"Wake up, Dick. Wake up, man," said Greenoak decidedly, lugging him into a sitting posture. "Here, take a drink of this."

From the bundle that bulged he produced a bottle of brandy.

"Don't want to," said the other sleepily.

"But you must, man. If you don't you're a dead 'un."

This told, and Dick obeyed. The effect of the spirit was marvellous, for, having swallowed enough to have rendered him helpless twice over under ordinary circumstances, it merely invigorated him now. Quick as thought Greenoak had cut away his shirt collar, and, sure enough, there on the neck was the fatal mark, the tiny, discoloured speck. This Greenoak promptly lanced, applying a mixture which he had with him. Then he made his charge get up and walk smartly up and down with him. In which occupation they were found by old Hesketh, who, having heard the shots, faint and far, had saddled up and hurried on in case the investigator should be in need of assistance.

When sufficiently restored, Dick Selmes was able to explain how he came to be there, and this he did somewhat shamefacedly. He had suspected that Greenoak was going to make some such investigation, and resented not being allowed to share in the adventure. Accordingly, he had pretended to go and hunt in a contrary direction, but had soon slipped round, so soon indeed as almost to reach Slaang Kloof first. He had entered the Kloof not far behind Greenoak, and had kept him in view.

"Well, it nearly cost you your life, young fellow," said Hesketh. "Tell you what, you must have learnt something if you could keep Harley Greenoak in sight without his knowing it. What were you shooting at, Greenoak?"

"The mystery of Slaang Kloof is cleared up," answered the latter, laconically.

"I knew you'd do it if any one could. Well, what was it?"

"I'll show you later on. Now then, Dick, take some more stuff, and walk quicker."

Harley Greenoak was not one to be hurried, but when they did return to investigate, he took them straight to where he had fired his first shot under the shade of the yellow-wood trees.

"Why, this is where I first felt queer," said Dick.

"BUT WHAT IS IT?"

"No doubt," stooping down and picking up something that looked like a bit of stick about six or eight inches long. "See that?" showing a tiny needle-like point. "That's what made you feel queer, and all the others, too. It's touched with a strong and subtle poison."

"By Jove! You don't say so."

"Rather. I've got a theory that your clothes helped to save you. You were saying, Hesketh, that the only one of those who came to grief here and recovered consciousness was a Hottentot. Well, he would have had clothes on, and the Kafirs wouldn't."

"Something in that, may be," answered the old man.

A little further on Greenoak picked up another of the tiny arrows. This one was sticking in the ground.

"The one I dodged," he said. "Come on further."

He led the way. Suddenly Dick Selmes gave a start.

"What's that?" he said. "Ugh!"

"The mystery," answered Greenoak.

The monkey-like shape lying there looked more hideous and horrible in death, if possible, than when it skipped along the tree-tops.

"But what is it?"

"A survivor of the original Bushmen who lived among the holes and caves of these mountains. He adopted this method of setting up a scare in order to have the run of this place unmolested. You see, if he went on the ground he'd leave spoor, and he knew that—hence the tree dodge."

"How is it we never found any of these arrows?" said old Hesketh.

"Probably you never thought of looking for them."

"No more we did."

"You see," explained Greenoak, "when you were spinning that yarn about the kloof, it brought back to my mind one similar case I'd known of the kind, and I began to put two and two together. Well, the murdering little beast has only got what he deserved, but it'll save bother if we keep our mouths shut, all the same."

"But how do you know there are no more of 'em, Greenoak?" said Dick Selmes.

"I'm sure there aren't. This one is as old as Methuselah. He'd be the only one. You can use Slaang Kloof again, Hesketh."

The Mortal Wound at Trafalgar.

(October 21, 1805.)

From the fresco by Daniel Maclise, R.A., in the Palace of Westminster.

By permission of the Art Union of London, 112 Strand, W.C., publishers of the engraving.

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON

Scenes from the famous Sailor's Life, as depicted by great Artists.

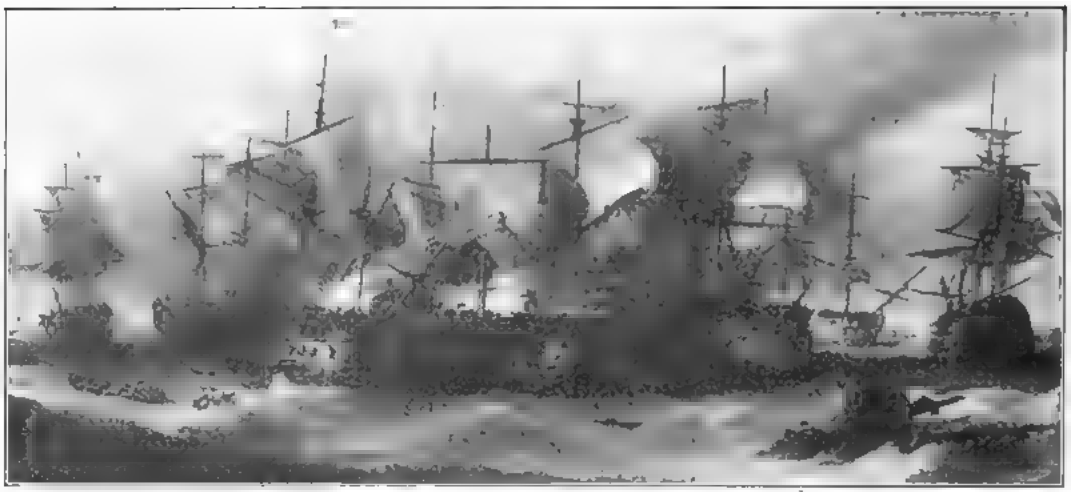
Nelson's Birthplace.

HORATIO NELSON was born in the rectory of the little village of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, on September 29, 1758. His father was the Rev. Edmund Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, and his mother a grand-niece of Sir Robert Walpole, the famous Prime Minister of the reigns of George I. and George II. Here he lived happily, a boy whose chief characteristic was his extreme tenderness of heart, until he lost his mother when he was only nine. Then, through the influence of an uncle, he obtained a berth on board the *Raisonnable*, then fitting out at Chatham, and went to sea in 1770.

"Nelson Wounded at Teneriffe."

From the painting by R. Westall, R.A., in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.

NELSON had been sent by Sir John Jervis to take possession of an enormously rich Spanish ship which had put into Santa Cruz for safety. In spite of orders which he had received not to land personally, he was one of the first to go ashore when the fighting began, and was in the act of stepping from the boat when a grape-shot shattered his elbow. On being taken back to his ship, up the side of which he insisted on climbing unaided, the injured limb was at once amputated.



Nelson boarding the "San Nicolas."

From the picture by Sir Wm. Allan, R.A., P.R.S.A., in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.

THE battle off Cape St. Vincent was fought between the English and Spanish fleets on February 14, 1797. At this time Nelson held the rank of Commodore of H.M.S. *Captain*. Notwithstanding the fact that his vessel was the smallest seventy-four in the fleet, he first attacked the giant *Santissima Trinidada* (at that time said to be the largest vessel in the world), and then the *San Nicolas*, which vessel fouled the rigging of the *San Josef*. The foremast of the *Captain* having gone, Nelson, fearing that he might drop astern, ran his vessel into the quarter of the *San Nicolas* and carried her by boarding.

Nelson receiving the Swords of the Spanish Officers on board the "San Josef."

From the painting by T. J. Barker, in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.

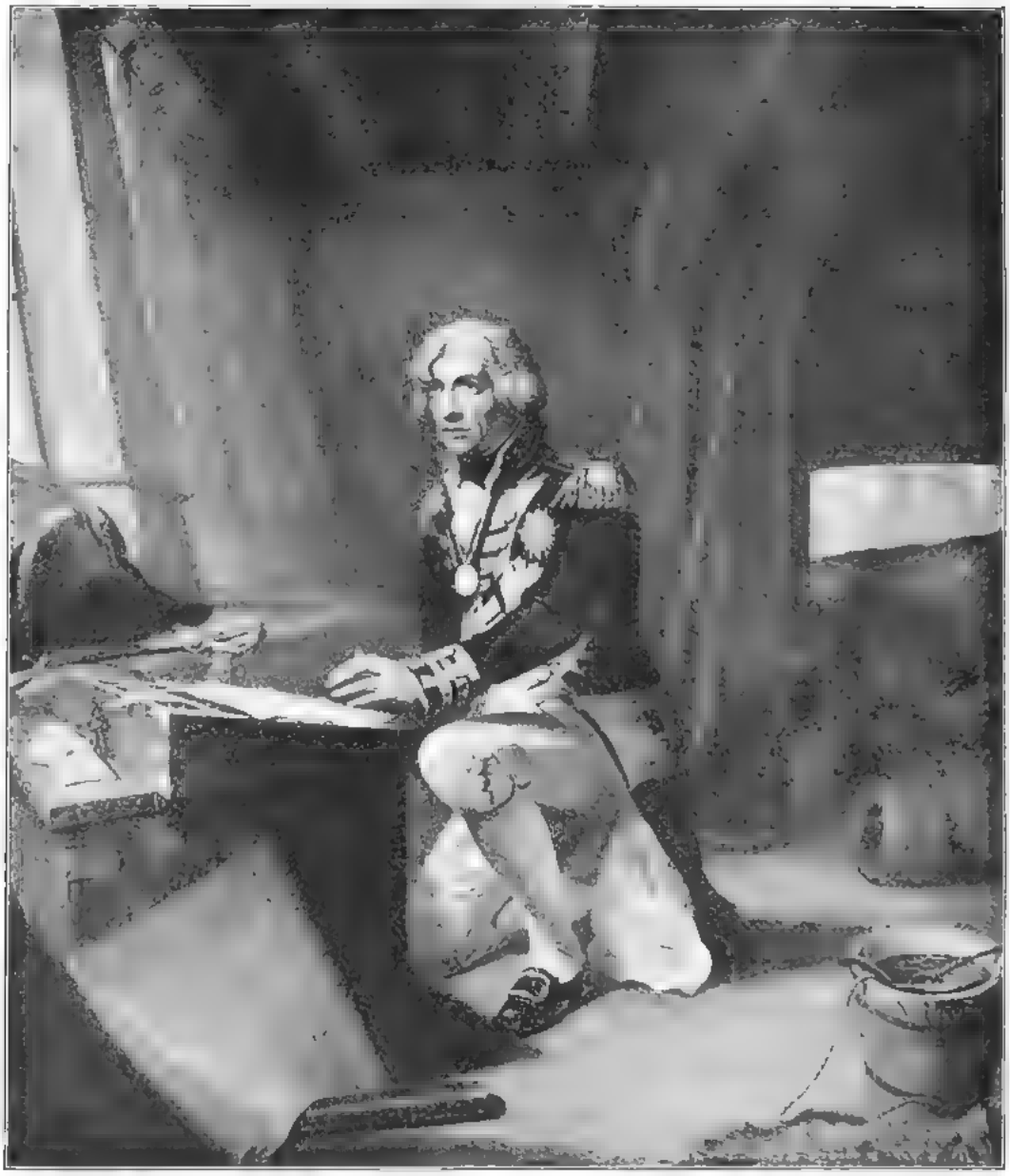
IMMEDIATELY on the surrender of the *San Nicolas*, Nelson turned his attention to the *San Josef*. Having boarded this vessel, being offered but little resistance, he formally received the swords of the Spanish officers on the quarter-deck.

Quarter-deck of the "Vanguard." Nelson witnessing the Destruction of the "Orient."

NELSON had been wounded over the forehead by a shot, which, displacing a large piece of skin which fell over his eyes, had placed him in complete darkness. Fearing that he had lost his sight, he retired below. No sooner was he reassured [illegible] with a bandage round his head, he once [illegible] being [illegible] witness [illegible] flagship.

From the picture by] ***The Battle of the Nile. Showing the blowing up of the "Orient."*** [*P. de Loutherbourg, R. A.*

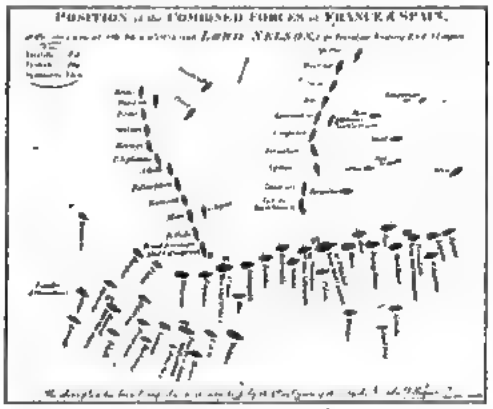
THE Battle of the Nile was fought between the English and the French fleets at the mouth of the Nile. The battle began at sunset on August 1, 1798, and two hours afterwards the flagship of the French admiral, the *Orient*, was blown up.



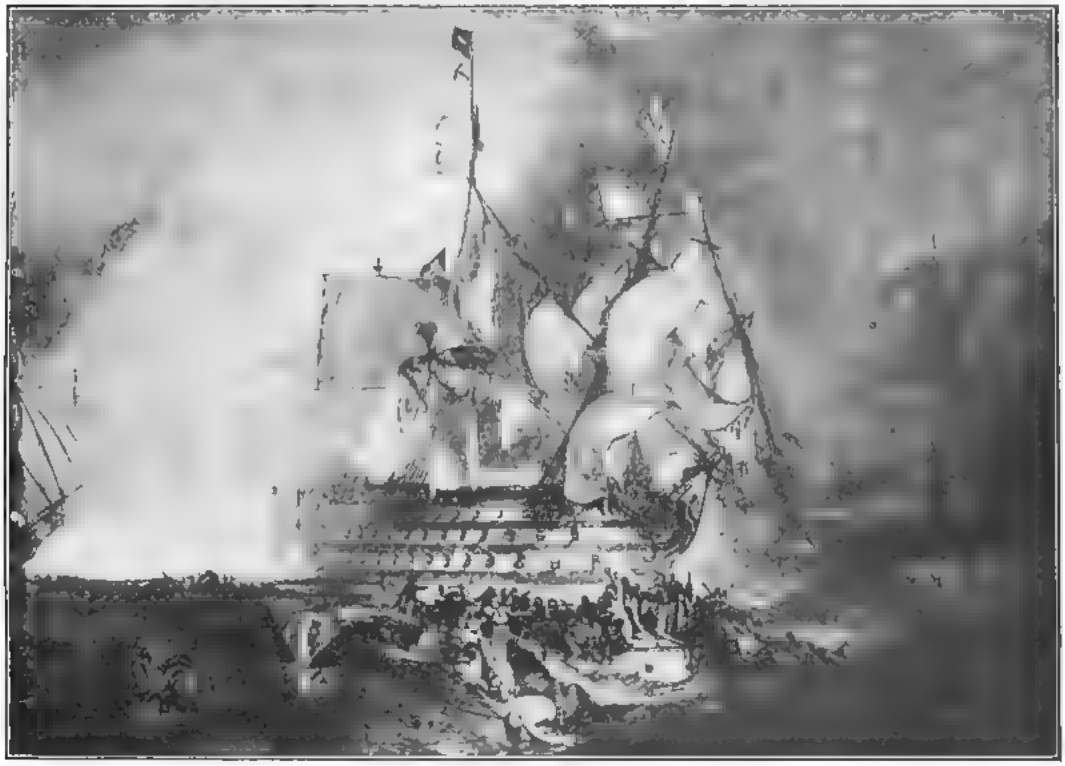
Nelson's Prayer before the Battle of Trafalgar.

"May the great God whom I worship, grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."

Sir T. M. Hardy, K.C.B.
Flag Captain to Nelson at Trafalgar.



PLAN SHOWING POSITION OF THE COMBINED FORCES OF FRANCE AND SPAIN OPPOSED TO THE BRITISH NAVY UNDER LORD NELSON AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE ACTION OF OCTOBER 21, 1805.



From the picture by] ***"The Battle of Trafalgar."*** *[J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*

The French fleet having ventured out of Cadiz, where they had gone for shelter, encountered the English fleet off Cape Trafalgar on October 21, 1805, and at noon the fight began. Flying the famous signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," the British within two hours were victorious all along the line. There were 1589 casualties on the British side, among the dead, alas, being Nelson himself.

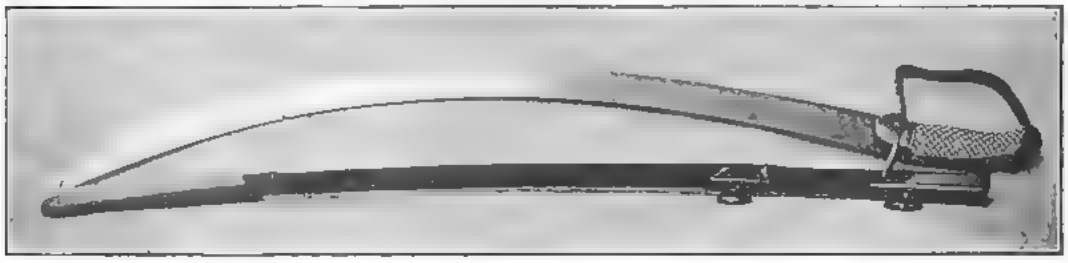
From the painting by A. W. Devis **"The Death of Nelson."** *in the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.*

THE LAST SCENE IN THE COCKPIT OF THE "VICTORY"

"Greenwich Pensioners commemorating the Battle of Trafalgar."

From the picture by John Burnet, F.R.S.

NOTWITHSTANDING the death of the great hero, the news of the victory of Trafalgar, which finally broke the power of Napoleon on the sea, was received with great rejoicing by every class of Englishman. By no one was the event discussed with more satisfaction than the naval pensioners at Greenwich Hospital. In this picture are seen the veteran seamen who have quitted active service, but still retain the old and fiery interest in every event connected with British warfare upon the seas.



Sword worn by Nelson as a Lieutenant.

Dirk carried by Nelson when a Midshipman.

GONE TO GROUND.

By STUART WISHING. Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

AT half past-four on a bright Saturday afternoon, Messrs. Walker and Soames, undistinguished members of the third form, might have been observed taking tea in the latter's study. To be pedantically exact, the tea portion of the meal was over. They were lolling comfortably in two hammock chairs, devoting their whole attention to sixpennyworth of chocolate and a couple of vanilla ices. Funds, oddly enough, happened to be plentiful just then; and souls and their bodies were at peace with the world.

"Can't make out, old chap," said Walker, as he helped himself unostentatiously to Rowntree's best, "why you're so bally mysterious to-day. First of all, you ask me to tea in the manner of a ha'penny novelette—then you hint at a gruesome discovery—and lastly—most wonderful of all—you let me bag the biggest ice without a protest. Is anything up?"

"Heaps," said Soames. "I've got no end of a rag in store."

"Well, let's hear what it is."

"You know you told me how you went to Maskelyne and Devant's last holidays?"

"Yes."

"Ripping good show too, isn't it? I went about the same time. You remember the vanishing lady trick? Well, I was fearfully struck by it, and ever since then I've been sweating to do it myself, and *I've solved the mystery!*"

Walker merely said, "Rot."

"Yes, I have. At least, I know a trick that's just as good. I can show you a simply A1 method of vanishing in here."

"Fire ahead."

"Very well. I'll bet you another ice that if you shut your eyes I'll disappear from sight in ten seconds. All you've got to do——"

"Is to stand out of your way and let you oil through the door. Thanks."

"You unbelieving beast—you're quite off the track. You may lock the door, keep the key, and examine the windows. Notice the bars—excellent Sheffield steel—no space to squeeze through."

"All right," said the sceptic. "Do it, and I'll believe you."

"What you've got to do is to stand by the door without moving, shut your eyes, and stop your ears. Wait ten seconds and then open your eyes. You won't see me. Then shut them again, wait ten seconds more, and I bet you I'll appear."

The wondering Walker protested that you hadn't to shut your eyes at Maskelyne's, and demanded his money back. However, he suffered himself to be led to the spot indicated, and carefully locked the door. Then he shut his eyes, and corked his somewhat obtrusive ears as directed. He counted ten slowly, and then looked up. Soames was nowhere to be seen!

"By *Gum!*" said Walker philosophically, and trod on his own toe to make sure he was not dreaming. No, it was real enough. He shut his eyes again and waited: on opening them—lo and behold! Soames sat smiling, a trifle dishevelled and dusky of hue, in the hammock chair. Walker repeated his criticism.

"Quite a sound vanishing, eh?" said the illusionist with a triumphant smile.

"How's it *done?*" asked his friend with a touch of natural irritation at his own denseness. Really, Soames had no business to be so smart.

"Swear you won't give it away?"

"Rather not."

"Honour bright? You see, it's no fun if everybody knows."

"Honest Injun."

Thereupon the wily Soames pulled aside the wreck of what had once been a hearthrug, and disclosed a trap-door.

"Ah!" said Walker reflectively. "So you popped down there?"

"Yes—and drew the rug back after me. The trap opens downwards, so it's quite easy. It

took me nearly three weeks to make—working hard in my off times."

"You don't mean to say you sawed up the floor? I thought it was built in there."

"Why shouldn't I, you ass?"

"Simpson might object—that's all."

This had never struck Soames: it was quite a novel view of the case. Why should his housemaster discountenance excursions into the realm of practical engineering? Had he not made for him a beautiful trap-door—which he could not possibly take with him when he left school?

"Hang it! He'll never know!" said Soames comfortably. "How could he spot it? *You* never did."

The insinuation that Simpson's brains were on a lower level than Walker's, gratified the latter considerably.

"I daresay not: what's below?"

"The coal-cellar: there's a drop of about seven feet. I get back by standing on a box I found down there. Rather a good wheeze, isn't it?"

"Jolly good. What shall we do with it? Get out at night?"

"I'm afraid we can't do that. There's a door down there, and also the place where they shoot the coal in. But the suspicious brutes keep both locked—even in the daytime."

"H'm: . . . That's rather a pity . . . but we must make use of it somehow. . . . Tell you what! It would be rather a rag to get some man in a fearful bait—let him chase us—and then disappear before he arrived. Wouldn't he be sick? He'd think he'd got 'em again."

"Not a bad notion," mused Soames, licking his lips at the idea. "Who could we draw?"

"Let's see . . . old Bancroft gave me a hundred lines yesterday—but I hardly think he'd be really keen on a hunt. . . . Then there's Sowerby. He might do."

"Sowerby! Yes—he's a bit of an old ass. Let's go and find him."

* * * * *

Sowerby, on whom the policy of pin-pricks was about to be tested, was discovered lying on a grassy bank, reading and watching the cricket. By nature lazy, yet he was as a lion when roused; a stubborn, determined soul—loth to pause when once he had summoned up sufficient energy to move.

"I say, Sowerby, old mule!" It was the voice of Walker. The reader turned a deaf ear to his blandishments.

"Sowerby, you ass!" (This was Soames, singing seconds.)

"Urgh?" said the recumbent form, without looking round.

"Come on the river with us."

"No. Reading. G'way."

"Come on, old chap! Ripping day for a row! You shall pull us and we'll steer."

SOAMES PULLED ASIDE THE HEARTHRUG.

Even this tempting offer did not move the addressee. There was a pause. . . .

"I say, Sowerby!"

No answer.

"Sow—er—by!" (*crescendo.*)

"Sow—er—by! Sow—er—by! ! Fat old Sowerby! ! !" (*fortissimo.*)

"If you two fools don't clear out I'll give you a jolly good hiding."

"Don't do that, old man! Simmer down, Sowerby! (Good sound that! Try it the other way!) Sower down Simmerby! Simmer down Sowerby! Hi-yi!"

"Oh, do shut up! I want to read."

"Studious beast! I say, old boy," murmured Soames persuasively.

Silence. . . .

"I say! I've made a ripping poem—all about you! Listen, old numskull!

> 'There once was a fellow called Sowerby,
> Who lay in a little grass bowerby—'

Coined a word—like Virgil, see? Can't you suggest another rhyme, Walker? I've dried up."

"I'm not a bally poet. Sowerby is—must be—he reads such a lot."

"Beautiful thought! I say, Sowerby, will you help us with our verses? Beastly stiff copy to-day—we can only find one rhyme."

"Surly brute, isn't he? Never *will* give you any assistance"

"If you don't get out——" began the irate reader.

"Don't get shirty, Sowerby! I say, Walker—have you ever noticed how stout old Sow is getting? Must have put on a stone since last term. Too many visits to the tuck-shop, my boy! You really *must* try to moderate your appetite. . . . *Cave!* The bull's broken loose!"

The maddened victim had sprung to his feet and made for his persecutors, thirsting for their blood. Walker and Soames, more agile, eluded the charge, and settled down to headlong flight. Sowerby—who was by no means as stout as they imputed—ran steadily and well. He was no mean performer at the mile—sprinting was not his strong point—and he determined he would catch one or both before lock-up, and read him or them a much-needed lesson. He would not be disturbed thus with impunity.

The hares gave him a good sporting outing—across the cricket-ground, down to the river, back up the hill—(some hard collar work here)—round by the tuck-shop, back to the field again, and then a circle round the gym. They kept some fifty yards ahead without effort, and finally—showing an excellent turn of speed, as the reporters say—fled in a bee-line to Soames' study. They got safely to their earth seven seconds ahead of their pursuer, strewing chairs in their rear as they ran. Sowerby, as he entered the long corridor, saw them bolt into the study and heard the door slam. He pulled up, angry, because he thought they had locked the door. Still, this should not save them: he would not let them escape. He would take a chair, if necessary, and sit outside, like a terrier watching a rat-hole, till they chose to come out. *Then*—he chuckled, and prepared for a long siege. He was a patient youth.

As a mere matter of form he shouted threats through the keyhole and tried the door. To his unbounded astonishment it opened with ease. He walked in warily, scenting a trap. Then he sat down on the nearest seat and marvelled intensely at what had happened. The room was empty.

Sowerby wondered if a miracle had taken place by accident. Here was he in Soames' study, through the doorway of which Soames and Walker—if he could trust the hitherto unimpeachable evidence of his eyes—had disappeared but a few seconds ago. There was no possible means of exit: the window was heavily barred—there was only one door—and the means of concealment were inadequate in the extreme. Casting a hasty glance around him, he lifted the table-cloth gingerly, as if expecting Walker or his *confrère* to bite him in the calf. . . . No; beneath the table were a grub-box and a pair of single-sticks—nothing else. . . . It was positively uncanny. For one emotional moment Sowerby imagined that Soames and Walker must have uttered some potent spell of ancient days and been transformed into the single-sticks—saved by some pagan god, even as Daphne was changed into a laurel-tree to escape the pursuer. With this fantastic notion in his brain Sowerby felt quite indignant that his wrath should be baulked in such an unsportsmanlike fashion. Then reason re-asserted herself, and he abused superstition and all its works.

For was there not standing in a corner of the room a tall and capacious cupboard that might easily contain two of the size of his late tormentors? Sowerby breathed again. Here, of course, was the obvious explanation of the disappearance: the Psychical Research Society need not be invoked as yet. Smiling gently to himself, he rose from his seat, locked the cupboard door, and sat down again. His should be a lengthy revenge: he would wait till sounds of

distress and prayers for mercy came from the interior; and then—*then* he would think about it. He took a book from the shelf and began to read.

* * * * *

Below, in the darkness, there was self-congratulation and peace. Messrs. Walker and Soames, after recovering from their cross-country chase and hurried descent to the cellar, shook each other by the hand and laughed silently. Here, in very truth, was a tale to unfold—at some distant day, when they were grey-beards and far beyond the reach of Sowerby. Here was a joke of epic character, meet to be inscribed on the walls of their study in letters of gold! How they had pulled old Sowerby's leg! What an ass he had shown himself! What—a dreadful thought struck Walker, and he spoke.

"I say!" he began uneasily.

"Well?"

"How—how are we going to get out?"

"By *Jove!*" said Soames, "I never thought of that!"

Odd though it may seem, such was the appalling fact. Both had been too engrossed in the laying of the trap to remember that a means of egress was necessary. And now—it was too late.

"You white-faced lunatic!" said Walker, who was almost too angry to speak. "That *is* like you—to go and lay a ripping trap like this and forget the one thing needful! You *are* a chump."

"Hang it all!" retorted the indignant inventor; "it was your idea to draw Sow. I never——"

"Of course not. . . . Well, it won't do any good, scrapping. What we've got to do is to find a way of escape."

"Oh, Sowerby will get sick of waiting after a bit," said Soames hopefully. "We shall hear him as he leaves the study, and then we can bob up serenely without any one being the wiser."

"Will he? That's all you know. Old Sow's like a bloodhound when he's really angry. I tell you he'll sit there till prep. rather than leave our tracks. We daren't go while he's there—unless you're anxious for a first-class lamming—and there's not much amusement to be found in a coal-cellar, so far as I can see."

"Let's try the door," murmured his fellow-criminal softly. "They may have left it unlocked to-day."

The hope proved vain. Not only was the door locked, but also the opening through

THE ROOM WAS EMPTY.

which the coal was shot was bolted on the outside. Moodily they sat down, and proceeded to while away the time criticising each other's personal appearance and making farciful predictions concerning each other's probable fate. Each inclined to the pessimistic view; and while Walker stated his firm conviction that Soames would make an undignified exit on the gallows, Soames was equally convinced that Walker would shuffle off this mortal coil in even more degrading circumstances. The fate that he depicted for his friend was the voluntary sale of his body for dissecting purposes before the natural term of his life came to an end. According to Soames, Walker would be so displeased with

"HOW—HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT?"

his own features that he would be only too glad to dispose of himself at any cost A trial by combat in the gloom of the cellar was only averted by the recollection that thereby a clue to their hiding-place would be given to their gaoler. So they sat on.

* * * * *

At 7.30 Sowerby roused himself with a start: he had been deep in Sherlock Holmes, and had not noticed how the time had flown. Rapt in the exploits of that fascinating hero, tea-time had passed unheeded. No one had entered the study: at times footsteps had sounded in the corridor—the wheels of a stray cart had creaked outside the window—but other disturbance had there been none. He looked at his watch.

"My aunt!" said Sowerby. "It's time for prep." And then, with a qualm of remorse, he remembered his captives in the cupboard. By this time his anger had completely evaporated: a period of unwonted calm, devoted to reading and undisturbed by boors, together with the thought that Walker and Soames had been imprisoned for a considerable space, had softened Sowerby's heart. He was a good-natured fellow on the whole, and determined to forego the licking in consideration of their sufferings.

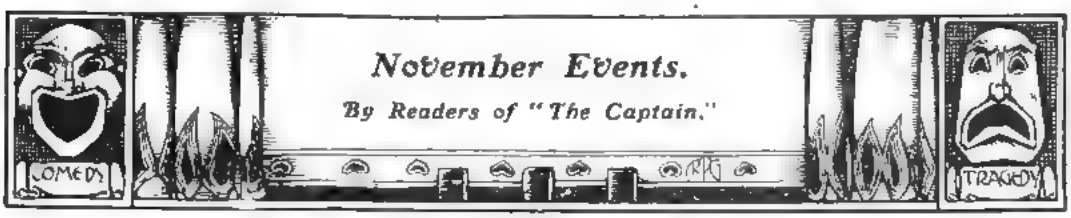
"Come out now, you young beggars," he said cheerily. "I won't touch you."

He flung open the door—and received his second severe shock of the afternoon. In the cupboard were the following items: a school blazer, a tin of potted meat, three jam-pots, a hockey stick, a tin of Abernethies, but—still no Walker and no Soames!

Sowerby sat down wearily and wiped his forehead. This was getting beyond him. He began to have doubts about his sanity. Let's see—to-day was Saturday, and twice two made four—and half-term would be here in a week—and—but *where*—WHERE—in the name of every ghost and conjurer that one could think of—was Soames—and where was Walker? Had they eaten each other, after the manner of the Kilkenny cats? Were they Mahatmas in disguise? The prep. bell rang, and saved his tottering wits: here at least was something concrete and tangible. He must go into prep. now and interview the house-master on the projection of astral bodies later. In all his life he had never tasted or wished to taste alcohol, but now he felt that the one thing he really needed was a strong whiskey-and-soda. He walked into prep., and the first person he saw was Walker, giving a very free translation of the morrow's Cæsar to his boon-companion Soames.

* * * * *

"Lor', Marier," said a burly cartman to his wife that evening, "I never larfed so much in all my natcherel. I was just a-gettin' ready to tip a ton o' coal down the shoot, when a 'ead bobs up and says, 'Arf a mo., cockie!' I thought I'd got 'em again—I did! But it was real flesh an' blood, and in another second a boy whips out. 'I've got a pal coming,' ses he. 'The dooce you 'ave,' ses I, staring; and sure enough out comes another nipper—black—why, black ain't the word for it! "'Ere's a shillin' to say nothin'," says the first. I took the shillin', o' course—but even if they 'adn't guv me nothin' I wouldn't ha' split for worlds. Larf! well—there!"



JOHN MILTON was born n December 9, 1608, and was destined for the study of Politic Literature. He wrote poetry at the age of ten, and at twelve he rarely relinquished his studies before midnight. This formed the first source of injury to his eyes. His master was the Rev. Thomas Young, of Essex, who left him because of religious persecutions, and Milton was sent to St. Paul's School, under Alexander Gill, in 1623. In due course he was admitted to Christ's College, Cambridge. He decided to take Holy Orders, but could not subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. He therefore returned to his home, and led the life of a student.

The Death of Milton.

While at college he wrote all his earlier poems, notably, "The Hymn of the Nativity," which was subsequently to win its author fame. He was an accomplished musician, and amongst his friends numbered Henry Lawes, the great Lutanist.

In 1634 Milton wrote "The Mask of Comus," and the "Arcades"; in 1637, "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." In 1638 he left England for a great tour of Europe, and in 1641 his "Treatise of Reformation" was published. His "Latin and English Poems" saw the light a year later.

Milton first espoused Mary Powell (daughter of a Justice of the Peace), who left him because of the quietness of his home, but they were reunited until she died. Three years later he married Katherine Woodcock, daughter of Captain Woodcock, but she lived only a year. Milton deplored her loss in a "Sonnet." He then set about preparing a "Latin Dictionary," writing a "History of England," and commencing his Epic. The Dictionary remained unfinished, the History dated to the Norman Conquest only, and the Epic is the immortal "Paradise Lost." In 1671 he published "Sampson Agonistes" and "Paradise Regained."

Milton died on November 15, 1674, and was buried in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London.

EGERTON W. MELVILLE.

IN June, 1688 it had been finally settled that the intolerable rule of the Catholic James II. should come to an end. The nation had made up its mind to endure the overbearing and unjust conduct of the king no longer. To whom, then, could it look for help? Where was the man who would give it back its liberty—the liberty which is considered the birthright of every English man and woman, and which has now become inseparably associated with the name of England? The chosen man was indeed worthy of so great a trust. William, Prince of Orange, was the husband of James II.'s Protestant daughter Mary. He had many admirable qualities, and is undeniably entitled to the foremost place among the sovereigns of England in point of intellectual ability; while his services in delivering the nation from civil tyranny, and religious persecution, justly demand the gratitude of posterity. On November 1, 1688, this great Prince set sail for England with an enormous array of ships. The fleet consisted of 70 men-of-war, 700 transports with 4500 horse, and 11,000 foot, accompanied by many nobles and gentlemen of England and Scotland. It had

The Landing of William of Orange.

been William's original intention to land in Yorkshire, but adverse winds drove him down the Channel, and on November 4, 1688, the fleet dropped anchor in Torbay, Devonshire. Such caution and moderation marked the proceedings of William, that the great event of a change of dynasty was accomplished without bloodshed, and thus closed a period which will ever be viewed with the deepest interest by all who value the blessings of true scriptural religion, as the great English revolution was undoubtedly set on foot to check the crafty attacks of the Romish party upon the Protestant faith—establishing the latter upon a solid and substantial foundation

The arrival of William of Orange in England must rank, therefore, among the landmarks of the history of our Island, and November 4 must be looked upon as an anniversary of note, for on that day England was delivered from the oppression of a Catholic despot, and restored to her liberties by a great and admirable man.

H. F. Rowe.

The Death of Wolsey.

On November 30, 1530, died Wolsey, the great churchman and statesman, who for years had swayed England with an iron rule. Wonderful, indeed, had been the story of his life. He had raised himself, by sheer ability, to numerous posts of honour both in Church and State, till he reached the highest pinnacle of his greatness and became Chancellor of England and arbiter of European affairs. He brought his country to a great position among the European nations; his name was feared at home and abroad. Then, just when his power seemed to be greatest, his will supreme, he fell suddenly, "like a bright exhalation in the evening," and died in despair and disgrace. The reasons for his fall are to be found in the imperious humour of the monarch whom he had placed in a position of absolutism such as no king following him has ever known. As soon as Henry felt the least opposition to his wishes, as soon as his divorce had been forbidden by the Pope, he turned savagely on the minister who had advised him to seek the papal consent. In spite of his great services, Wolsey was accused of high treason and summoned to London.

But his life was well-nigh over—the sense of coming ruin, the knowledge of his beloved master's displeasure, had already broken down his overworked frame. He set out for London, but he never reached it. Among the tears of his servants and the country people, he left Cawood Castle, never to return. He grew rapidly worse on the journey, and, when he reached Leicester Abbey, he greeted the abbot with the words, "Father, I am come to lay my bones among you." For two days Wolsey lingered on, his last hours harassed by the unfeeling king, who sent to demand from him a sum of money which he had in his possession. Then, on November 30, he passed away, his last words showing that he had grasped the reason of his sad fall: "If I had served God so diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I had to do him service, only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty."

Helen C. Stone.

The Battle of Inkerman.

The famous battle of Inkerman, more glorious even than the Charge of the Light Brigade, was fought on a foggy November day, that ever-to-be-remembered "Fifth" of the year 1854.

In the early hours of the morning the Grenadier Guards discovered that the Russians had approached the English lines—which were lying on a slope somewhat to the north of Sebastopol—and, unseen, had taken the earth-work known as the Two-Gun Battery. Immediately the Guards and Fusiliers, though their forces were vastly inferior to those of the enemy, hurled themselves against the Russian host, cleared the battery and took possession of it. That was not to be the end of the fight, however, for the Russians determined that the fortification should be theirs. Time after time they threw themselves against the British, and no less than eleven times did the Coldstream Guards receive fresh bands of the enemy at the point of the bayonet. Gradually the British forces grew weaker: man after man fell, and the position became well-nigh untenable, for the odds were tremendous—sixty thousand Russians to six thousand English.

Still the fight was continued, and then, at length, when evening had already begun to fall, General Bosquet arrived on the scene, and, at the sight of his troops, courage revived in the weary soldiers. In face of such a reinforcement the Russians were obliged to desist from their attacks, and shortly afterwards were driven from the field with tremendous slaughter. They are said to have lost more men than the

combined French and English forces did, while of the allies about one-fourth were killed. Such was the battle—depending not on the sagacity of any commander or general, but on the individual ability and prowess displayed by the ranks. It was, indeed, a "soldiers'" day, and their heroic courage and resistance on the occasion will ever be held as a memorial of honour to the British nation. The popular feeling of pride in England at the time, was expressed in the following doggerel verse commemorating the victory:

"Remember, remember, the fifth of November,
Sebastopol powder and shot,
When General Liprandi
Charged John, Pat, and Sandy,
And a jolly good licking he got."

ETHEL RAINES.

The Opening of the Suez Canal.

IN 1854 M. de Lesseps held a consultation with Mahomet Saïd Pasha, then viceroy of Egypt, to consider the propriety of a ship canal, with the result that some years later the Universal Suez Canal Company was established. Many able engineers, representing different nationalities, having surveyed the ground and formed their conclusions, it was generally agreed that the undertaking was possible: and therefore, after all dissension and variation of opinion as to the plan of construction had been finally settled, the stupendous work was commenced in the year 1860.

Many difficulties were encountered in the construction of this canal, eighty-eight miles in length, through arid deserts and salt-strewn valleys; but, owing to the indomitable energy and unflagging application of the leading officers, all obstacles were eventually overcome, and after nine years of labour this gigantic task was completed. In its execution, twenty million pounds had been expended, many thousands of men had been employed, and the power and genius of the greatest brains the world could produce had been engaged. As a result the work was brought to a successful termination, and on November 17, 1869, the greatest engineering work of the age was opened.

The most sanguine expectations of the early promoters of the scheme have been more than realised. Every year shows an enormous increase in the number of vessels using the canal, and a corresponding increase in the toll receipts. Those who invested their money in the Company at its foundation have every reason to be satisfied, for the returns they have received have greatly exceeded the expectations of the wildest imagination.

All this is the outcome of the genius of one man, Ferdinand de Lesseps, for, throughout the progress of the work, his was the master-brain, the supreme influence, which guided every move; and when we hear that on November 17, 1899, exactly thirty years after the opening day, a colossal statue of M. de Lesseps was unveiled at Port Saïd, we feel it was but a due recognition of the undaunted perseverance and infinite genius of the man who was responsible for the brilliantly successful completion of one of the greatest feats of engineering skill the world has ever seen.

WILLIAM KENTISH.

Major Wilson's Last Stand.

MANY stirring incidents occurred during the Matabele War of 1895, but none I think was more unselfish or heroic than that which marked its close. Majors Forbes and Wilson, with a small force of mounted men, were in pursuit of Lobengula. The trail was followed to the Shangani River. A slave boy brought in word that the king was just in front. Thereupon Major Wilson, Captains Greenfield and Kirton, the two scouts, and twelve men were ordered to push on along the spoor. Several camps were searched; when the fifth was reached a number of armed natives appeared, and the Major ordered a retreat. Major Borrow and twenty men got through and joined Wilson. Next day the main force was attacked and had to retire. Heavy firing was heard across the river, and the scouts, accompanied by a trooper, joined the retiring force, the sole survivors of Wilson's party. Wilson had encamped without being attacked. Before daylight Borrow and his men arrived. It was decided to rush the king's camp, and try to secure him. They rode up and called on the king to surrender. The answer was a heavy fire from the front and both sides. Firing steadily, the British retired. Burnham, his mate Ingram, and Trooper Gowling, volunteered to try and get through to Major Forbes. Amidst a hail of bullets, they succeeded in crossing the river. For two hours the little band resisted overwhelming odds. Taking cover behind the dead horses, they aimed at the chiefs. One by one they sank, the wounded loading the rifles. The Matabele charged again and again, only to be driven back by the well-directed fire. At last only one hero was left

picking up an armful of rifles, he retreated to an ant-heap. Shot through the hips, he sank to his knees, still loading and firing. At last he too succumbed to his wounds. The Matabele advanced. Only a few of the wounded had strength to use their revolvers. The savages fled, and when they returned not a man was left alive. As the scout, Ingram, remarked, "Some of the best mounts might have got away, but—well, they were not the sort of men to leave their chums. No; I guess they fought it right out there where they stood."

ERNEST WHARRIER-SOULSBY.

The Battle of Modder River.

ON Tuesday, November 28, 1899, 10,000 of the British forces, under Lord Methuen, met those of the Boers, commanded by Cronje, at Modder River. The advance from Orange River had begun on Wednesday, and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday the actions of Belmont and Graspan were fought. On Monday morning the advance on the forces besieging Kimberley was resumed. Early on Tuesday morning, as the troops were marching to the ford at Modder River, they walked into a zone of fire from rifles, machine guns and several heavy pieces of artillery. Cronje, with consummate originality and generalship, had entrenched his men on both sides of the river, and in some places, owing to the nature of the ground, had secured three positions from which a triple line of fire could be obtained. His heavy guns were placed on the further side of the stream, and were provided with a row of reserve positions, so that they could be readily moved when their range was found. The British infantry immediately halted and took what cover they could. The cavalry could do nothing in such a position, and were forced to remain inactive. The two field batteries at once dashed up and opened fire. But these, even with the help of the naval guns, were insufficient to master the fire of the opposing pieces. At this moment another battery came up from the British rear, and, unlimbering, joined in. Thus reinforced, the British guns gradually got the better of their opponents, and soon the heavy guns over the river were either withdrawn or put out of action.

All day this artillery duel proceeded, as the infantry could not advance and would not retire; and, owing to the junction of the river the Scots Guards on the right could not turn the enemy's left flank. But on the British left a fresh development was taking place. On this side there was ample room to extend, and the 9th Brigade spread out and found a point where the enemy's fire was less fierce. Here a number of men succeeded in crossing the river and establishing themselves on the right flank of the Boers. Cronje, finding that his retreat was threatened, and noticing that the British cannonade was growing more furious, decided to withdraw, and on the following morning the British found empty trenches and evacuated positions. The British losses amounted to about 450. Those of the Boers were difficult to estimate, but they could not have been much inferior.

W. G. PALMER.

* * "THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, NOVEMBER 1905. * *

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	Wed.	C. P. Foley, cricketer, *b.*, 1868.	5.33.
2.	Thurs.	Victor Trumper, cricketer, *b.*, 1877.	5.31.
3.	Fri.	Mikado of Japan *b.*, 1852	5.29.
4.	Sat.	Sir Charles Tennant *b.*, 1823.	5.27.
5.	Sun.	Twentieth after Trinity.	5.25.
6.	Mon.	E. G. Hayes, cricketer, *b.*, 1876.	5.24.
7.	Tues.	Duke of Montrose *b.*, 1852.	5.23.
8.	Wed.	Lord Rothschild *b.*, 1840.	5.21.
9.	Thurs.	King Edward VII *b.*, 1841	5.19.
10.	Fri.	Duke of Fife *b.*, 1849	5.18.
11.	Sat.	King of Italy *b.*, 1869.	5.16.
12.	Sun.	Twenty-first after Trinity.	5.14.
13.	Mon.	Duke of Marlborough *b.*, 1871.	5.13.
14.	Tues.	General Sir Hugh Gough, V.C., *b.*, 1833.	5.12.
15.	Wed.	F. H. Hush, cricketer, *b.*, 1870.	5.10.
16.	Thurs.	Hon Sidney Greville *b.*, 1866.	5.9.
17.	Fri.	Suez Canal opened, 1869.	5.8.
18.	Sat.	Viscount Galway *b.*, 1844.	5.6.
19.	Sun.	Twenty-second after Trinity.	5.5.
20.	Mon.	Sir Wilfrid Laurier *b.*, 1841.	5.4.
21.	Tues.	Hon. F. S. Jackson, cricketer, *b.*, 1870.	5.3.
22.	Wed.	December CAPTAIN published.	5.1.
23.	Thurs.	Captain R. W. Barclay, athlete, *b.* 1880.	5.0.
24.	Fri.	Sir Richard Tangye *b.*, 1833	4.59.
25.	Sat.	G. O. Smith, footballer, *b.* 1872.	4.58.
26	Sun.	Twenty-third after Trinity.	4.57.
27.	Mon.	R. H. Jones, footballer, *b.*, 1879.	4.56.
28.	Tues.	E. M. Grace, cricketer, *b.*, 1848.	4.55.
29.	Wed.	Sir Francis C. Burnand *b.*, 1836.	4.54.
30.	Thurs.	Robert Abel, cricketer, *b.*, 1859.	4.53.

Photo. by J. M. Swanson, Aberdeen.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

A MAKESHIFT focusing screen is easily made by pouring some thin matt-varnish over a disused plate from which the film has been removed. A correspondent asks me how best to strip the films off old negatives. If they have been soaked in alum, or are very old, the gelatine becomes so hard that its removal is a troublesome process. But a recently used plate, that has not been in the alum bath, can generally be stripped in a few moments by immersing it in almost boiling water, and rubbing off the gelatine with a piece of soft rag. A weak solution of sulphuric acid and water will detach the film as a whole.

A Simple Dropping Bottle.

In the cork cut two V-shaped longitudinal grooves on the sides, at the two ends of a diameter. The grooves should taper to nothing towards the larger end of the cork. One groove lets air in, the other allows liquid to fall out. The speed of the dropping can be regulated by pulling the cork out or pushing it in. Run a wire nail through the cork to indicate the position of the grooves, so that you may know by feel how to hold the bottle.

Corks

should be attached to their bottles by a small piece of string tied round the neck and threaded through the larger end. This will prevent any "mixture" of corks; and also disasters resulting from standing a bottle on a cork.

The Measure-Glass,

if perfectly transparent, should have a strip of paper half an inch wide gummed round outside at the top, and varnished over to keep out the wet. The paper will be plainly visible in a subdued light, and you will be less likely to knock the glass over or damage it by hitting it with a dish or bottle.

Glass Funnels

should have bold ribs on the outside of the stem, so that air may have free egress from the bottle while liquid is passing in. There should also be ribs in the inside to prevent vortices, and to keep filter papers away from the sides. If "American cloth" is used to protect shelves on which bottles are stood, it should be laid smooth side downwards, as moisture will cause bottles to adhere to the shiny surface, with disastrous results to others when one is lifted.

Printing Papers.

A great deal of printing paper is wasted through allowing air to have free access to it. To preserve odd sheets, you should wrap them up carefully in the oiled paper used by the makers in making up the packets, and, if possible, subject them to pressure, which will keep them in perfect contact, and exclude all air. It is a nuisance to be constantly opening a packet during printing operations; and the trouble may be circumvented by investing in a stationery cabinet, with little drawers divided to accommodate ordinary note-paper. As much paper as you think you will require for the day is laid in one division, and the prints, when taken from the frames, in the other. A three-drawer cabinet costs about 4*s*. These cabinets are also very handy for the storage of loose prints. Each batch, or subject, should be placed in its own envelope, inscribed with particulars.

Exposures.

At this season fast "snaps," unless made with a lens working at a very large aperture, say. f/5, will probably be under-exposed. The hand-camerist whose "open" stop is f/11 will be wise to work in sunshine only, and during the four brightest hours of the day. Even then he must remember to avoid exposures of less than $\frac{1}{30}$ second. The stand camera, on the other hand, will now have some fine opportunities for making pictures of autumn scenes, showing the trees half-stripped of their leaves, as November often includes a number of windless days. Mist effects are very pleasing; the foreground well defined, but the background veiled and suggestive rather than informative. It is worth while to expend a good many plates on the chance of securing one excellent negative of November scenery.

Reduction by Fixing.

A very "overbaked" print can be reduced considerably by leaving it in the fixing bath for several hours. It loses tone, turning a cold slaty-black colour, but the details become quite distinguishable. My illustration shows two prints, both equally overprinted: the upper has been fixed for five minutes, the lower for twelve hours. You will easily appreciate the effect of the hypo in reducing density.

Stop, Thief!

I often have letters from photographic dealers, keeping me up-to-date in the latest accessories, but only one of these communications has had any pretence to sensationalism. Messrs. Houghton's write that Mr. William Sykes "burgled" their Hackney works on August 14, and, knowing a good thing when he saw it, made off with the following articles:

(1) A ¼-plate Regular Sanderson Hand Camera, No. 7502, fitted with a Goerz lens having No. 1457 on the mount.

(2) Junior Sanderson Hand Camera, ¼-plate, No. 10,424, fitted with Aldis lens No. 1043 in Unicum Shutter.

(3) ¼-plate Regular Sanderson Camera, No. 10,722, fitted with a B. and L. lens in Unicum Shutter.

Now is your chance to put in a bit of Sherlock Holmesism! If successful, please communicate with Messrs. Houghton's, Ltd., 88 and 89 High Holborn, London, E.C. Quick exposure required!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Bruce."—The "timing" method of development is an excellent one to employ, as it is quite scientific. If you use a developer containing two or more agents, you must strike the average of the factors, making due allowance for the relative proportions of the constituents. Thus, if metol and hydrokinone were present in equal quantities, the factor would be worked out thus:

Metol = 30
Hydrokinone = 5

therefore factor $= \frac{30 + 5}{2} = 17\frac{1}{2}$.

If you use two parts of metol to three of hydrokinone, you get:

Metol = 30 + 30 = 60
Hydrokinone = 5 + 5 + 5 = 15

therefore factor $= \frac{75}{5} = 15$.

I hope this will be quite clear to you. As I do not know the formula of the developer you mention, I cannot give the exact factor; but the makers would, no doubt, supply you with the proportions.

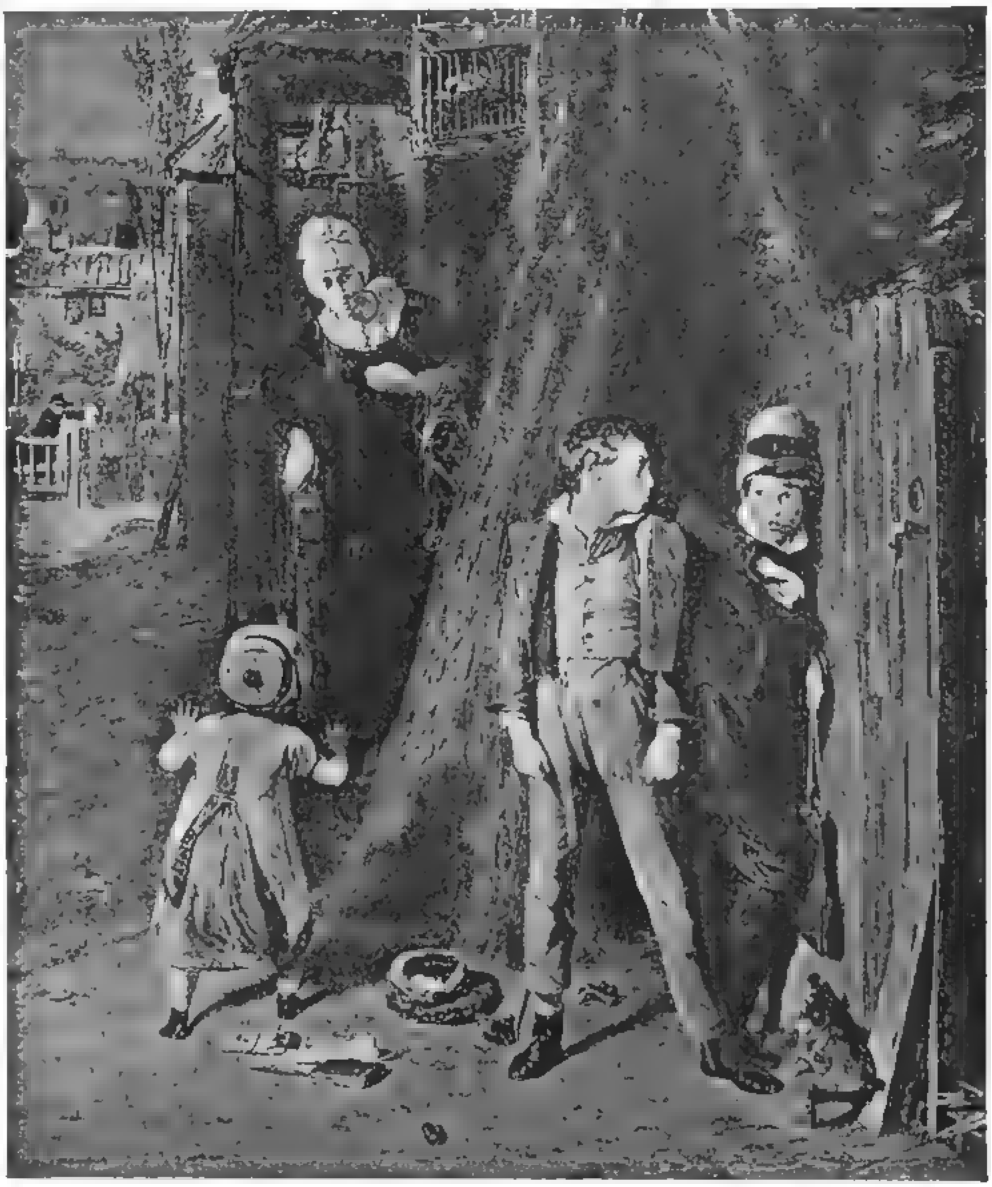
The upper print was fixed for five minutes, the lower for twelve hours. Both were over-printed equally.

W. L. Palmer.—The best way to remove the film off a spoiled negative is to immerse the plate in boiling water, which soon melts the gelatine away.

"A. B. H." (Nelson).—Many thanks for the prints, which are very nice; especially the one of the bridge over the Maitai. Small general views are not very good for competitions, as their want of size prevents them from being striking. I think that, with so much vegetation and mountain about, you will find a pale yellow irochromatic screen valuable. I will seriously think over your suggestion about competitions.

B. Leader.—The black star-like marks are probably the result of small particles of metal getting into your solutions. Do you use an enamelled iron dish for fixing? I was once troubled by the stars, and traced it to the rusty patches in a dish of this kind in which I fixed my negatives.

Promo.—I agree with you that films are very troublesome in their curliness. Have you tried the "Ensign" films, which are considered to be non-curling? As a matter of fact, they curl a little, but are much less exasperating than any other make I have used. Buy a roll or two and see how you like them.



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

From an engraving after the celebrated painting by W. Mulready. Photo. Woodbury type.

A PIONEER WOMAN'S PERIL.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of "Tales of the Far West."

AT a recent "Old Settlers' Reunion" in Iowa, Mrs. Sarah Gibson, wife of a pioneer preacher, told this remarkable story of one incident in her life.

When her husband was a licentiate she had settled with him upon a timber claim in the deep woods on the Wisconsin side, above Hacher's Ferry. While Mr. Gibson worked at clearing his land he also preached at schoolhouses on either side of the river. He owned a horse and cart, and the young wife accompanied her husband to his meetings whenever the weather permitted. He was careful never to leave her alone over night, except from necessity.

One day in April, after a hard rain-storm, the young wife had watched her husband cross the river ice. When, at night, he failed to return, and the ominous sounds of a spring "break-up" came to her ears, she was much alarmed for his safety. In the morning she saw a line of moving ice out in mid-current; and her fear grew greater. For hours she paced to and fro upon the bank, straining her eyes vainly across the growing tumult of the river and into the dark woods under the Iowa bluffs.

Her mind became disordered by her fears. In her fancy she saw her husband lying crippled and injured where his horse had slipped and fallen upon the bluff road. She would not think of him as drowned. She was sure he was suffering, and needing her assistance, and she determined to go to him at all hazards.

A half-mile below, just above the mouth of Chippewa Creek, whose roaring torrent now cut her off from all neighbours, there was a string of small islands—four of them in succession, lying across the river. Ice-gorges sometimes formed in the narrowed channels during a break-up, and she had heard the coulée trapper, "Old Louie," say that he could often cross the river there when it was impassable elsewhere.

Hurriedly but mechanically Sarah Gibson prepared for the journey. She put on warm clothing and filled her pockets with lint and bandages, thread and needles, a bottle of liniment and a pair of shears. This done, thinking only of her husband, she made her way as rapidly as possible among trees and bushes down to the first island channel. Here ice next the mainland was upheaved and broken, yet offered safe passage to the island.

She passed over to the second channel in the same hurried, mechanical fashion. The centre of this channel had broken up, and a great floe was even then grinding through, cracking and pushing up the shore ice at her feet. Absorbed in a single motive, she heeded not the danger, but leaped at once upon a moving ice-cake, crossed it, and ran out upon a heaving, cracking mass beyond.

For a minute she was tossed hither and thither and whirled around and about in dizzy gyrations, yet on she ran, leaping from mass to mass, sure-footed and confident as a wild creature. She reached and crossed the second island, only to find beyond it a cleared channel, where the ice-floes were freely passing. Realising that she could get no farther, she sank upon the wet earth and sat for a long time in a stupor of despair. She gave no thought to her own escape.

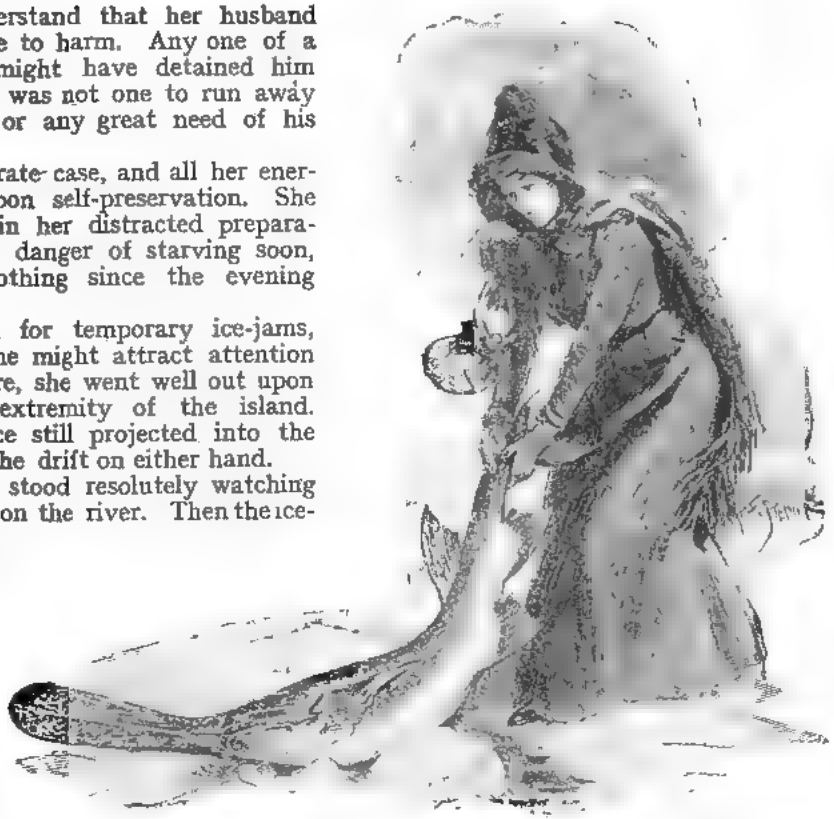
Finally, when the necessity of returning forced itself upon her, she recrossed the island, only to find herself a prisoner, held fast by open currents. The shock of this discovery roused her, and she realised, like one awaking from a dream, that she had been to some extent the victim of hallucination.

Now she could understand that her husband might not have come to harm. Any one of a dozen contingencies might have detained him on the Iowa side. He was not one to run away from death or illness or any great need of his neighbours.

Hers was the desperate case, and all her energies must be bent upon self-preservation. She had included no food in her distracted preparations, and she was in danger of starving soon, for she had tasted nothing since the evening before.

In order to watch for temporary ice-jams, and also to be where she might attract attention from either main shore, she went well out upon a bar at the upper extremity of the island. Here a cape of solid ice still projected into the current, sheering off the drift on either hand.

For a long time she stood resolutely watching the growing tumult upon the river. Then the ice-cape, on the edge of which she stood, was struck by an immense and solid mass, and crushed as the shell of an egg is crushed. Huge cakes were broken off, turned up edgewise and rolled over, raking up mud, shells, and even fish from the river-bottom.



MRS. GIBSON SEIZED THE CREATURE AND DRAGGED IT BACK AMONG THE TREES.

Almost at Mrs. Gibson's feet three great paddle-fish or river sturgeon, which there greatly abounded, were thrown out upon the breaking ice. Two of these easily floundered into the current again; but the third, crushed and feebly flapping, was pushed inshore.

Regarding this casting up of the fish as providential, Mrs. Gibson seized the creature and dragged it back among the trees. The effort nearly exhausted her strength, and she determined to break her fast as quickly as possible. So she gathered drift stuff and built a fire immediately. When the fish was dead she found her shears effective in skinning and cutting away an edible portion. Its flesh, well roasted, seemed delicious after her fast.

She was warmly dressed, but there was a raw and chilly wind, so she gathered a great heap of drift-wood for her night fire and for a beacon light. She also gathered a heap of leaves for a bed, drying them somewhat by stirring them about in the heat from her fire.

Hardly had night fallen, however, when a new peril robbed her for a time of all thought of sleep. Stealthy, big-headed creatures were prowling among the tree-trunks near at hand—gaunt, hungry catamounts, with the scintillation of the firelight in their eyes. Three of these evil figures shifted about, slouching and squatting within a stone's throw.

Greatly frightened, she shouted and threw sticks at them, and they moved reluctantly a little farther back among the shadows. Then, trembling with fear, she drew what she did not need to save of the paddle-fish out to where the animals had been, and retreated. A moment later the big cats were snarling and scrambling over what must have been a royal feast for them. The fish had weighed not less than fifty pounds.

When the sturgeon's bones were picked, the catamounts slunk away, satisfied with their meal, and the frightened woman saw them no more that night. Nevertheless

THREE OF THEM WERE SLOUCHING AND SQUATTING WITHIN A STONE'S THROW.

for fear of these creatures, she slept but fitfully, awaking often to put fresh sticks upon her blaze, which alone gave her any sense of security or comfort.

In the morning a yet greater peril was at hand. Swollen by the torrents of recent heavy rains, the flood had risen until its waters were trickling at her feet. In fresh alarm, she made haste to move her firewood to a slight mound, some three or four feet above the level of the water, apparently the highest point on the island.

Here a gnarled white oak grew, and around its trunk she piled driftwood until she could easily climb into the lower branches. She again made a fire and cooked the remainder of the fish—enough to last her several days should she be able to hold out against the flood.

While cooking the fish she again saw the evil-eyed catamounts moving among the trees near at hand. Now the creatures seemed uneasy—as much alarmed, in fact, as she was herself. From this she judged that the rise of the river was already above its average overflow, as otherwise the wild creatures would have sought the mainland while there was ice on which to travel.

The roar of the flood, the crush and grinding of ice were now like the noise of a great hurricane. Inch by inch the water crept up the slopes of the mound. Almost by the force of resolution alone she managed to catch snatches of sleep while there was yet opportunity. It was well for her, indeed, that she could do so.

Before night fell she was compelled to take refuge in the white oak. She secured a perch where three branches forked, and, with her pieces of cooked fish impaled upon twigs, made herself as comfortable as possible.

In the skeleton top of a black oak, near at hand, she soon discovered one of the wild cats. Almost above her head the creature lay along a topmost bough, looking down, with flattened ears and sour visage, upon the tumultuous flood. Peering among the tree-tops, she at last espied its mates in like positions, but she no longer feared them. They were neighbours in distress.

The river had now widened to a swiftly moving lake, with its ice-floes scattered like bergs at sea. There was no longer the booming grind and break of ice; but the roar of the flood among the island trees was awe-inspiring. Her tree was shaken from the ground up as a strong house is shaken by heavy thunder.

With night came clouds, impenetrable darkness and a chill wind. This benumbing night air added to the terrors of her desperate situation. She was often forced to beat her hands and feet against the tree until they were bruised and sore. Otherwise she would have fallen from sheer inability to retain her hold among the branches.

But morning came at last. The flood had

risen to an awful height. It seemed to sweep the river valley from bluff to bluff. The island trees showed only their skeleton tops above the dizzy sweep of waters.

The imprisoned woman could eat nothing that morning. A reaction had set in and she felt herself momentarily growing ill. Chills alternated with fever. At times her mind wandered, and only the mechanical habit of clinging saved her from dropping into the flood.

From a half-stupor succeeding a chill, she was roused by the report of a gun, and, looking out upon the water, as in a dream, she saw a boatman coming towards her. She saw him stoop and haul into his craft the dripping carcass of a catamount, and the next instant he was beneath her tree, and she was looking into the face of Louie La Point, the coulée trapper.

She was, indeed, but a few feet above his boat, and in some fashion she let herself into it while the trapper plied a steady oar. She remembered, hazily, hearing him recount his morning's adventures in shooting beaver, lynxes, and wild cats; of how he had seen the "critters" high among the trees and so had happened to find her.

He rowed her to a neighbour's across Chippewa Creek. There she was put to bed and knew nothing more for nine days. She was nursed back to life by her husband, who had himself suffered from a severe bilious attack which had prevented his return during those days and nights she had spent upon the island.

HOW I COMMENCED MY BUSINESS LIFE.

By a "Captain Girl."

LAST March I obtained a situation in the office of Mr. —, who is, amongst other things, Solicitor to the Urban District Council, and Superintendent Registrar.

When I interviewed Mr.——, I provided myself with the best "Yöst" and "Remington" typewriting I had executed at the Polytechnic. He appeared satisfied with it, and, after a few pointed questions, he directed me to commence a month's trial on the following Monday.

On the day appointed for me to begin work I had only removed one glove when Mr.—— came out of his room and said, "Give Miss—— a note-book at once; then she can come in and take a letter."

Of course, I ought to have been frightened, but I positively hadn't time! He dictated slowly, and I found no difficulty in deciphering my notes. However, I had to type the letter (a long one, too!) several times before it was presentable, owing to my nervously striking wrong letters, &c.! It was finished eventually, and signed.

The Deputy Registrar then gave me a Birth-Register to index, and I was busily drawing up the index sheet when our other solicitor arrived. "Ahem! what are *you* doing?" he inquired. "Can you typewrite?" Upon my answering affirmatively, he handed me an agreement to copy in triplicate, which occupied me till lunch-time.

Subsequently, the Deputy Registrar called me in to take some letters, all of which referred to marriages. He dictated at a gallop, but frequently asked if I followed all right, therefore I had no trouble.

Next day, the junior solicitor gave me all his letters; he, also, is a rapid speaker, but the quietest and most distinct in the office. He invariably commences a letter with this formula —"Ahem! just write: Dear Sir, I am in receipt of, &c." Unfortunately, he can never recollect what he has dictated, and this always necessitates reading back, and cutting about his letters, never a pleasant operation!

Every letter I type is duplicated by means of a Carbon-Sheet, and the copy is placed with the correspondence in the matter.

Immediately I completed my letters, the principal—I abhor the word "Governor"—gave me several big contracts to alter in red-ink, from a copy he had amended personally This was a lengthy business, and each copy had to be examined with the original, which involved two people's time.

It falls to my lot to attend the telephone, a difficult and often annoying task, especially when one is "cut off" in the middle of a word!

Speaking of the "'Phone," the other day the Deputy Registrar was endeavouring to obtain a number and was several times informed they were "*engaged*."

"I say, Miss," he said at last, "I wish you would ask them to hurry up and get *married*, as there is another marriage party here waiting for the Registrar, and I cannot get through to tell him!"

Lord Mayor's Day.

THE title of Mayor was introduced into the civic life of England by the Normans in the reign of Henry I. Previous to this he was known as the portreeve, a term which corresponded with the still-used Scottish designation, provost. The first Mayor of London was Henry Fitz-Aylwin, who held office for twenty-four years. His memory is revived by the name of one of the London County Council's steamers. On Aylwin's death, King John granted a charter that the Mayor should be chosen annually, and also that he "must be presented for approval either to the King or his justice." At that day, the king's palace, where the judges also sat, was at Westminster. This led to the formation, in 1215, of a "Procession of Presentation," so that for nearly seven hundred years the Lord Mayor's Show has been a feature of London life.

In 1354, King Edward I. added the title of "Lord" to the office. Thus, Thomas Legge became the first Lord Mayor of London, since whom there have been, including the present Lord Mayor-Elect, no fewer than 526 Chief Magistrates of the Metropolis.

Sir Richard Whittington, whatever doubts may exist concerning the truthfulness of the nursery fable associated with his name, was, nevertheless, four times Lord Mayor of London—in 1397, 1398, 1406, and 1409. Coming to more recent years, the following citizens have each twice been elected to this dignity: Alderman Wood in 1815 and 1816, Sir John Key in 1830 and 1831, Alderman Cubitt in 1861 and 1862, and Alderman Sir R. N. Fowler in 1883 and 1885.

Although any citizen is legally eligible for the office, for several generations past it has been the custom to appoint the senior alderman who has not already "passed the chair." The appointment is made on Michaelmas day, and on November 9 the Lord Mayor-Elect has to attend the Law Courts to be formally "sworn in." This is made the occasion for the popular Show, which is one of the few surviving instances of the gorgeous pageantry which once played so great a part in the life of the Londoner.

There were no shows between 1639 and 1655, when the "Riding," as it was then called, was revived by Sir John Dethick, and the Restoration, five years later, saw the return of the pageant in its entirety. Allegorical cars have been a prominent feature of the procession since the days of James I. The present coach was built by Cipriani, in 1757, at a cost of over £1000, and a hardly less interesting personality in the Show than the Lord Mayor himself is his portly and gorgeously apparelled coachman, a sketch of whom adorns our cover this month.

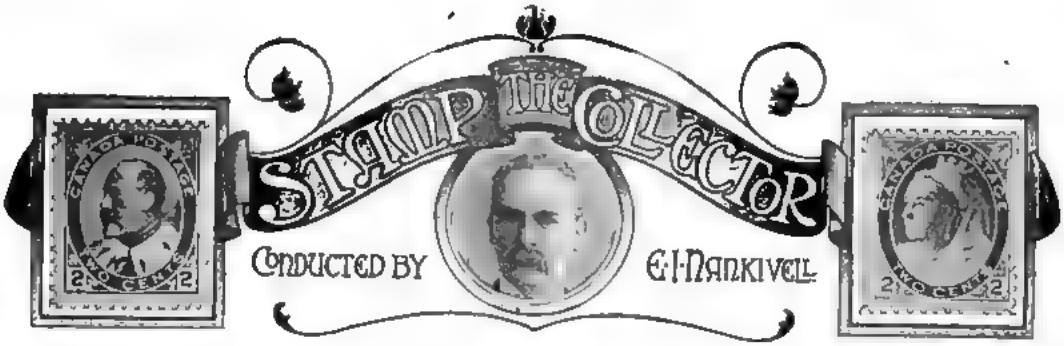
Within the City boundaries, during his year of office, the Lord Mayor ranks as an earl, and takes precedence second only to the Sovereign. His salary is £10,000, and he is allowed to reside in the Mansion House. Although a highly prized honour, the Mayoralty of London is also a highly expensive one, for at the end of his year the Lord Mayor generally finds that he is about £5000 out of pocket. At the present time, however, a lord mayor can feel pretty confident about the knighthood—or possibly baronetcy—which generally falls to him during his term of office.

There have been Lord Mayors of London whose names have been handed down to posterity as men who have made their mark either by valour, patriotic action, or enterprising behaviour of other kinds. Such a mayor was William Walworth, who struck down Wat Tyler when that rebellious rustic spoke roughly to the king; another was John Wilkes, scholar, wit, orator, writer, and man of fashion, who suffered for the common weal and came triumphantly through all his trials, to the joy of the London public, whose idol he was.

No one, after the king himself, is so revered by foreigners as the Lord Mayor of London. He has to perform the delicate task of entertaining illustrious guests from foreign lands, and to welcome kings and queens, princes, and representatives of all branches of nobility.

During his term of office, the Lord Mayor is one of the hardest-worked men in London. He is almost constantly employed either in correspondence, jurisdiction, or entertaining. In addition, in the event of a great calamity, involving many sufferers, it is his humane privilege to open that princely subscription list known as the Mansion House Fund.

C. G. P.



THE STAMPS OF MOROCCO.

WE have heard a great deal of late about Morocco, the land of unbridled fanaticism and dangerous unrest, of the purpose of France to insist upon reforms in the peculiar but prevalent methods of Government, of Germany's interference, and of the consequent Moroccan question in European politics.

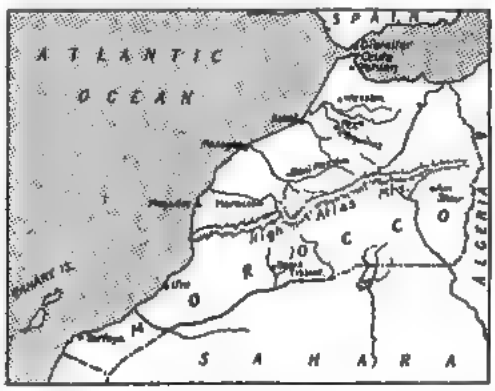
With the political aspect of the question we need not trouble ourselves in the pages of THE CAPTAIN, but as Morocco is so much in evidence it will be interesting to gather up the threads of its postal history.

Morocco is nothing more nor less than a latter-day remnant of ancient semi-barbarism. The so-called Empire dates from 1892. Up to that time it had been the prey of various dynasties. As an Empire its character of being the most backward of semi-civilised countries has remained much the same up to the present day. It was at one time a great slavery mart and the happy hunting-ground of Government piracy.

It got into trouble with France in 1844, and was severely punished. In 1859 it was embroiled in a war with Spain, and again with the same power in 1893, when it had to pay an indemnity of four millions for its misdeeds. And now France, because of her neighbouring territory of Algeria, objects to the pestiferous influence of barbaric government, and demands the introduction of reforms.

Morocco is bounded by the Mediterranean on the north, Algeria on the east, the great Desert of Sahara on the south, and the Atlantic on the west and north-west.

It is well provided with Capitals, for there are three; Fez, with a population of 140,000; Morocco, 50,000; and Mequinez, 56,000. Abdul Aziz, the Emperor, perambulates from capital to capital, with a large retinue of officials, servants, camp followers and slaves, levying revenue at will and receiving, it is said, as much as £1,800,000 a year, which he spends just as he pleases, for he is "the state." One writer tells us that "every office is directly or indirectly purchased, small salaries or none are paid, the holders recouping themselves by plunder and oppression, tempered by the fact that at any moment they may be forced to disgorge to the Sultan, or in default be left to rot in the loathsome Moroccan dungeons, or be beaten or tortured to death."



And yet this land of oppression, corruption, and mis-government possesses all the natural advantages to raise it to prosperity and wealth. In the times of Roman power it was the granary of Europe, and under good government it might once again be restored to that enviable position. Oranges, figs, almonds, and dates are natural products. Cotton and hemp are grown for home consumption, and gold, copper, tin, and iron are said to abound, also coal, petroleum, silver, lead, and rock salt.

The representatives of foreign Powers are located at Tangiers, a port on the Atlantic, many miles from the nearest capital, and more or less out of touch with the Sultan, who with the satellites of his court, spends the summer on tour gathering "backsheesh" from his terrified subjects.

Its Postal History.

Of postal history it may be said to have none, for Morocco issues no postage stamps of its own. Some day, no doubt, the Sultan will awake to the revenue-raising possibilities of the postage stamps of the infidel foreigner.

Meanwhile, the foreigner insists upon handling his own letters, for he knows the oriental is not to be trusted. Consequently, Great Britain, France, Spain, and Germany all have their own post offices in Morocco for the receipt, despatch, and protection of their own mails, and each issues a special series of stamps for the use of its resident subjects.

British Post Offices.

The British post offices in Morocco are under the control of the postal authorities of Gibraltar, who provide supplies of postage stamps for what they term the "Morocco Agencies." Since 1898 the current stamps of Gibraltar have been overprinted with the words: "Morocco Agencies." There have been two issues, one on Queen's heads, and one, not yet complete, on King's head stamps, as follows:

1898. Contemporary stamps of Gibraltar, of the Queen's head type, overprinted with the words "Morocco Agencies," in two lines, values expressed in Spanish currency of centimos and pesetas.

Queen's heads.
Spanish Currency.
Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used s.	d.
5c., green	0	1	0	1
10c. carmine	0	2	0	1
20c., olive green and brown	0	3	0	3
25c., ultramarine	0	3	0	3
40c., orange brown	0	5	0	6
50c., violet	0	6	0	8
1 peseta, bistre and ultramarine	0	10	1	0
2 peseta, black and carmine	1	8	2	0

1903.—When the King's heads came into use they were in their turn overprinted with the words "Morocco Agencies," but as the currency for use in Morocco was required to be in Spanish currency, and the King's head stamps of Gibraltar were in English currency, a separate printing was made in which the Spanish currency replaced the English, and this printing was overprinted for use in the British post offices in Morocco. Only the lower values have yet been issued.

King's heads.
Spanish Currency as before.
Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used s.	d.
5c., grey and green	0	1	0	1
10c., purple on red	0	2	0	2
20c., grey green and carmine	0	3	0	3
25c., lilac and black on blue	0	3	0	3

French Post Offices.

1893.—For post offices attached to the French Consulates stamps of the Peace and Commerce type of France of 1876 were overprinted with Spanish currency in centimos and pesetas.

Peace and Commerce Type Overprinted with Spanish Currency.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used s.	d.
5 centimos, green	0	1	0	1
10 centimos, black on lilac	0	2	0	1
20 centimos, red on green	0	3	0	2
25 centimos, black on rose	0	4	0	1
50 centimos, carmine	0	4	0	5
1 peseta, bronze green		3	1	3
2 pesetas, brown on bluish	2	6	2	6

Spanish Post Offices.

1903.—Spanish stamps for use in Morocco were overprinted with the words "Correo Espanol-Morruecos." Only four values were issued. The stamps used for overprinting were the little ½ centimos, of 1872–1877, and the 5 centimos, 10 centimos, and 25 centimos on the current stamp with the latest portrait of the young King.

Stamps of Spain Overprinted "Correo Espanol-Morruecos."

	Unused. s.	d.
½ centimos, green	0	1	—
5 centimos, green	0	1	—
10 centimos, red	0	2	—
25 centimos, blue	0	4	—

German Post Offices.

GERMANY overprints her stamps for use in Morocco with the word "Morocco," and the value in Spanish currency. Two sets have been issued, one in 1899, on the Arms type of 1889, and the other in 1900, on the current Head of Germania stamps.

1899.—Stamps of the German Empire of the Arms type of 1889 overprinted diagonally, from left lower corner to right upper corner, with the word "Morocco," and Spanish currency in a second line.

Arms Type of 1889
Overprinted "Morocco" and Spanish Currency.

	Unused. s.	d.	Used s.	d.
3c. on 3pf., brown	0	2	0	2
5c. on 5pf., green	0	3	0	3
10c. on 10pf., carmine	0	2	0	3
25c. on 20pf., ultramarine	0	4	0	5
30c. on 25pf., orange	0	8	1	0
60c. on 50pf., red brown	0	10	1	3

1900.—Current head of Germania and high value picture stamps of the German Empire overprinted "Morocco" and Spanish currency. The lower values up to 80 pf. were overprinted with the word "Morocco" and Spanish currency in "centimos" horizontally in two lines.

but the mark values were overprinted with the word "Morocco" vertically at each side with the value in Spanish currency between, with the exception of the 3 mark stamp, which was overprinted "3 Pes. 75 cts." on one side, and "Morocco" on the other side, both reading upwards.

Current German Stamps.
Overprinted "Morocco" and Spanish Currency.

	Unused. s.	d.		Used. s.	d.
3c. on 3pf., brown	0	1	..	0	1
5c. on 5pf., green	0	1	..	0	1
10c. on 10pf., carmine	0	2	..	0	1
25c. on 20pf., ultramarine	0	4	..	0	3
30c. on 25pf., black and orange on yellow	0	5	..	0	4
35c. on 30pf., black and orange on buff	0	6	..	0	5
50c. on 40pf., black and carmine	0	8	..	0	5
60 on 50pf., black and lilac on buff	0	9	..	0	8
1 p. on 80pf., black and carmine on rose	1	2	..	0	10
1p. 25c. on 1 mark, carmine	1	4	..	1	0
2p. 50c. on 2 mark, blue	2	6	..	2	0
3p. 75c. on 3 mark, violet	3	8	..	3	0
6p. 25c. on 5 mark, lilac and black	6	3	..	6	0

Review.

THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF HAYTI.

MESSRS. C. NISSEN AND CO. send me a very neat little handbook to the stamps of Hayti, compiled by Mr. Fred J. Melville.

There was a time when the stamps of Hayti were much sought after, when only one issue, that of the head of Liberty, needed attention, and repaid it in a choice assortment of many shades of each value and interesting varieties of paper, and engraving. But the stamps have suffered, in common with other things Haytian, from epidemics of anarchy and murder.

The head of Liberty was superseded by the smiling face of President Salomon. Mr. Melville tells us that the president was not in favour of having his own portrait on the stamps, and was instrumental in the choice of the head of Liberty design. Others have not given the old fellow quite so much credit for modesty.

However, we may congratulate Mr. Melville upon having produced an interesting, instructive, and clearly written little booklet on the stamps of this negro republic. He wisely passes very lightly over the multitudinous varieties of some of the provisionals listed in American journals, and devotes his space to clearly setting forth what may be termed the legitimate issues.

He modestly tells us that his list must be regarded as an elementary treatise, paving the way for an important scientific work on the history of the postal issues of Hayti. For most of us I imagine Mr. Melville's book will supply all our needs so far as we can be interested in the issues of this restless republic.

The price of Mr. Melville's book is 1s., and the publishers are Messrs. C. Nissen and Co., 77 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Notable New Issues.

THERE are signs of activity in the New Issue direction, and a surprise for most collectors in the announcement that all English Colonials and our own stamps will most probably in future be printed on what is termed chalk paper, which is a paper coated with a preparation of chalk.

This paper serves two purposes. In the first place it is impossible to clean off cancellations from it, for any attempt in that direction will remove portions of the design of the stamp as well as the cancellation, and in the second place the stamps can be printed with better results on the chalk surfaced paper.

But from the stamp collector's point of view this chalk paper is a great nuisance. It renders the collection of used stamps in fine condition very difficult, for the surface is so sensitive to moisture that it is very risky to immerse them in water to soak off the backs.

Specialists make a variety of chalk surfaced paper, but there is no need whatever for the general collector to do so. The pages of THE CAPTAIN are devoted to the needs of the general collector, and we do not, therefore, intend to burden our pages with any chronicling of chalk-paper issues.

Those of our readers who indulge in a little specialism may distinguish the chalk paper from the ordinary by drawing a silver coin over a bit of the surface, preferably on the clean margin. If the paper is chalk surfaced the silver coin will leave a mark like a lead pencil, but if it is ordinary paper the coin will leave no coloured mark. Any mark made lightly with a silver coin on chalk paper may be brushed off quite cleanly with a silk handerchief.

Abyssinia.—The following interesting note on the stamps of this old-world country is from a German philatelic journal:

"The Ethiopian post was established on 22.8.99, although the stamps had been on sale, both unused and 'postmarked,' for several years previously. In May 1899, the unsurcharged set was withdrawn and a new set with overprint 'Ethiopie' substituted This in its turn was superseded in April 1902, by a set overprinted 'Bosta,' in Amharic characters, and the latter in April? 1903, by another new set. this time overprinted 'Maleket,' also in Amharic characters. In November 1904, a second printing of a thousand sets of the latter was made, the overprint being slightly smaller.

"On 1.1.05, the stamps were overprinted with European currency. In the first printing, the surcharge was made in various colours, blue, red, violet, grey, black; in the second printing, now in use, the overprint is uniformly in violet. An exception is made with the blue 1 gursh, which is overprinted in aniline red. Through carelessness many stamps had the overprint inverted.

"At the end of January, and during February and March, the 5c stamps were exhausted, they were accordingly replaced by the ½ gursh overprinted 'Ethiopie,' and afterwards by 'Bosta,' plus '05.' In some of the 'Bosta' series the value '05' has a bar

under it. When these were used up the ½ gairsh red was surcharged '5 cm' on each half and cut diagonally for use. When on 30.3.05 the ordinary ½ gairsh with overprint '05' in violet was again exhausted, the post office made 500 each of the 16 gairsh, overprinted 'Ethiopie' and 'Boata,' into ½ gairsh stamps by surcharging 05.'"

British Guiana.—Two further values, 4c. and 48c., have to be added to the list of stamps on multiple CA paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

1c., grey green.
2c., purple and black on red paper
4c., purple and blue.
5c., purple and blue on blue paper.
12c., purple and violet.
24c., purple and green.
48c., grey and chocolate.
60c., green and carmine.

Chili.—We have received another value of the new series of which we chronicled the first stamp last month. There are to be three designs, one for the low values, one for the middle values and one for the peso. They are to be issued as the old stocks are exhausted. We will, therefore, content ourselves with chronicling those actually received. We now illustrate the design of the middle values, of which we have received the 20c. brown with portrait of Columbus in black.

Perf. 12.

20c., brown, portrait in black.

Great Britain, Levant.—A surprise has been sprung upon us from Constantinople in the shape of a full set of our current King Edward VII. stamps from ½*d.* to 1*s.* overprinted with the word "Levant."

This set is apparently intended to supersede the stamps hitherto provided for use in British post offices in Turkey and the Levant surcharged in Turkish currency.

As every stamp collector knows, Great Britain does not trust the unspeakable Turk with the handling of its mails. Consequently it runs six post offices of its own in Turkey, two at Constantinople, one at Smyrna, one at Bayreuth, one at Salonica, and one at Bagdad.

Anybody can send letters at will by the British post, which, between eight o'clock in the morning and six o'clock in the evening, receives and gives out letters, money orders, parcels, &c. It is the same with the other foreign post offices in Constantinople, and they are four in number—French, German, Austrian, and Russian.

Stamps of King Edward VII. overprinted Levant.

Wmk. Crown. Perf.

½*d.*, green.
1*d.*, scarlet.
1½*d.*, green and purple.
2*d.*, green and scarlet.
2½*d.*, ultramarine.
3*d.*, brown on yellow.
4*d.*, green and brown.
5*d.*, purple and ultramarine.
6*d.*, purple.
1*s.*, green and scarlet.

In addition to the foregoing we have received the 5*s.* King's Head surcharged "24 piastres," probably supplied before the decision to overprint with the word "Levant."

King Edward VII. stamp, overprinted in Turkish Currency.

Wmk. Crown. Perf.

"24 piastres," in black, on 5*s.*, carmine.

Holland.—A 10 gulden has been added to the high values, of which we append a full list.

Perf. 11.

1 gulden, blue-green.
2½ gulden, dull lilac.
5 gulden, lake.
10 gulden, orange-brown.

Malay States.—Several values have to be chronicled on the multiple paper.

Wmk. multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

1c., green; black centre.
3c., brown; black centre.
4c., carmine, black centre.
5c., red; green centre, yellow paper.
10c., claret; black centre.

St. Vincent.—The stamps of this Colony are slowly coming out on the multiple CA paper. Including the 6*s.* just issued, there are only four values on the new paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

½*d.*, purple and green.
1*d.*, purple and carmine.
6*d.*, purple and brown
1*s.*, green and carmine.

Sierra Leone.—The 2*d.*, 3*d.*, 4*d.*, 1*s.* and 5*s.* have come to hand on the multiple paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

½d., purple and green.
1d., purple and carmine.
2d., purple and brown-orange.
3d., purple and grey.
4d., purple and carmine.
1s., green and black.
5s., green and carmine.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:

STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD.—British Guiana, multiple, Chili, 20c.; Great Britain, Levant set; Holland, 10g.

WHITFIELD KING AND CO.—St. Vincent, 6d., multiple.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. K. A. (Manchester).—The 240 cent Monte Video of 1857 is catalogued at 10s. unused. It is left unpriced used. The 240 cent of 1859 is priced 20s. unused and 12s. 6d. used. The two stamps are distinguished by the lettering. In the 1857 stamp the words "Monte Video" extend right across the top, but in the 1859 stamp they are much smaller and come into the top label with plenty of clear space on each side. There are many forgeries of these stamps, so be careful that you are not taken in.

G. H. M.—A will stamp is a fiscal which does not come within our ken.

O. F. (Limpsfield).—The Orange River Colony V.R.I. 6d. stops on the line, is Gibbons' No. 108 in the 1905 edition. It is priced both unused and used at 25s. It is a well-known and established variety and belongs to the first series of the V.R.I. surcharges.

F. A. (Gainsborough).—Get one of the standard catalogues, Gibbons', Bright's, or Whitfield King's, and price your stamps by it. That will give you the catalogue value. The selling value would be just what you could get for it, which would depend on condition and scarcity.

F. Y. (London, N.).—Straits Settlements, King's head, CA, 2 dollars, is catalogued at 5s. 3d. unused and 2s. used.

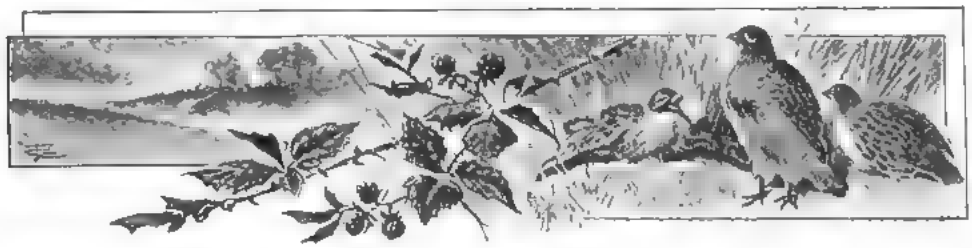
Black and Tan. (Streatham).—I think, perhaps, you will do best to collect according to your fancy at first till you begin to feel your feet, when you will be in a better position to make your choice of a country. It is very difficult for a stranger to make a choice for you. In starting, get the simple catalogue published by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., Ipswich, price 1s. 3d., 1000 gummed hinges, 6d., and a Premier Movable leaf Collecting Album from Bright and Son, Strand, London, price 6d. This will be better for a start than a formal album. Keep the stamps of each country together, and later on you will be able to decide for yourself what album you prefer. If you buy stamps, buy in sets. A good plan would be to start with a packet. Not a bad idea would be to start with a certain group, Australians, for instance, and get a packet of Australians. Write to one or two of the leading dealers for their lists of packets and sets, compare them, and send a trial order.

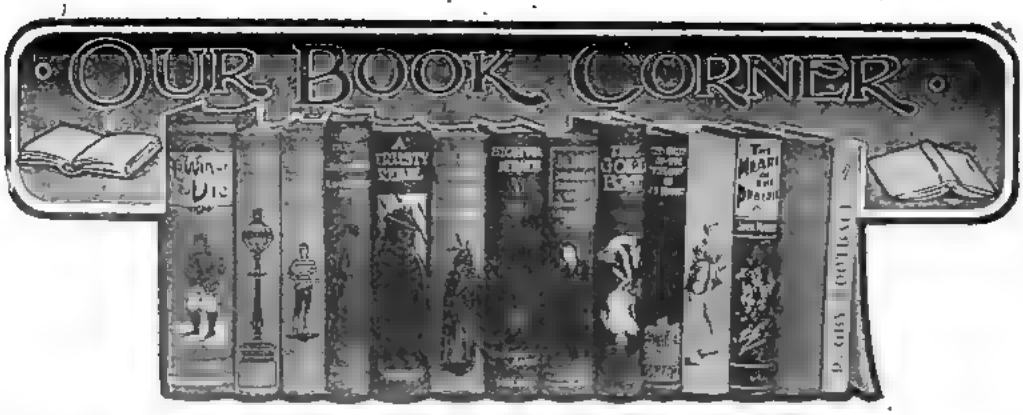
F. W. (Northampton).—If you have no stamps of much value you will not readily sell your collection. Why not put the collection aside in the hope of some day finding yourself with leisure to devote to the hobby? Meanwhile, it will probably improve in value. Some I R. officials are of considerable value. Here is the full list from the latest Gibbons' catalogue:

	Unused.	Used.
Issues of 1880–81	s. d.	s. d.
½d., green	5 0 ..	1 0
1d., lilac	1 6 ..	0 1
6d., grey	— ..	1 0
Issues of 1884–85.		
½d., slate	3 0 ..	0 6
2½d., lilac	— ..	25 0
1s., green	— ..	50 0
5s., rose	— ..	100 0
5s. ,, (blued paper)	— ..	—
10s., cobalt	— ..	—
10s., blue	— ..	150 0
£1, marone, wmk. Crowns	— ..	—
£1, ,, wmk Orbs	— ..	—
Issues of 1887–92.		
½d., vermilion	1 6 ..	1 0
1s., green	— ..	2 6
2½d., purple on *blue*	— ..	0 5
£1, green	— ..	50 0
1901–0		
½d., blue-green	— ..	0 6
6d., purple on *red* (14.6.01)	— ..	2 6
1s., green and scarlet	— ..	50 0
1902.		
Stamps of King Edward VII.		
½d., green (4.2.02)	— ..	0 3
1d., scarlet (4.2.02)	4 0 ..	0 2
2½d., ultramarine (19.2.02)	— ..	10 0
1s., green and scarlet (29.4.02)	— ..	25 0
5s., carmine (29.4.02)	— ..	£10
10s., pale ultramarine (29.4.02)	— ..	—
£1, green (29.4.02)	— ..	—

H. S. (Bourne).—The 6d. receipt stamp of 1871 (which is probably your 1880 stamp, as the next issue was not till 1882) is catalogued at 10s. unused, and 8s. 6d. used.

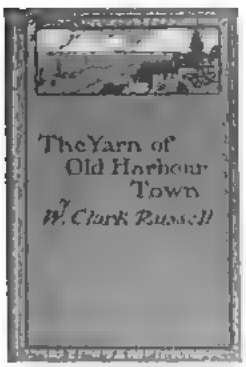
A "Captain" Reader.—The ordinary Orange River Colony 1d., V.R.I. is only catalogued at 2d. There is no 1½d. value over-printed V.R.I.





"Prescott's History of Peru," and "Prescott's History of Mexico." By A. S. Lamprey B.A. (Horace Marshall and Son, 1*s.* 3*d.* each). There are few more fascinating books than Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" and "Conquest of Mexico," and they have naturally been included among the books suggested by the Board of Education as suitable for school reading. Mr. A. S. Lamprey, considering with some reason that the original works are somewhat too lengthy for this purpose, has given us a series of judicious selections skilfully welded into a connected story. The selections are excellent examples of Prescott's power of description and rich vocabulary, and Mr. Lamprey is to be heartily congratulated on the result of his efforts. The illustrations are numerous and do much to enhance the attractiveness of the two books.

The Yarn of Old Harbour Town. By W. Clark Russell (Fisher Unwin, 6*s.*). From Mr. Clark Russell one naturally expects a story of the sea. In this latest "yarn," however, though the principal characters are naval officers—"Captains of the king's *naves*," and the like—and most of the scenes are laid on board ship, it is primarily a love-story that he has to unfold to us. The period is 1805, and Mr. Walter Lawrence is the dashing young son of the retired Admiral Sir William Lawrence. He has been dismissed from his ship, despite a previously brilliant record, for a serious misdemeanour committed under the influence of liquor, and, having resigned his commission, takes to drink and gambling, and gets into debt. In order to give him a chance of escaping from this slough of dissipation, Captain Acton, another retired officer, and an old friend of the admiral, offers the disgraced ex-officer the command of one of his merchantmen.



Captain Acton has a lovely daughter, Lucy, as charming a heroine as the heart of novel-reader could desire. She is the *inamorata* of the scapegrace Lawrence, and secretly returns his passion, though she rejects his suit and refuses to admit, even to herself, her regard for a man who has almost forgotten how to be a gentleman. Lawrence, dare-devil always, conceives the bold plan of abducting the fair one in her father's ship, and, selling the latter in Rio Janeiro, by this act of piracy makes enough money to discharge his debts. This done, he proposes to return with his captured bride and seek her father's pardon.

How far he succeeds in this dashing escapade, where he fails, and the spirited part which the fascinating Lucy plays—these things form the "Yarn of Old Harbour Town." The plot is a simple one, and perhaps hardly strong enough to hold the reader enchained throughout the book. But Mr. Clark Russell writes of the sea with a pleasing literary grace, and some of his characterisation is excellent. The bluff old admiral is the best figure in the book, while Lucy always enlists sympathy. The great Lord Nelson, over whom the author indulges in a brave little panegyric, comes into the story also, though the incident in which he appears is obviously interpolated solely for the sake of dragging him in. It has no direct bearing on the plot, but is nevertheless interesting.

Readers who like a story of the sea, and seek only a mild sensation, will find Mr. Clark Russell's latest work a pleasant fireside companion.

Carthusian Memories. By W. Haig Brown, LL.D. (Longmans, Green and Co. 5s.) Many generations of Old Carthusians will welcome this Collection of Verses from the pen of one whom they have learnt to think of with affection and respect. The debt which Charterhouse School owes to Dr. Haig Brown is a great one. For more than thirty years he presided over the destinies of the Old City School with conspicuous success. Both in London and afterwards at Godalming his whole-hearted services and wise counsels were ever devoted to his school and did much to carry it triumphantly through the most critical period of its history.

The verses themselves are those of the sound scholar rather than the poet, but they are always graceful and attractive. We quote a charming set dedicated to the author's wife:

"I ask not if another own
A statelier form, a fairer face,
Content to find in thee alone
The portraiture of every grace.
Thine are the beauties which defy
All change without the help of art,
Thou hast what rubies cannot buy,
The dowry of a faithful heart.
With the fresh auburn of thy hair
Some silver filaments are twined,
These are sweet traces of the care
For others in thy heart enshrined—
As when the earliest maiden glow
Was kindled by my loving gaze.
Such thou art still, and such, I know,
Thou wilt be till the end of days."

The collection contains many excellent Latin versions, but we must content ourselves with quoting one verse from the stirring Christ's Hospital Carmen:

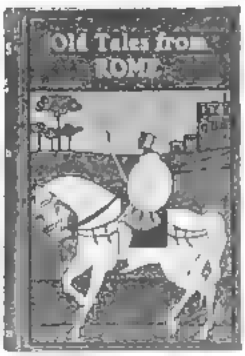
"Sit indies felicior
Vigore domus verno;
Et floreat, ut floruit,
Honore Sempiterno."

Others besides Old Carthusians owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Haig Brown.

Practical Sea-Fishing.—By P. L. Haslope. (Upcott Gill, 3s. 6d. net.) Herein the whole art of the sea-angler is set forth. The author has had, it seems, a life-long experience of fishing in the waters round our coasts, and with much care and labour he has put together a very useful handbook for the amateur of this splendid pastime. The fresh-water angler is at many disadvantages in this country; and inland, to obtain opportunities for good sport, the fisherman must almost of necessity be well-to-do. No such drawback attends the sea angler, and though he who has tested the lust of battle with salmon or trout may sneer, many will agree that the fisherman of the coast enjoys pleasanter conditions when engaged upon his sport than his brother of the stream.

Even a member of the British Sea Anglers' Society would not find Mr. Haslope's book amiss upon his shelves, for to those practised in the art of sea-fishing it is a useful book of reference, if nothing more. For the beginner, or for the holiday-maker by the seaside who may wish to learn something of the craft of the toiler of the deep, it is admirably designed. Not only does it deal with all kinds of lines, gear, baits, and the like, but such cognate subjects as the management of boats, the use of nets, and elementary knotting and splicing, are also succinctly dealt with. The Chapter on "Sea Fish: Their Habits and Methods of Capture" is interesting to the naturalist as well as to the angler, and is not the least valuable part of the book. The author's own diagrams are excellently clear and explicit.

Old Tales from Rome. By Alice Zimmern. (Fisher Unwin. 5s.) There is a fascination about the old legends of Rome and Greece that time can never stale, and though the task of retelling them has often been successfully essayed, Miss Alice Zimmern has given us a book which fully justifies its existence and is worthy to take rank with our old friends, "Stories from Vergil," and Charles Kingsley's "Heroes."



The tales are divided into three parts, of which the first deals with the wanderings of Æneas in search of his destined kingdom, as recorded by Vergil. The second part is composed of a series of legends, taken from the earlier books of Livy, dealing first with the foundation of Alba Longa by Julius, the son of Æneas and founder of the great Julian line, then with the foundation of Rome by his descendant Romulus and its early struggles up to the time of the expulsion of the kings. Part three consists of an interesting selection of stories from the Metamorphoses of Ovid.

Miss Zimmern writes in simple and straightforward language which has a dignity of its own and is eminently suited to her theme.

While confidently recommending this work to our readers, we cannot refrain from remarking on the extraordinary weight of the volume, due, no doubt, to the unusual thickness of the paper used.

COX'S COUGH-DROPS.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Duffer," &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. R. SKELTON.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story turns on the remarkable resemblance between Cox, a boy at Charlton Court Preparatory School, only son of the millionaire vendor of "Cox's Cough-Drops," and Robert, Earl of Yarningale, heir to the Duke of Lapworth, another boy at the same school. Cox is a bully, and dominates Yarningale by a mixture of brutality, cunning, and superior will-power. Being booked for two hours' detention on a certain Saturday afternoon, Cox prevails on Yarningale to impersonate him at that ordeal, in order that he himself may go to a tennis party at Charlton Grange, a country house that has been rented for a period by some London friends of his named Lomax. Cox is assuming that Mr. Skipjack, the senior assistant master, "who doesn't much bother about what you do, so long as he keeps you from playing cricket," will be taking detention, but at the last moment Mr. Skipjack gets Mr. Hallam, a much more particular master, to take detention, since he, as well as Cox, has been invited to the tennis-party at Charlton Grange.

III.

THERE was tennis at the Vicarage every Saturday, and Mr. Hallam was a regular player there on such occasions, though it was whispered that the Vicarage lawn possessed attractions for him other than the excellent tennis and tea to be had there. However, his sense of good comradeship behoved him to deputise for his colleague when asked to do so.

"Thanks—much obliged," said Mr. Skipjack. "Hope it won't be inconvenient?"

"Not at all," said Hallam, who, like the good gentleman he was, did not allow the disappointment in his heart to appear in his face.

"You don't know the Lomaxes, do you?" asked Mr. Skipjack, helping himself to beetroot.

"No," said Hallam.

"Nice people. Charming girls. You ought to," was the rather indistinct rejoinder, as Mr. Skipjack made haste to get his lunch over.

Mr. Hallam rose with a smile to carve more liberal helpings of cold beef for the hungry boys sitting at the long tables in the body of the hall. He had heard that there were five Misses Lomax, three of them of a marriageable age, one nearly so, and one quite a youngster. Mr. Hallam had also heard that each Miss Lomax would have a substantial wedding-portion, and some ill-natured person had told him that that would be only fair, since she would not bring her husband anything worth speaking of in looks, breeding, or brains. So Mr. Hallam could not restrain a smile when he heard Mr. Skipjack pronounce so favourably on the Misses Lomax.

Then his thoughts flew to the Vicarage, and to a girl, with a sweet, open, English face, who was looked down on by the Lomaxes because she had to make her dresses last for a long time, and was condemned to pass a very quiet, uneventful existence because her father was poor. Nevertheless, as the young master told himself, she looked a thousand times prettier in her simple cotton dresses than did the Lomaxes in their costly silks. She never "forced" society sayings and doings into her conversation, as the Lomax girls were continually doing, and she was not a bit taken aback if she were found, with her sleeves rolled up, making cakes in the kitchen. For she had always been brought up to regard household duties as her natural portion, and to hold that no kind of honest work is unbecoming to a lady.

As is often the case in such families as the Lomaxes, Mrs. Lomax was a common but very good-hearted woman who rather deplored the worldly and undomestic ways of her daughters. She and the Vicar's wife

were very good friends, in spite of the fact that the girls of the two families palpably belonged to hostile camps.

Mildred Henderson—the young lady I have been speaking of—was not entirely composed of angelic qualities, for Hallam, as he sawed away at the great sirloin before him, recalled with amusement the indignant set of her firm little chin and the contemptuous curl of her lip when she dilated in his hearing on the display and ostentation of the Lomax brigade. She had been asked to this tennis party that Mr. Skipjack was so anxious to attend, but had "got out of it" with one of those feminine excuses that baffle and bewilder the uninventive male mind. Was it possible, Hallam asked himself almost timidly, that the fact that *he* was due at the Vicarage had anything to do with her non-acceptance of the invitation? He hardly dared answer the question. When he thought that it might be so, he was for a moment overwhelmed by a wave of joy. Could it be that she—

"I think that will be enough, sir," said John, the butler, in a grave tone.

Hallam came out of his trance with a start. His thoughts having been so far away from his task, he had been absent-mindedly piling slice after slice of beef on the plate nearest to him. The helping was almost large enough to satisfy the cravings of a mastiff, let alone a boy.

"Whose plate is that?" he asked rather confusedly.

"Master Cox's, sir."

"Has he a good appetite?"

"A *very* good appetite, sir."

"Oh, well, I daresay he can manage it. You should have stopped me, John. I wasn't thinking of what I was doing."

The masters' little affairs were common knowledge in the servants' hall, and John rather fancied he knew what Mr. Hallam *was* thinking of.

Cox was surprised and delighted by the liberality of his second helping. It was rich, juicy beef, not over-cooked, and pleasant to the palate. Cox went to work with a will, and strove manfully to demolish the entire contents of his plate. But he had to give up at last, and John carried the plate away with a grin on his face. Cox accepted his pudding, but did not have much to do with it. The beef was weighing grievously on him. Though a healthy lad, with a healthy lad's digestion, he was obliged to admit to himself that he had eaten too much.

COX LOOKED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

After dinner he felt drowsy and disinclined to exert himself. Somebody offered him a piece of "stick-jaw," but he shrank from it

in disgust. Hang Hallam! What on earth had he wanted to pile his plate up like that for?

Cox felt more like dozing away two hours in detention than playing tennis. He thought of Pattie Lomax, and it didn't seem to him that there was much in her. She was pretty—yes—but not worth fagging about. Suppose he *did* go into detention!

He was in his dormitory, getting his flannels out, when this idea occurred to him. After all, it was a risky business—making Yarningale change places with him. If it were twigged! . . .

"*I'll* stay in," said Cox, running downstairs. "It'll be safer. Pattie will keep."

But when he arrived at the big school-room the door was shut and detention had begun. He looked through the keyhole. There sat Yarningale, in solitary, sinful grandeur, doing French translation. Cox could not see the master's desk, but presumed Mr. Skipjack was occupying it.

"Well," he said, "it's done now. There's one thing; by keeping *me* in, Skippy is keeping himself in. Serve the old beast right. . . . I'll change and cut out by the lane at the back. . . . Pattie, dear, I'm beginning to think you *are* rather nice, after all!"

Pattie Lomax, decked in a gown of cream-coloured silk, and with her hair straying picturesquely over her shoulders, was sitting on a seat near the tennis-lawn. Neither Pattie nor her sisters played tennis. They preferred to watch it. They occasionally indulged in croquet, because that was a game that could be played in a fashionable frock and hat. But tennis—No! At the present moment a fat gentleman of foreign appearance—down from London for the week-end—and a tall, pale girl were contesting an innocuous set with a tall, pale young man (the young lady's brother) and a stout lady with a high colour. A few of the guests were endeavouring to take an interest in this mild pat-ball, but the majority were promenading the beautiful grounds or imbibing tea on the terrace. Mr. Skipjack, who had just finished a set, was standing near the court chatting to the eldest Miss Lomax.

Every now and again Pattie dug the heel of her dainty French shoe into the turf. It was a sign of impatience. She was wondering why Cox was so late.

This will sound odd when it is remembered that she had told Judson—head boy of the school—that she *hated* Cox. As a matter of fact—whisper it softly!—Pattie was not entirely indifferent to Cox. Most boys were very polite to her—and bored her. Cox was brusque—almost rough—and in consequence Pattie found him more interesting than the others.

Why was he so late? Pattie dug her heel into the turf again. Such wonderful old turf—turf like velvet, hundreds of years old. Once, very proud and haughty maidens had walked this turf while cavaliers, in their gay plumage, had made courtly speeches to them. In the hall of the Grange yonder there still hung portraits of past baronets of Charlton and their quaintly attired ladies. Such grim stories these old walls could have told you—such stories of love and war and desperate daring! Those were days when men crossed swords in quarrels brought about often by an idle jest; when gallant youths gave up the glory and glow of life in its spring-time rather than have their honour besmirched. Some of these ancient oaks could have related to you tales of the scenes they had witnessed as striplings; could have given you the history of fierce encounters in the grey morn—could have told of the sad, gentle mourners whom a rapier thrust had robbed of all the sunshine there was ever to be in their lives.

Only an occasional sentimental visitor to Charlton Grange pondered on the long-ago associations of the old place. The Lomaxes were essentially creatures of to-day.

"I sha'n't wait much longer," snapped Pattie. "Just like him to be late. Oh, there's that stiff Mr. Skipjack. Of course he's with Mabel. I wonder she can stand him."

Looking past these two, Pattie descried in the distance a familiar figure. Cox at last! Pattie assumed an air of indifference. When he reached her she would be cold—icy, in fact. He wanted snubbing.

Glancing at Mr. Skipjack, Pattie observed that he, too, had sighted the distant figure. He stared hard at the approaching boy for a few moments, and then resumed his saunter. So! Cox had deliberately absented himself from detention in order to come to this tennis party. Very good. He would not make a scene now. Later would do. He would say nothing just now, but. . . . Yes, distinctly a case for the headmaster to deal with. Flagrant insubordination. A flogging, at least.

When it was too late to retreat, Cox himself had distinguished the figure of Mr. Skip-

"WELL, IF YOU'RE NOT COX," SAID PATTIE, "WHO *ARE* YOU, PLEASE?"

jack. A shiver went down his spine. *Skippy!* And he had thought Skippy was safely in the big school-room, taking detention.

Cox senior had always been a man of great resource, else would he never have made a fortune out of cough-drops. They were good cough-drops, it must be allowed, but they weren't better than any other cough-drops. Why, then, had their proprietor made a million of money out of them? Why, because he had always been alert and up-to-date. His advertisements persuaded you, in the most subtle way, that Cox's Cough-Drops were, of all remedies, the very remedy for your cough. Mr. Cox was a man of enterprise; his son was a boy built after the same pattern.

"Good afternoon," said Cox, taking off his hat to Pattie; "Cox was kept in, so he asked me to come and tell you how it was he couldn't be here."

IV.

PATTIE gazed in astonishment at the boy addressing her. If this wasn't Cox, it must be his brother. But, then, he hadn't a brother. She remembered him telling her so.

"He said I'd better come and speak to you about it first," proceeded Cox, sticking boldly to his hastily-mapped-out programme. "You're Miss Pattie Lomax, aren't you? I've seen you in church."

And with this Cox calmly dumped himself on to the seat Pattie was occupying.

"But—but—Oh, I'm *sure* you're Cox," said Pattie. "You can't be anybody else. That's your racquet. It's got your initials on the handle."

Cox was almost caught, but rose to the occasion. "No. Cox lent me this racquet, as I hadn't one. He said I might be asked to stop and play tennis. Cox is in detention. There's Skippy—Mr. Skipjack, I mean. Ask *him* if you don't believe me."

"I would rather believe anything than ask Mr. Skipjack about it," said Pattie. "He always treats me as if I were five. Don't you hate him?"

"I should rather think I do," said Cox, speaking the truth for the first time that afternoon, and from the bottom of his heart.

"Well, if you're not Cox," said Pattie, regarding her companion keenly, "who *are* you, please?"

"My name is Yarningale," said Cox.

"*Lord* Yarningale?" asked Pattie, who had heard that there was a boy so named at Charlton Court School.

"Yes," said Cox, simply. "That's my full name."

Pattie stared at him very hard. "Well, I must say you're awfully like Cox, but much nicer looking."

"Oh, d'you think so?" said Cox.

"Yes; and I hope you're nicer in your ways."

Cox moved uneasily. "He's a curious chap, but he's all right when you know him," was his reassuring reply.

"Is he?" cried Pattie, tossing her head. "Personally, I think that the more you get to know him the less you like him."

("Cat!" said Cox to himself. "I'll pay her out for this.")

Then he added aloud: "He's generally considered to be rather a decent sort."

"Opinions differ," said Pattie, loftily. "But won't you come up to the terrace and let me introduce you to mother, Lord Yarningale?"

"Thanks," said Cox, rather reluctantly. "Don't bother, though, if you don't want to go yourself."

"Well, I don't much want to," acknowledged Pattie, "but mother would like to know you."

"I dare say later would do," said Cox. "You see, Skippy is bound to be knocking about there soon, having tea, and when we chaps come out we like to keep as far away from the masters as possible."

"So I should think," was Pattie's sympathetic rejoinder. "Well, look here, shall we go and have some strawberries—off the beds, you know? I hate eating them off a plate."

"Rather," said Cox.

Pattie jumped up. "Come on, then."

They walked off together in the direction of a high, moss-covered wall, behind which lay the kitchen-garden, where the strawberries flourished in gigantic beds. And now Cox sorely repented having eaten so much beef at dinner. Never had he seen strawberries growing in such luxuriant profusion—enormous, fat strawberries, fit for a king to feast on.

Pattie just nibbled at a strawberry now and then. Girls employed in sweet-shops do not eat many sweets, and it was the same with Pattie and these strawberries. She could always eat as many as she liked, and so she did not care much about them. When, therefore, she came across a particularly fine strawberry, she handed it to Cox. This was

"I *AM* COX!" HE SAID DRAMATICALLY.

However, he accepted the strawberries and chivalrously swallowed them. Pattie held the common belief that a boy had the stomach of an ostrich and the digestion of a cobra, and she plied Cox with strawberries until he was obliged to admit that he couldn't eat any more.

"Dear me!" she said, with a smile, a distinct mark of her favour, and Cox did not overlook the fact.

"Seems to me," he thought, "she's beginning to like me—that is, Yarningale. I'm cutting myself out. That's a weird idea. Oh, hang it! She's picked six for me now, and I'm about done."

"*Cox* always seems able to go on eating all the afternoon. But I am afraid he is rather greedy. I'm glad you're not."

This being a blending of insult and compliment in equal degree, Cox felt that the speech *in toto* amounted to nothing, and so did not feel called upon to make a rejoinder.

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They left the strawberry-beds and wandered along a path that was embowered with roses. Here they were screened from all observation, and here, as they rounded a corner, they came plump upon the eldest Miss Lomax and Mr. Skipjack, who were sitting on a rustic wooden bench. Cox raised his hat; Mr. Skipjack scowled at him, and Miss Lomax bowed with some confusion.

The boy and girl hastened on, and made their way back to the lawn. There was a summer-house here, and Pattie, having gained its gloomy interior, sat down and giggled excitedly.

"He was proposing!" she cried. "Didn't you hear him say: '*I mean every word*'? And he was holding her hand."

"Bad look-out for me. He'll have his knife into me worse than ever after this," said Cox.

"Why?" asked Pattie. "I know he doesn't like Cox, because Cox has told me so, but——"

This was the opportunity for confession. Cox seized upon it. He had felt all along that it would be his safest plan to confide in Pattie, but had not been able, until this moment, to screw up his courage to the necessary pitch.

"I *am* Cox!" he said, dramatically.

To his surprise, Pattie did not evince the least astonishment at this statement.

"I knew you were," she said.

"You knew?"

"Yes; by the wart on your right hand. I noticed it when you were picking strawberries."

Cox looked at his right hand and then put it in his pocket. It wasn't very nice being detected by a *wart!* If it had been the colour of his eyes, now——

"I won't tell," said Pattie. "I'll keep it up. I'll say you told me you were Lord Yarningale. That won't be a fib, because you did, you know."

It seemed to Cox that Pattie's ideas of truthfulness were a little elastic. He had also told her he was Cox, hadn't he? Never mind! She had promised to stand by him, that was the great thing.

"You're a brick," he said. "Honour bright you won't split?"

"Honour bright," said Pattie, holding out her hand. "It was awfully wrong of you to pretend you were somebody else, but—awfully daring! I admire daring men."

Men! Cox felt six feet high, at the least.

"Well, I'll cut now," he said. "I don't want to run into Skippy again. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," said Pattie, giving him her hand once more. "You—you'll come again soon?"

"Can't get an *exeat* oftener than once in a month. Will you get your mater to ask me here this day month?"

Pattie nodded. "I'll remember."

Cox stole behind the summer-house. Here he scaled an iron fence and started on his way across the park.

"I always thought girls were rotters till now," he reflected. "Pattie isn't one, I'll swear!"

He looked back. Pattie was standing by the fence, and as he turned round she kissed her hand to him.

"By George!" said Cox. "Young Judson would have turned green if he had seen that."

He waved his hat and walked on majestically, feeling every inch a conqueror. Unfortunately, a moment later he caught his foot in a rabbit-hole and fell full-length on the green sward, a silvery laugh from the direction of the fence adding to his discomfiture. Had it not been for this incident, there is little doubt that his homeward progress would have continued to be a glorious and dignified matter right up to the school premises.

As it was, Cox limped all the way home, for he had twisted his ankle in the rabbit-hole, and it hurt confoundedly. As he went, he cogitated, in between the twinges his ankle gave, on his future mode of procedure. Mr. Skipjack's presence at the Lomaxes' garden-party had upset his calculations. This required thinking out.

Detention lasted from three to five. Dinner was at one-thirty, and there was no reason why detention shouldn't have started at two, or even at two-thirty. But no. By way of quite spoiling the afternoon of the detained, the headmaster had fiendishly—in the opinion of his pupils—decreed that detention should start at three and last till five.

Detention was taken by the master on duty, some other master being detailed to keep an eye on the boys in the cricket-field. When the master on duty came out of detention, he repaired to the cricket-field and relieved his colleague, who went away with a merry heart. Being on duty at Charlton Court meant being on duty with a vengeance.

Now, Cox wondered who was deputising for Mr. Skipjack in detention. He ran over

the list of masters. Who was the most likely? Why, who but that outsider *Hallam?*

It was now something between four and five. Detention would not be over yet, so he must needs go cautiously. Directly detention was over, he would lie in wait for Yarningale and tell him to keep out of the way—sort his stamps in the sixth form class-room, for instance—till tea-time, while he himself, having changed into his ordinary apparel, made his way to the cricket-field—fresh (or, to be correct, the reverse to fresh) from detention—and joined the onlookers. Yarningale's absence from the cricket-field was not likely to have been commented on, as he was no good at games and seldom watched the matches if he could help it.

With this scheme developed in his mind, Cox skulked into the school premises from the back lane, and by stealthy methods gained the big school-room door without being seen by any one. Heavens! the door was open and both birds had flown. He hastened to his class-room, and inspected his locker. Yes, there were his French exercise-book and his translation-book. Consulting the exercise-book, Cox found that Yarningale had done a fair amount of translation and had not done it too well or forgotten to make some blots. The translation was crossed out with a blue pencil and initialled "C. H." So it *was* Hallam who had taken Skippy's detention for him.

Next thing—where was Yarningale? Cox looked into the sixth form class-room. Not there. What was the next most likely place? Ah! the museum. Yarningale was fond of poring over the natural history specimens to be found in that room. Cox repaired to the museum. No; wrong again. In the gym.? Hardly. In the field? He would try that.

Cox was about to leave the museum—which opened out of the recreation room—when the sound of voices in the latter arrested his steps. The voices were those of John, the butler, and Heathcote, a boy with a weak heart who didn't play games and generally spent his half-holidays reading indoors.

"Telegram for Mr. Hallam," said John. "Have you seen him, sir? He was in the big school-room with Master Cox half an hour ago."

("Was he?" said Cox to himself.)

"He changed and went out with his tennis-racquet and Cox went with him," rejoined Heathcote.

"Thank you, sir. Expect he's gone to the Vicarage. I'll walk down with the telegram," replied John, departing.

Cox turned cold and hot. Hallam had cut detention short and taken Yarningale down to the Vicarage with him! The imposture was bound to come out now. Yarningale would be sure to make some mistake and give the whole thing away.

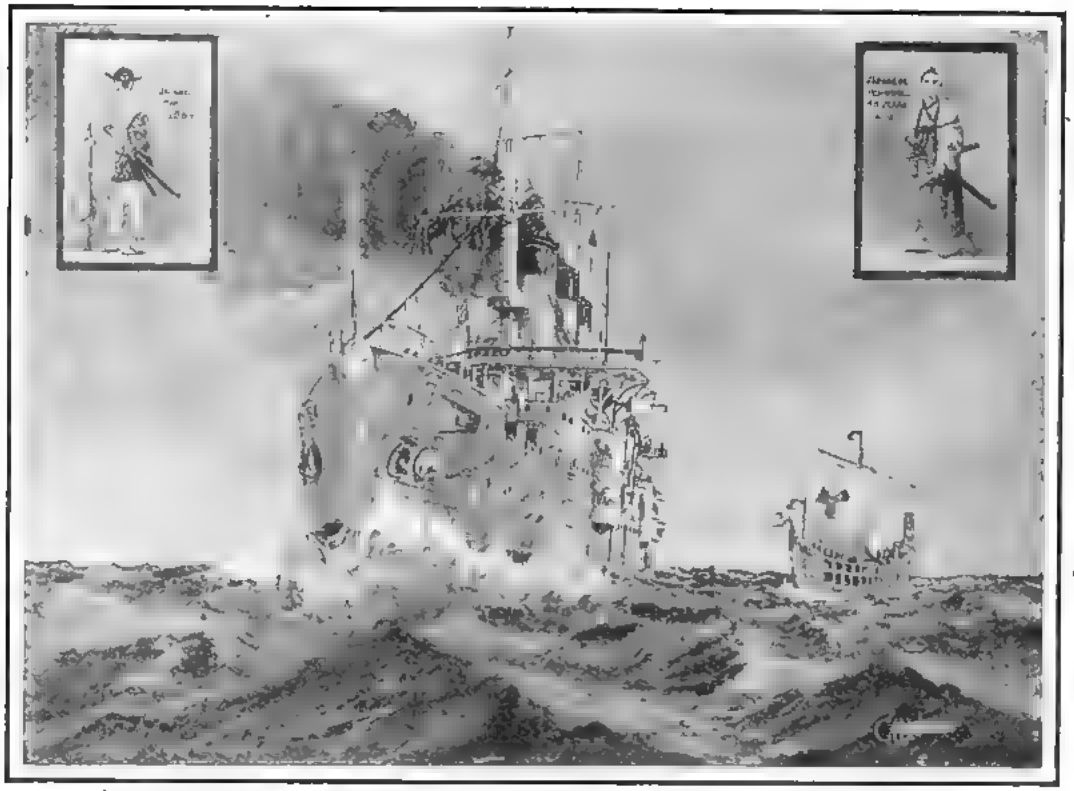
What was to be done?

For the second time that day the wily blood of the Cough-Drop King came to his son's aid. It was no mean thing to have invented a cough-drop that was a household word throughout the civilised world—and in parts of the uncivilised, for every missionary included it in his medical outfit—and surely the son of such a man was not likely to be at a loss when an occasion needed swift, definite action!

Cox made up his mind. He would go down to the Vicarage, smuggle himself into the grounds, attract Yarningale's attention, and change places with him. He presumed Yarningale had put on his flannels—their dress would therefore be identical.

It was the only thing to be done, and so Cox slipped out of the museum window, crept into the back lane, and, manfully disregarding the pain his ankle was giving him, set off for the village at a run.

(To be continued.)



H.I.J.M.'S "IWATE" COMPARED WITH A JAPANESE WAR-VESSEL OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

JAPAN'S NAVAL HISTORY.

THE vessels depicted in the above illustration clearly show what tremendous strides the Japanese have made in matters naval during the last forty years. Both are drawn to the same scale. The ironclad is the first-class armoured cruiser *Iwate*, built and engined by Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. She rendered admirable service to Admiral Togo during the siege of Port Arthur, and was damaged during the sea fighting of February 9, 1904. The old-fashioned vessel to the right is a typical specimen of the sort of craft that roamed the waters of the Island Kingdom as late as 1864. These primitive warships were stoutly built of heavy timber, with huge blunt bows rising high out of the water, the deck sloping down amidships where the bulwark was only about 8 ft. above the sea's surface, and rising again to a lofty poop at the stern. Along her broadside would be distributed some two to four pieces of cannon, of a type older than the guns used at Trafalgar. Amidships rose a solitary mast, consisting of stout bamboos lashed securely together, and carrying her great single sail, marked in the centre with the shamrock-like crest of the Shogun. At bow and stern were hung on stout poles oiled-paper lanterns, which, like the sail, bore the emblem. Her decks would swarm with sailors and *kaishēis*, a sort of marine. The latter was a fearsome person to look upon, with his two keen swords picturesquely stuck in his belt, his brawny brown legs bare, and carrying on his shoulder an obsolete European gun. After the great struggle in Satsuma, vast hordes of these sturdy sailors were thrown out of employment. The majority joined the services, and, under the tuition of Europeans, soon became proficient in modern methods of warfare. Thus it was the first Japanese fleet came into being. Most of the Japanese battleships have been built in this country. Several vessels of the *Iwate* class were added at the end of the war with China; the eventful purchase and journey to the Far East of the *Nisshin* and *Kasuga* are still fresh in our minds; while the latest addition to H.I.J.M.'s Navy, the *Katori*, was launched at Barrow last July by H.R.H. Princess Arisugawa.

G. HORACE DAVIS.

VOLUNTEER CORPS

Which to Join, and Why.

By A. E. JOHNSON.

THIS is not an essay upon the Theory and Practice of the Art of Volunteering, its few pains and many pleasures. Nor is it an argument either for or against the contention that every able-bodied youth should undergo such training as may render him fit to answer his country's call in time of need. Such matters demand more space than we are able to afford. Our present purpose is merely to offer some advice and suggestions to those readers of THE CAPTAIN who may be desirous, having left school, of continuing the military training begun in their school cadet corps, or of presenting themselves for the first time as recruits to the citizen army.

Our hints upon the selection of a corps to join must necessarily be addressed mainly to those whose work brings them to London. In the provinces it is not often that the opportunity to choose is given. As a rule, a boy whose lot is cast in a provincial town or country district will find only one local Volunteer Corps (Artillery, Engineers, or Infantry) to which to offer his services. He has, however, two alternatives before him. He can join as an officer or he may enter the ranks as a humble private. The former course he will certainly be ill-advised to follow unless possessed of fairly ample private means and a considerable degree of leisure. Even in these fortunate circumstances he will not do amiss if he elect to pass through the ranks before taking a commission. In the ranks his better education will speedily bring promotion; and should he, by the time he has gained command of a section, find his enthusiasm unabated, the experience thus gained will be of inestimable value to him in passing through the School of Instruction and undergoing the other necessary preliminaries of taking a commission. If without either the means or the inclination to incur the expenses and responsibilities of an officer, while yet keen upon the work, he will find (unless an arrant snob) that in the rank of sergeant—not difficult of attainment in a provincial battalion, as we have noted, by dint of keenness and superior education—he is very comfortably situated.

In London, matters are somewhat different. There are some sixty corps in all from which to choose, and the intending recruit has opportunity to consider not only to what arm he would prefer to belong, but also the social advantages offered by each corps, and the manner in which his own particular tastes may best be suited. Presumably he will wish to join one of the "class" corps, as they are commonly and somewhat vulgarly known, *i.e.*, corps in which the members occupy a social position above that usual in the ranks of an ordinary Volunteer Battalion. In this case, however—at least, so far as the best corps are concerned—he should give up all idea of at once entering the commissioned ranks. Amongst the better-known corps, it is a rule that officers *must* first pass through the ranks. Consequently, to become a member it is necessary to join as a private; and in the case of a non-commissioned officer transferring from a provincial battalion, it will be necessary to resign stripes before doing so.

Reckoning the Imperial Yeomanry as part of the Volunteer Force, for the purposes of this article, there are five branches of the service from which the intending volunteer can choose—Infantry, Artillery, Engineers, R.A.M.C., and Yeomanry. In the case of the Infantry, the most popular branch, five

principal Volunteer Rifle Corps at once present themselves for consideration. These are the Artists, London Scottish, Civil Service, Inns of Court, and the London Rifle Brigade. To them should be added the Infantry Division of the Honourable Artillery Company.

Three of these corps offer special attractions to certain classes of recruits. Thus the London Scottish (7th Middlesex), as its name implies, is the battalion which naturally claims the services of young Scotsmen in the Metropolis. The Civil Service (12th Middlesex) is recruited exclusively from civil servants and *employés* of Government offices. The entrance fee is 10s., and the annual subscription the same. The headquarters at Buckingham Gate are excellent, and the corps possesses numerous social institutions, including a School of Arms, Football, Swimming, and Revolver Clubs, and a Reel Class. The uniform (kilted, of course) is a very smart one of neutral grey with dark blue facings, and very few Volunteer Corps can beat the London Scottish for effectiveness on parade.

Readers who may be fortunate enough to secure berths in the Civil Service need no advice upon the selection of a corps. Considering the admirable medium which the

PIPERS OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH, NEAR BALMORAL, N.B., AUGUST, 1901.—ROUTE MARCH, DEESIDE.
Photo by William J. Johnston, Banchory, N.B.

To the Inns of Court (14th Middlesex) a prime qualification for admission was, until recently, membership of an Inn of Court. This rule has been relaxed, however, and past members of a public school or college are now eligible. But it still remains essentially the corps of the legal profession.

With regard to the London Scottish, an applicant need not be pure Scotch. He must be of Scottish birth, descent, or landed property, the phrase "descent" being taken to mean the possession of at least a Scottish parent or grandparent. The social standing is good, and the corps has an excellent reputation for good fellowship and sound work.

Civil Service R.V. forms for enabling members of the various Government offices to meet socially, it would be foolish for such to contemplate, unless for special reasons, joining elsewhere. The annual expenses are small, and, moreover, the corps bears a first-rate name for efficiency all round. Latterly, too, its School of Arms has been particularly successful. Clerks at the Bank of England form a company to themselves, as do also the officers of the L.C.C. Somerset House furnishes the headquarters. The uniform is light grey, with blue facings.

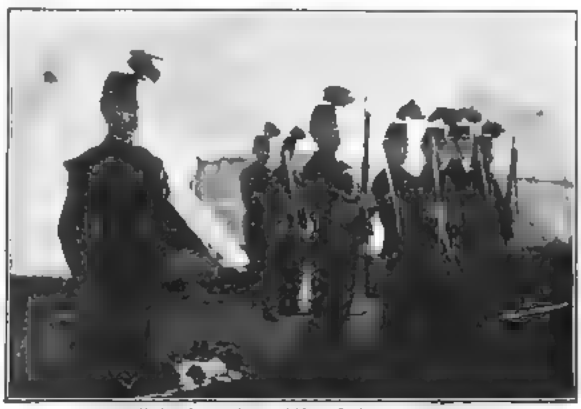
The Inns of Court R.V. has a long and distinguished record, and has always borne

THE ARTISTS IN CAMP.—THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

Photo A. E. Johnson.

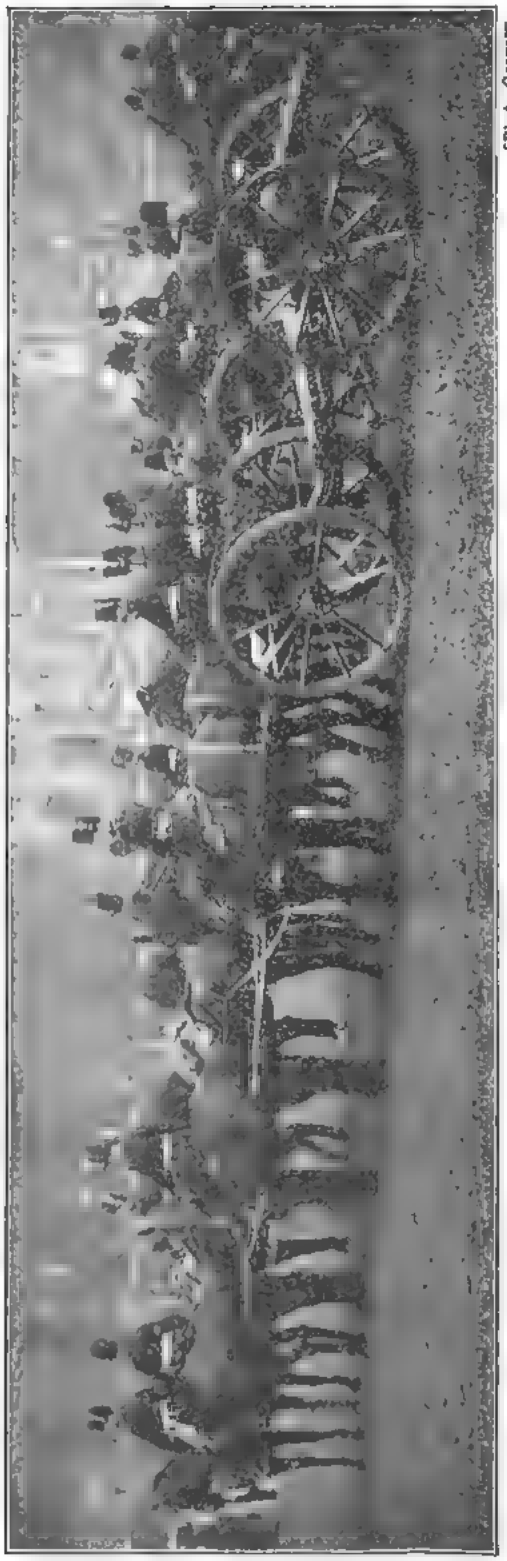
a good name for discipline and efficiency. It includes a mounted infantry company, about 150 strong, with a Maxim gun, and a cyclist company. The former is particularly good, but entails more expense upon its members. The subscriptions are:—Mounted Infantry, £3 5s.; Cyclists, £2 11s. 6d.; Infantry, £1 11s. 6d. The headquarters are in Lincoln's Inn, and drills are carried out very largely in the Temple Gardens. In the Regimental Mess at Paper Buildings, Temple, members have a great convenience, the establishment being well organised and conducted, and open all days except Sundays. The School of Arms (entrance fee 10s. 6d., subscription £1 1s.) at Stone Buildings is likewise a first-rate institution, thoroughly equipped, and under capable instructors. The social standing of the corps is very good, and for those employed in either branch of the legal profession, it is undoubtedly the best to join. Its ranks are now open, as we have remarked, to all public schoolmen, irrespective of their calling. But those not engaged in legal pursuits, unless already possessing intimate acquaintances among its members, will probably find themselves more at home in a less "specialised" corps.

There remain the Artists, the London Rifle Brigade, and the Infantry Division of the Honourable Artillery Company. Taking these in reverse order, the H.A.C. may be first disposed of. It is primarily a corps for the well-to-do. To those whose expenditure does not have to be regulated with a careful and discriminating hand, it offers many attractions. The history of the Regiment, the oldest military body in the country, is most distinguished. With its Horse Artillery division, for which it is chiefly celebrated, we shall deal presently. Its Infantry



MOUNTING GUARD.—LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE.

From a photo.



[Photo Gregory.

HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY.—HORSE ARTILLERY.

division is conducted on the lines of an ordinary volunteer battalion. The headquarters are splendid, the social standing is good, and there are many secondary attractions. But the expenses (though officially discountenanced and minimised) are considerably heavier than in the case of an ordinary volunteer corps, and the fact should be borne in mind by the intending recruit. The formal expenses are £2 2s. subscription, and £5 5s. for dress and kit. The uniform is practically that of the Foot Guards; the latter, as it is said, having copied theirs from the H.A.C. The Infantry Division is of good repute for efficiency, but its work is somewhat eclipsed by the more important doings of the Horse Artillery.

The London Rifle Brigade (1st London) is essentially the corps of the City. Its ranks are open to all of decent social position, but every applicant must be proposed by two members. The social advantages are many, and the club rooms at the headquarters in Bunhill Row are open every day for the purposes of refreshment and recreation. A School of Arms is held during the winter, and there are Football, Cricket, Swimming, and Chess Clubs in connection with the regiment. There is also an L.R.B. Masonic Lodge which meets during the winter. The annual subscription is 25s., with no entrance fee. The uniform is black, with black facings; a distinctive feature being the shako with cock's feathers worn in full dress. Young fellows coming up to town for business, employed or finding most of their interests in the City, could scarcely do better than join the L.R.B. The work done is sound and useful from a military point of view, and the corps discharges its social functions in very pleasant fashion.

Lastly we come to the Artists (20th Middlesex), a corps of which the name is perhaps the most familiar to the "man in the street."

Socially it maintains a good standard, and an applicant for admission must be introduced. Its members are drawn from men employed both in the "professions" as well as in "business," and it attracts the bulk of the recruits who, in wishing to join a corps of good repute, are not influenced by any of the special considerations and peculiar inducements presented by other battalions, and referred to above. In the early days of its existence the various companies were assigned to different professions (*e.g.*, Musicians, Architects, Painters, etc.), but of late, with an increasing influx of non-professional members, this distinction to a great

extent has disappeared. It partly survives, however; architects, for example, being numerous in C company, while medical students and London University men preponderate in G. The annual subscription is 25s., and there is no entrance fee. The uniform is the familiar grey, with grey facings, and black and silver braid; while a slouch hat has replaced the old helmet. The physical standard is somewhat higher than is usual, 5ft. 7in. being the minimum height, and members are expected to maintain the fine standard of efficiency for which the corps has always been noted. Socially, the Artists have a name for good fellowship, and a recruit of the right sort need have no fear of feeling "out of it." The headquarters near King's Cross are comfortable, and the scene of numerous "smokers" and other entertainments. The success of the Swimming Club is well known to all followers of water polo, and in connection with the corps there are several riverside clubs and camps, a regimental regatta being held annually at Staines. The School of Arms, open during the winter, turns out some very good men, and has a long record of successes at the Royal Military Tournament, more especially in sabres and bayonet fighting. At this year's Tournament the Artists' team, after winning (for the third time in succession) the Auxiliaries Bayonet Combats, met and defeated the 1st Batt. Scots Guards, winners of the Regulars' Bayonet Combats. Offering no special inducement, the Artists' R.V. perhaps present the most *general* attractions to the recruit having no prejudice or bias towards any particular corps.

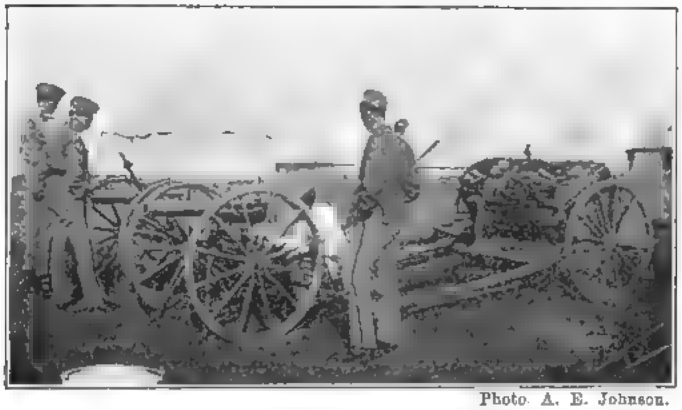


Photo A. E. Johnson.

ONE BRANCH OF INFANTRY WORK.—THE MACHINE GUN.

In the second rank of rifle corps come the Victoria and St. George's, the First Surrey, Queen's Westminsters, Bloomsbury, and Finsbury. Of the two first-named it may be remarked that they are recruited from the middle classes, and that most of the officers (as well as a large proportion of the n.c.o.'s and men) are public school and University men. For men anxious to go in for mounted work, the Victoria and St. George's (1st Middlesex) has an M.I. Company, about 160 strong, in which the standard of height is only 5ft. 4in. The First Surrey (1st V.B. East

THE 26TH MIDDLESEX.—THE CYCLISTS' CORPS. [Photo Gregory.

Surrey Regiment) has its headquarters in Camberwell, which fact renders it a convenient corps for those living on the south side of the river. It likewise possesses 3½ acres of ground, which enables it to offer many facilities for lawn tennis, &c., denied to more centrally situated corps. In addition it possesses a Freemason's Lodge and a Royal Arch Chapter for active and honorary members, and shines not a little socially.

PRIVATE OF THE MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY.
Photo Gregory.

The Queen's Westminsters (13th Middlesex) is another middle class corps, recruited very largely from *employés* of large West-end business houses (several of which furnish their own special companies), and from various districts in the neighbourhood of Westminster. Its chief interest to readers of this article lies in its M.I. Company, 160 strong, which has a reputation for efficiency. The entrance fee is £1, and the annual subscription varies according to rank. For privates it is 5s.

The Bloomsbury Rifles (19th Middlesex) and the Finsbury Rifles (21st Middlesex) are corps of good repute, recruited chiefly from men of superior station and steady character, with small means.

So far we have dealt only with Infantry corps. It should be remembered, however, that a Rifle corps affords many opportunities for taking up special duties, as apart from the ordinary routine of an infantryman's work. Thus in addition to the M.I. Companies of the Victoria and St. George's, Queen's Westminsters, and Inns of Court (the latter with Maxim gun), already referred to, there are machine-gun detachments in the Artists, L.R.B., H.A.C. (Infantry), Queen's Westminsters, and Finsbury Rifles; cyclist companies or sections, ambulance and signalling sections, in all; and transport sections in the L.R.B. and First Surrey Rifles. All of these it is permissible for the recruit, after qualifying as a trained man, to join.

Should there be an inclination to go in for artillery work there is less scope for the choice of a corps. Those who have to consider their pockets will do best by joining the 3rd Middlesex R.G.A. (Vols.). The entrance fee is £2, but there is no subsequent cost. All applicants have to be men of good character, and the general standing of the corps is good. The uniform is blue

with scarlet facings; the busby being of racoon skin (whence the *sobriquet* "Cat-skins"), with scarlet busby bag and white plume.

If he can afford it, however, the would-be artillery-man should join the H.A.C., of which the Artillery Division is the only auxiliary *horse* artillery in the kingdom. Upon the social standing of the H.A.C. we have already remarked. The official expenses are kept as low as possible (dress and kit, minimum £8 8s., subscription, £2 2s.), but the other expenditure makes a heavy drain upon purses not too amply filled. The guns are horsed free of charge to the drivers, but the mounted gunners have to provide their own horses, or hire them through the regiment at an annual cost of £5. To a keen man, however, membership of the H.A.C. artillery division is worth the expense it incurs. The splendid work of the C.I.V. Battery in South Africa is sufficient testimony to the efficient way in which the gunners learn their work, and the rival batteries, A. and B., form eminently sociable communities. At the Armoury House, Finsbury, the regiment has a magnificent headquarters, with ample space for the practice of the cricket, foot-ball, boxing, fencing, gymnastics, physical drill, riding, and tent-pegging, which, with swimming (indulged in elsewhere), make up the programme of the Athletic Club.

Many who belong to the engineering profession will wish to join a volunteer engineer corps. The best of these is the Electrical Engineers, from which so many men went to the front in South Africa. The organisation of the corps is rather peculiar, the men (drawn from students at technical colleges, working linesmen, and office men from mechanical and electrical firms) being so scattered as to render little drill possible. The chief purpose of the corps is to assist the Submarine Miners of the south coast, and every summer numerous drafts are sent to the various camps at south coast ports to augment the local R.E., and assist in working the search-lights. At the headquarters in Westminster there is a complete search-light plant for training purposes. The cost of membership is practically nil.

Of ordinary engineer corps the best to join is perhaps the East London (Tower Hamlets). The corps is a strong one, reputed efficient, and recruited chiefly from artisans and mechanics. The cost is nominal.

Intending recruits with an inclination for mounted work, who may elect to join the Imperial Yeomanry rather than an M.I. Company of a volunteer battalion, are *not* advised to join any of the lately-formed London regiments. Such, at least, is our recommendation to those who mean business and do not seek a gaudy uniform of purple and green and scarlet and gold. Join, for preference, the Middlesex or Surrey Yeomanry, with headquarters respectively at Knightsbridge and Clapham Park, both of them old-established regiments, to be classed with the steady provincial county yeomanry, and not with the "rough-riders," "sharp-shooters," "dragoons," and other fancifully-named and gorgeously-garbed innovations. The average annual cost in either of these regiments is about £3 to £4.

Medical students may possibly like to don the blue and cherry of the Royal Army Medical Corps Volunteers. In that case they will have the choice between the London Companies, with headquarters near the Gray's Inn Road, and the Woolwich Companies, located at Woolwich. The latter include a Cyclist Ambulance Company, which has the distinction of being the only one in the services. Military ambulance in all its branches, including field-nursing and the care of the sick, is, of course, the work in which members of the R.A.M.C. (Vols.) receive training.

As to the duties which the volunteer is required and trained to perform, these vary with the branch of the service to which he is attached, and into details we have not space to enter. One of the "conditions of efficiency," however, it may be well to mention here: the necessity of attending camp at least once in every two years.

The kind of volunteer who *shirks* camp has no business to be a volunteer at all, and the sooner he clears out the better. In which connection we may remark that there is one duty common to volunteers of every arm: *keenness*. No man ought to join who does not *mean business*. The slack volunteer is a creature worse than useless.

Our object in drawing attention to the various advantages, social and otherwise, offered by the different principal corps, must not be misunderstood. Readers of THE CAPTAIN, we feel sure, are not of the stuff to go volunteering for the sake of what they can get out of it. But, granted a genuine intention to do his work, whatever it may be, honestly and to the best of his ability, the recruit is quite entitled to consider how his other tastes may best be suited.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

[We must apologise for the lateness of these reviews, for which we could not possibly find space in previous issues.—ED.]

Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine.—With the June number this periodical "comes of age." Twenty-one years is a very creditable record, but if *The Grammar School Magazine* only maintains its present high level of excellence—it seldom soars to brilliant heights, but it never descends to depths of bathos—it should continue hale and hearty until it becomes a centenarian.

In the June number "Camped," descriptive of outdoor life—real outdoor life—in the Highlands is the article that interests us most. The man who has never slept save under a roof has but a poor idea of what possibilities of joy life holds for him:

> And so the night passes, and in the morning up gets the camper with fresh life in his bones, and dashes the last hazy remnants of sleep from him with a plunge in the pool. He lights a fire of broom and larch, and soon his kettle is singing merrily; then he sits on the edge of his fire-trench amid the smoke that curls to heaven; around him the mists are slowly clearing from the hills, and, far off, some distant cock proclaims the morn. Perchance his thoughts fly to his friends far away, and he smiles in contentment, and the blood goes singing through his veins.

Boltonian.—We do not recollect having met with this magazine before. The contents call for no special comment, but on the "make-up" we venture to offer a few suggestions. The appearance of the magazine might be greatly improved, we think, by the exercise of a little sub-editorial care. The articles are too cramped, and, being inartistically arranged, do not invite attention. A little more discretion in the choice of type would make a great deal of difference. Occasional contributions and features of special importance would look better in a larger type, the present small fount being reserved for the general information—reports of matches, debating society news, and the like. In its present guise *The Boltonian* can scarcely be said to be "made-up" at all. It is merely slung together.

Cadet (H.M.S. *Conway*).—A feature of considerable interest is the full-page picture of the scene on the school ship *Conway*, at Liverpool, on a day in June 1866. This is reproduced from *The Illustrated London News* of that date, and depicts the Duke of Edinburgh distributing the year's prizes to the Cadets. On that occasion Cadet H. S. F. Niblett (now Rear-Admiral) was awarded the Queen's Prize on entering the Royal Navy. The picture of the distinguished company assembled on the *Conway*, dressed in the fashions of forty years ago, is peculiarly interesting and instructive.

Two able letters contributed by Mr. Frank T. Bullen, and Captain H. W. Broadbent (Commander of the *Conway*), to the important discussion recently appearing in the *Spectator*, on the subject of a proper training of boys for the Mercantile Marine, are republished in the number before us.

Durban High School Magazine.—The last number to hand is devoted mainly to school news, the Cadet Corps (recently inspected by Earl Roberts) claiming a good deal of attention. We notice, by the way, that the Cadet Corps is divided into *squadrons*. Does this signify that the Corps is a mounted one?

Elysian (Wm. Ellis School).—It is a long time since a copy of the *Elysian* reached us, and we are glad to find it once more amongst the pile before us. The Summer Term number, however, is not a great one, and we hope to find more sparkle and life in future issues.

Grey College Union Magazine.—This is quite the most interesting magazine that has come before our notice this month. Grey College is situated in Bloemfontein, and is a Boer school. From the editorial of the present number we gather that the magazine appears now after a long period of inactivity, due, in great measure, to the events of recent South African history. Unfortunately, the pleasure which a perusal of the pages before us would have given, is curtailed by the circumstance of the majority of the articles being in Dutch, a language of which we are obliged to confess complete ignorance. The leading article, however, is in English, and recounts the history of "The Grey College during the War." Very interesting reading it makes.

When war was declared on October 11, 1899, the Free State Government resolved to turn the boarding school of the College into a hospital. Of the masters, the Rector, in addition to his scholastic duties (which he continued to discharge) undertook the functions of Censor of Foreign Correspondence; another master joined the Intelligence Department of the Red Cross; three more enlisted in the commandos of different districts; and two others were employed in the Commissariat Department. The remainder, headed by the Rector, continued the work of the school as well as was possible under circumstances of exceptional difficulty. The College was open and attended throughout the war, though the number of its boys were, of course, greatly reduced. Practically the whole of the Upper School was at the front. When Lord Roberts entered Bloemfontein the college was at once "commandeered" as a military hospital, and a good picture is drawn of the altered scene:

> The writer of these reminiscences will never forget the strange changes that had so suddenly come after all the scenes so familiar to him. Military tents covering the grounds, khaki uniforms of doctors and orderlies, and the somewhat gaudy costume of the nurses, everywhere hurrying over the school yard, where only boys and masters were wont to be seen; trumpet signals being heard at various times of the day instead of the accustomed school bells; the big dining-room and all the school-rooms, not to speak of the dormitories, occupied by long rows of sick and wounded, the small library room in the turret turned into an operation room, a small building in the garden into a mortuary. Every now and then, especially when some fight had taken place in the neighbourhood, rows of hospital waggons marked with the Red Cross would draw up and the wounded soldiers would be carefully taken out and carried on stretchers into the building; and, saddest sight of all, day after day soldiers would be drawn up in two lines in St. George's or in Douglas Street, between the lines a cannon or one or more waggons, and the bodies of dead soldiers, covered with the Union Jack, would be reverently borne out and placed on the waggons, which would then move on, the comrades of the dead, with their rifles turned down, slowly walking behind to the cemetery on the hill.

This history of the Grey College during the war is to be continued, and we shall look for the next issue of the magazine with interest. Of the other contents of the present number we should like much to give some account: but before a title such as

(for example) "Iets over Zuid-Afrikaansche Spreekwoorden en Zegswijzen," our linguistic courage quails.

Hurst Johnian.—Three numbers await review, and each contains much that is excellent. The results of the year's Public School Athletic Sports, neatly tabulated, make comparisons easy. Uppingham did best, on the whole, none of the performances being bad, while 2 min. 6⅘ sec. for the Half-Mile, 4 min. 45⅘ sec. for the Mile, and 18 sec. for the Hurdles were respectively the best times of the year. Other good performances were: In the 100 Yards, Fettes (10⅘ sec.); in the Quarter-Mile, Charterhouse (53⅕ sec.) and Leys' School (53⅘ sec.); in the Hurdles, Oundle (18⅗ sec.), Epsom (18⅕ sec.), and Bradfield (18⅘ sec.); in the High Jump, Fettes (5 ft. 4 in.) and Charterhouse (5 ft. 3 in.); in the Long Jump, Fettes (20 ft. 7½ in.), Dover (20 ft. 4½ in.), and Wellingboro' (20 ft. 2 in.); in Throwing the Cricket Ball, Bradfield (107 yd. 1 ft. 4 in).

An entertaining article on "Schoolmasters I have Known," contains some capital yarns. Dr. Keate's pun is by way of a chestnut, but is worth repeating. An Etonian who appeared before him for chastisement, wriggled a trifle too violently beneath the cane. "Sir," said the headmaster, "you seem to imagine that at this game I cut and you shuffle." Here is a delightful story of a baited French master:

Our French master was a dear old man who had only one idea of the character of his pupils; "the English boy," he used to say, "he is a sport-man." So he made a point of appealing to this quality. One day, as the usual cloud of paper pellets greeted his entrance into the room, he shouted with inspiration; "I will punish only that boy which doesn't hit me." "Ah, your English boy, he is a sport-man," he repeated, in detailing the story afterwards, "he hurrahed me and said I was jolly good sport-man too."

Jamaica College Magazine.—We are glad to welcome this newcomer among school magazines, and hope to receive the succeeding issues for review. The present number calls for no special comment.

Lily (Magdalen College School).—Very seldom does the *Lily* contain aught but school news of purely local interest. The June number, however, is prefaced with an editorial of some wit. The Editor (as usual) bemoans his lot. The public, he says:

will not have the natural Lily, they must have it painted. And so the Editor, though in his mind's eye he sees an ideal and natural Lily (eight beautiful white pages in a green cover, all blank), sorrowfully takes up the pen and bedews his inky work with remorseful tears.

Ink! Ink in gouts and globules!

Malvernian.—In the last number which we had under review, the Editor definitely promised a cover to the *Malvernian*,—in our humble opinion, a needed alteration. Since then the editorial chair has gained a new occupant, and lo! the *Malvernian* still goes naked.

MacLaren High School Magazine.—No. 2 is to hand—the first *printed* issue, we note. It contains many contributions of considerable merit and interest, and if the Editor can maintain the same standard the *MacLaren High School Magazine* will do well. We shall look for succeeding issues expectantly.

Middleton College Magazine.—Another "first number," but a rather meagre sixpenny-worth. A good notion is the printing of an article ("The French Lycée: A Comparison") in French. We shall hope to find one in German next month.

Tonbridgian.—The June number is adorned by the *Tonbridgian's* new cover, which is very effective. It represents the original foundation-stone of the School, now over the door of the headmaster's house, which bears the school arms, and the inscription: "This Shole Made Bi Sir Andro Iwde Knight, Ano 1553."

From the correspondence of a former Tonbridgian captain, the following remarkable picture of "looter" in the forties is extracted:

To rightly understand my story you must know that the party kicking down must send the ball through the gate at the bottom of the playground into the field; while the up side must kick the ball against the tree. On this occasion I was kicking down, and with the ball had just reached the gate, defended by C. Willis, Cox, and Carnell, when to my surprise they summoned up courage to oppose me, being three fresh men to one wounded; with my left hand I gave Cox a shove which sent him through a hole of the palings into the field, with my right upset Willis, and with one leg gave Monkey a kick the mark of which he'll bear for a month to come. Cat was now prostrate with the ball between his legs, and calling to mind all his conceit, I kicked towards it. In an instant Lolley Tamplin and all the game, Hepton included, were fighting violently over his body. At last, with three vigorous kicks in the ribs, Lolley sent him into the field with the ball between his legs a distance of two yards. I expected that he'd have been half killed, but he was only a little bruised.

Ulula (Manchester Grammar School).—In a report of the proceedings of the Upper School Debating Society we notice that one of the subjects discussed was "That The Captain is the best boys' magazine." The result of the debate is not stated. Perhaps it was a foregone conclusion!

Verlucian.—The first number confronts us of the magazine of Lord Weymouth's Grammar School, Warminster. Verlucio, it should be explained, is the ancient name of the town. The contents consist almost entirely of school news, and call for no comment. In wishing the new youngster a prosperous career, we would remind Verlucians that the school magazine is the fit and proper vehicle for the fostering of literary talent. G. K. Chesterton, the brilliant essayist and novelist, first spread his wings in the columns of the *Pauline* (St. Paul's School), while Rudyard Kipling founded and edited his school journal, the *United Services College Magazine*. Fellow pupils of his remember him well as a smallish, bespectacled boy who didn't play games. So now, good Verlucians, you have your chance. There may abide among you a future Chesterton or Kipling. Don't be afraid to bombard the editor with your effusions. If he has any sort of a head on him at all he'll be able to distinguish between what is meritorious and what only fit for mastication by the Weymouth Grammar School equivalent of our own rapacious Hound of the Waster-paper-basketvilles! Above all, let the editor be strong and fear not offending a friend by refusing a poor poem. The quality of his magazine is what concerns him—not the feelings of his friends.

Whitgiftian.—We have not seen the *Whitgiftian* for some time, and the number before us is welcome. "The First Tangerines" is an extremely interesting account of the history of "The Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment)," to a volunteer battalion of which the Whitgift Cadet Corps is attached. The regiment was first raised in 1661, for the defence of Tangier: hence its nickname. We should like to quote many incidents from the narrative, but lack the space.

We notice an admirable illustration in this number of Whitgift's Original School, and the cover of the *Whitgiftian* is one of the most artistic we have seen.

A. E. Johnson.

COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Last day for sending in, November 18. (Foreign and Colonial Readers, January 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——, Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows: Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by November 18

The Results will be published in January.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***Scholarship-Appointment Competition.***—This competition will remain open until November 18. For particulars see the September and October numbers

NOTE.—In answering question No. 4, should a competitor never have lived in England, he may describe a place in the country in which he has spent most of his time.

No. 2.—***"British Isles Rugby XV."***—In view of the fact that, up to the time of going to press, the New Zealand Rugby XV have carried everything before them, it looks as if they will give England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, severally, a very hard game. It would, therefore, be interesting if, at the end of their tour, they could arrange to play a XV taken from the whole of the British Isles; a XV composed, that is to say, of the pick of the Internationals representing England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. We believe the majority of our readers who have a proper soul for sport are acquainted with the leading personalities in the Rugby game. If they are not, they ought to be, as far too much attention is paid nowadays to professional "Soccer," and far too little given to Rugby. We want CAPTAIN readers to pick a XV from the whole of the British Isles to meet the New Zealanders, and at the same time to allot the members of the team their places in the field. To the competitor sending in the most correct list, as decided by the votes of the majority, we will present a W. J. Basset-Lowke and Co.'s "Lady of the Lake" Model Locomotive, with tender, coach, brake-van, and rails, value £2 6s. (See prizes page.)

One Age limit. Twenty-one.

No. 3.—***"'Captain' Birthday Book."***—This time take the month of December (thirty-one days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season December falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect THE CAPTAIN when making your choice. Prizes: Three H. Gradidge and Son's Footballs, value 10s. 6d., or John Piggott Hockey Sticks. (See Prizes page)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d., or Post Card Albums, value 5s. each, supplied by the Central Post Card Agency, 90 and 92 Goswell Road, EC. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—***"November Celebrities."***—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of November. In looking round for a subject for your essay do not be guided merely by the names you find in the well-known almanacs. Do not neglect these publications, but also try to think of a celebrated man or woman who is at present looming large before the public eye, but whose name does not appear in the almanacs. Prizes: Three Benetfink Footballs, value 8s. 6d.; or John Piggott Hockey Sticks. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . Age limit. Twelve.

No. 6.—***"Consolation Competition."*** — This is a competition suggested by a reader ("A. B. C."), to whom I must express my obligations for the idea. It is open only to those competitors who have never yet won a prize or consolation prize. The subject is an essay not exceeding 400 words, on "My Favourite Competition, and Why." Prizes: Three "Hobbies', Ltd." Fretwork Outfits, value 10s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

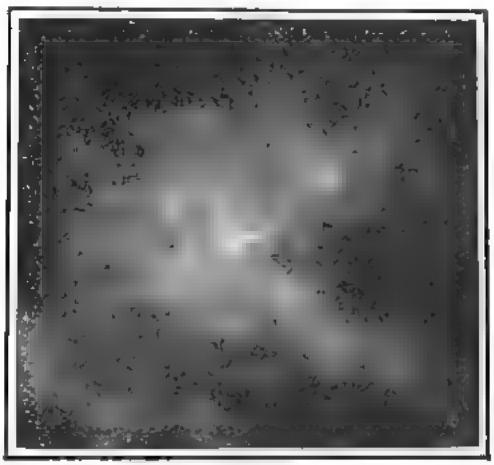
FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***January 18.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial November Competitions."

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

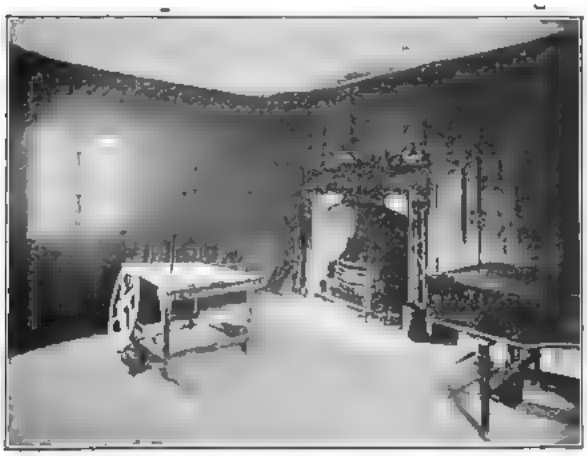
BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Where the Gunpowder Plot was Planned.

SITUATED in a picturesque part of Northamptonshire, about sixteen miles from the county town and about six from Rugby, lies the pretty little village of Ashby-St-Ledger's. The village in itself is very small, but as long as history survives it will be famous. Secluded amongst tall trees and amidst lovely gardens, in which stand statues of ancient celebrities, is the Manor House. This mansion has gained fame as being the home of the Catesbys, a family that has played no mean part in the making of English history. In the reign of Richard II., John de Catesby, the first of the family to take any interest in the parish, was appointed a commissioner to suppress unlawful assemblies. At the Battle of Bosworth John Catesby was supporting his royal master when he was taken prisoner, and beheaded three days afterwards at Leicester. Years afterwards, Sir William Catesby got into trouble for harbouring Jesuits. It was Sir William's son, Robert, however, who attained an ever-living reputation for the family. A short distance from the house is a quaint-looking Elizabethan structure, with winding stairs, secret doors and cup-boards, and musty-smelling rooms, whose walls have been allowed to crumble, that has indeed a tale to tell. Seated at a table in the principal room of this building, known as the Plot Room, in the year 1605, might have been seen men whose names are now household words. Robert Catesby, Guido Fawkes, and the other conspirators of the famous Gunpowder Plot, held their meetings here, and it was in the panelled dining-room that



THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN OF AUGUST 30, AS SEEN AT COLWYN BAY.
Photo. by A. T. Cooper.



THE ROOM IN WHICH THE GUNPOWDER PLOT WAS HATCHED, 300 YEARS AGO.
Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Catesby and Sons.

they first became aware of the discovery of their plot, and resolved on immediate flight. This room contains various curios in the shape of old swords, guns, powder flasks, &c. At an annual sports meeting held in the adjoining park, visitors are allowed the privilege of visiting this historical building, and many avail themselves of the opportunity.

T. GRANT.

THE MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL LACROSSE TEAM, 1905.

Photo. by Ingham and Sons. Sent by "Hugh of the Owl."

The Round House, Shenley.

THE peculiar structure shown in the accompanying photograph is situated in the main street of the little village of Shenley, Herts, and was at one time used for the incarceration of transgressors of the law, pending the arrival of a safe escort to conduct them to a place of greater security. Over the iron-barred openings, of which there are two, are the inscriptions, "Do well and fear

not, 1810," and "Be sober, be vigilant." It now serves the Hertfordshire County Council in the more peaceable capacity of a tool-house.

F. HODGSON.

The Scot, His Past in Empire Building.

"UP wi' the helm an' gang in tae the middle o't." Such was the remark of a Scotch captain on receiving a, to him, unreadable signal at the battle of Camperdown. And to this day the Scot's great desire is to get into the middle of the fighting. Admiral Cochrane, who afterwards did such wonders for Chili, had that same trick of getting "into the middle o't" when he practically destroyed the French fleet in the Aix Roads. Wellington named Macdonnell, a Highland officer of the Foot Guards, as the bravest man at Waterloo, his defence of Hougoumont at a critical moment saving the British army. Later the Scots were again to the fore—the famous charge of the Scots Greys and the 92nd Highlanders, with their war-cry of "Scotland for ever," being a never-to-be-forgotten incident of that famous battle. But for the prompt reply of a Highlander to a French challenge, Wolfe might never have reached the Heights of Abraham, and the victory achieved there was largely due to the irresistible charge of the Highland regiments. Another famous Scot, General Hector Macdonald, was responsible for the victory of Omdurman. At a critical moment he formed up and moved his troops as if on parade, and by a stroke of genius turned possible defeat into certain victory. The Gordons' charge at

Dargai is still fresh in the memory of the British people, as are also their numerous deeds of valour in the late Boer War. Pride of race and love of country will ever keep the Scot to the fore as an indispensable part of the British army.

JACK L——.

A WOODEN WALL OF NELSON'S DAY COMPARED WITH THE NEW IRONCLAD H.M.S. "HINDUSTAN."

From a contemporary print. Photo. by George Milne.

Oliver Goldsmith.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH — perhaps the most interesting character in English literature—was born in the village of Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland, on November 10, 1728. His father was a clergyman, and it was his desire that his son should follow the same professon. With this intention in view, Oliver entered Trinity College, Dublin, where his expenses were paid by an uncle. He was not a brilliant student, and barely managed to take his B.A. degree. He was rejected by the bishop to whom he applied for ordination. Now that the church was barred to him, he looked out for something else, and succeeded in obtaining a situation as a tutor. This post, however, he did not retain long. Once again he was helped by his uncle, who sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine. After staying for eighteen months in the Scottish capital, Goldsmith went to the Continent—first to Leyden. From Leyden he started on his tour through Europe, and travelled through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. He was still helped financially by his benevolent uncle. While he was in Italy his uncle died, and his nephew returned to London penniless. Here he made a heroic fight for existence. By turns he was a chemist's assistant, doctor (he had taken his medical degree at Padua), proof-reader and school usher. At length in desperation he—fortunately for the world—entered the arena of literature. In 1761 a great epoch occurred in his life—his introduction to Dr. Johnson. Three years later, by the publication of his poem the "Traveller," he sprang into the first rank of English writers. His fame was greatly increased in a year or so by the "Deserted Village." His only novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," was a great success, as was his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." There are one or two points about Goldsmith's poetry that are particularly worthy of notice. In the first place, he writes in simple yet magnificent language. His love of nature and his intense patriotism have perhaps their only

equal in Tennyson. He was of an exceedingly kind disposition. No man who had not a tender heart could have written such descriptions of his childhood's home as one finds in the "Deserted Village." And yet this great man, who was loved by all with whom he came in contact, who "touched nothing that he did not adorn" (to quote the translation of a famous phrase in the Latin epitaph Dr. Johnson composed in memory of his friend), died in a Temple garret, overwhelmed with debt. But his writings will live as long as the English language lasts, and their beauty will be but enhanced as time "rolls his ceaseless course."

GILBERT J. WALKER.

Thoroughness in Writing.

I OFTEN wonder whether, in these bustling days of ours, the requisite amount of attention and pain is bestowed on the particular matter, for the time being, under consideration.

Let us take the subject of literature. Now, I do not suppose that there has ever been such a golden age or such splendid opportunities for writers as this present period. Seventy or eighty years back a budding author had to court public notice in such magazines as *The Edinburgh Review*, *The Examiner*, and *The Westminster Review*, which, of course, demanded a very high standard. Witness the early struggles of Carlyle and poor Leigh Hunt—articles, wild and fiery, or full of a strange mysticism incomprehensible to the editors, and essays brimming over with quiet, innocent mirth, were returned to their authors as unfit for publication, or, in other words, not calculated to increase the sales of the magazines.

But what I particularly want you to notice is the unceasing pains these men gave to their work. Over a small and insignificant statistical point in his famous History, Lord Macaulay wrote two long letters, and the same author used to make exhaustive visits to places about which he was writing; testing, verifying, and in some cases, refuting all the available data in his possession.

Is this kind of thing done by our modern writers? I am afraid not; but, mind you, it is partly the fault of the readers. Facts and figures are dry things. They tell their men of letters, "Don't you waste our time and (incidentally) yours by proving that 2 and 2 make 4; just you polish off a breezy dialogue in which a foolish woman and an apology for a man discuss shopping, or motoring, or bridge, or even love, in a West End flat." Thus the demand and thus the supply. Anything will do; seize the passing craze, whatever it be—the Simple Life, food questions, or even the deeper criticism of clergymen and their Bibles. Slam it down, it's all acceptable; nothing matters very much, and what you are writing about least of all. So it goes on.

Now for a moral.

You budding authors of these Readers' Pages, *think* more, *read* more, *re-write* each sentence, scratch it all out and start again. Give us of your best. Write as Macaulay did, with an eye on the future, but, at the same time, not forgetful of the past.

A. H. E. J.

AN EMBRASURE WINDOW, 4 FT. DEEP, IN THE OLD WALREDDON MANOR HOUSE, DEVON.

Left open during the great blizzard in the west of England, March 9, 1891. Next morning it was found with the sill several inches deep in snow, and the walls with volutes of it hanging out about 4 ins. A copy of this photo. was lately used by the secretary of the Royal Meteorological Society to illustrate a paper on storms.

Photographed by the Rev. Henry D. Nicholson, M.A.

A Match—and a Meal.

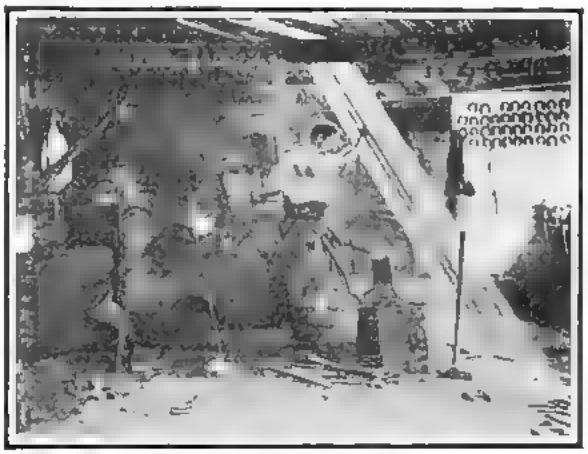
An experience of two CAPTAIN *readers who attended a Maori football match.*

ON our arrival at the ground we found a great crowd gathered, all very excited over the coming game. The footballers evidently did not intend to play on empty stomachs, for a great feast had been spread on the grass. A long flax mat did service for a cloth, and on this were placed big dishes of potatoes, pumpkin, and meat, whilst in the centre stood a great bucket of tea. Before commencing, an old chief stood up and gave a few words of advice to the teams, gesticulating the while. Then the word to "tuck in" was given! Each man made a grab at the viands before him, and the feast commenced in earnest. The eatables were transferred from the dish to the mouth by the fingers, knives and forks being conspicuous by their absence. As for the tea, everybody dipped into the same bucket, and what they could not drink they put back again. I was just beginning to wonder if they expected us to eat of the same fare, when a big fat native came up and explained that as we were "honoured visitors" we were to dine indoors. My chum replied that we *had* dined; but to no purpose. We must eat, or they would be seriously offended. I wondered how on earth I was to gulp down those awful-looking vegetables, the mere sight of which was enough for me. Our escort conducted us into a smoky back room, where we found a table set in proper style with knives, forks, &c. Presently a *wahine* (native woman) entered with a dish of the aforesaid viands, and a big jam tart, and she informed us that we must eat it all. I groaned, but hoped she would leave us to ourselves. When she had filled our plates, much to our relief she departed, and we endeavoured to make a start. I sampled a potato—ugh—such a variety of flavours; but it went down somehow. I thought of home, and wondered if I would ever see home again. Then I tried a piece of pork, but finding my appetite for *that* very poor, I turned my attention to the jam tart. By closing my eyes I managed a fair-sized piece; then my fast-declining appetite entirely forsook me. My mate advised me to buck up and get through, as he was doing, but I had had enough for one day. Fearing the return of the young woman, I smuggled the remaining contents of my plate into my pockets. Soon she came back with a teapot of tea (thank goodness it wasn't that bucket). Then, heaping up the cups with sugar, she poured out the tea and departed once more. We managed to get the liquid down, and, after thanking our kind friends for the "excellent spread provided," we sallied forth to see the fun. On our way to the field we passed several native men lying stretched out in the sun, to all appearance dead; but our friends explained that they would be all right in the morning, as they had only eaten too much.

The ground set apart for the match was an open paddock provided with the usual goal posts. Natives, clad in garments of every hue, squatted all round the field, laughing and joking. But the teams! Such a strange assortment. The local men were arrayed in white jerseys and a variety of pants; but the visitors had, seemingly, donned anything they could lay their hands on. Some had boots, others had stockings. A few—a very few—had both. One had a yellow jersey, another purple silk pants, a third had no pants at all. The proceedings were enlivened by the weird "music" of a mouth organ, which was evidently the property of the whole tribe, judging by the way it was passed from mouth to mouth.

Practically the same rules were observed as in our good old sport, yet one forgot the thread of the game in watching the queer antics of that gaudy-coloured crew. We remained until half time; then, as the day was well on, we bade good-bye to our friends the Maoris, and commenced our return journey.

PORANGI POTAE (New Zealand).



THE FORGE AT DARTFORD, KENT, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WAT TYLER'S.

Photo. by W. Seward Gales.

12 BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

J. O. W. L. and several others have sent me letters asking questions the answers to which would not interest the generality of readers. I must therefore ask Messrs. J. O. W. L. and Co. to forward stamped envelopes or post-cards, when they will receive replies in a few days' time. It must be evident to every reader that a magazine is run for the community and not for the individual, and ought not to be cumbered up with replies which are not of interest to the main body of subscribers. Instead of writing and asking me whether I would like this or that photo. or essay, readers should send the photo. or essay in, and enclose a stamped envelope for its return in the event of its proving unsuitable.

I tell you, Jones Minor, we do ferret round for information that will help readers, and I must confess that it is really very pleasant to think how willingly people assist us. All sorts of busy men have, at times, interrupted their work to answer a CAPTAIN query. I think I have already told you of the bright, pleasant-faced young gentleman who looks after our prize department. Well, he also makes expeditions in search of information for readers, and he tells me that he is most cordially received everywhere. The other day a reader wrote asking for advice on insurance. Off went our pleasant-faced young gentleman to one of the first authorities on insurance in London, and received from him just the facts that he required. Another reader desired some information about the Civil Service. Off hurried Pleasant Face to good Mr. Clark, of Chancery Lane, who promptly turned aside from his multifarious duties to make our reader's path smooth for him. And so on. Pleasant Face gets a lot of exercise that way. Office hours over, P. F. goes to his comfortable home feeling that he has not only performed his duties satisfactorily, but that in performing them he has helped a few fellow "men and brudders" along the difficult road called Life.

As for the letters which we don't have to go out of the office to answer, and to which your venerable servant dictates replies, they are often very peculiar. I remember how, in the early days of THE CAPTAIN, a young lady wrote and told me that she was in love, and, being unhappy at home, thought of eloping with a gentleman very much her senior! But, she went on to say, she would abide by my advice in the matter. It would seem that the fatherly counsel I gave her had considerable effect, for not long after she informed me that she had relinquished her elopement idea, and was going to be married in a proper and formal manner—but not to the elderly gentleman—and was going to Paris for her honeymoon. She also stated that she intended to continue taking in THE CAPTAIN, and hoped that, although a married woman, she would be allowed to enter for the competitions. I expect she has long ago given up going in for the competitions, for even newly married ladies soon discover that hubby does not like waiting for his chop and tomatoes while wifey is wrestling with a "Hidden Cricketers" competition, and that he enters with little enthusiasm into the possibility of her winning a hockey stick for a "November Event" essay when he is yearning for tea and buttered toast! . . . And then one is requested to decide such momentous issues. "If you think I can write," says Would-Be Author, enclosing a long tale, "I will go on persevering. But I shall abide by your opinion. Say I can't write and I

shall give it up for ever." And then another —a fair reader—inquires: "Do you think I shall ever be a poet? Of course, I know the enclosed sonnet is nonsense, but still—" and I am left to search the nonsense for latent gleams of genius. Oh! it quite makes me burst into song myself, as follows:

DRAWING-ROOM BALLAD.

By the Old Fag.

You ask me to decide, dear,
Whether you'll run away and be a bride
Or whether you'll ever be a poet,
Or have to go on being a music teacher—
You ask me to decide!

You ask me to decide, dear,
Whether your tale's a bad 'un,
Or whether you'll be a second Braddon,
Or, if it comes to that, a second Ellen Thornycroft Fowler—
You ask me to decide.

You ask me to decide, dear,
Whether the little oil painting you send
(On which I had to pay 2*d.* extra postage)
Shows signs of your winning fame
And a deathless name—
You ask me to decide.

You ask me to decide, dear,
Whether the comic sketch you enclose
(Palpably copied from one by Mr. Tom Browne)
Holds forth hopes of your drawing for *Punch*
Regularly every week when you're a little older—
You ask me to decide.

You ask me to decide——

At this point a message came up from *C. B. Fry's Magazine* to say that if I did not stop singing the assistant-editor would have an attack of "jumping nerves." As I did not want Mr. Fry's office furniture to suffer, I therefore desisted.

However, funning apart, it's all in the day's work, and we are ready to "venture an opinion"—not "decide"—when the contribution submitted is not too tediously long. You can't expect even an Old Fag to wade through page after page of a lengthy, indifferent tale. A budding author's best plan is to ask a friend who is a good judge of books and writing to give him a straightforward opinion. Also, he should first read a tale by a practised writer, and then his own tale, and note where his technique falls short. Ideas are all very well, but a knowledge of technique must be acquired if a writer wishes to succeed. By technique, of course, I mean the art of setting down dialogue in an easy, natural way; correct composition and punctuation; and that businesslike commencement of and gradual carrying on of a story which, respectively, grip and hold the reader's attention. Many of the tales I receive would be much better if the first three pages were chopped down to one. The mastering of technique also includes a cultivation of a sense of proportion, and a study of the art of "editing" one's own effusions. Too often, alas! *all* the editing is left to the editor.

"Cricket Poems." By George Francis Wilson. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 1s. 6*d.*) It is not often that a literary gentleman essays the writing of real poetry about cricket. The average cricket poem is generally something of a humorous nature or else a hearty, genial jingle by somebody who has a lot of cricket, but very little poetry, in his blood. Mr. Wilson is, however, a poet, and would appear to be a cricketer as well, for this little volume of his is not only distinguished by tuneful and musicianly phrases, but indicates that the writer knows the game from crease to crease.

Now that the Sun has rent his veil of grey,
And on the greensward plays with flashing chords,
From books and shaded hours let us away,
Let us to Lord's!

commences his poem, "An Invitation to Lord's." Then he serves us up some triolets, a kind of verse which is only acceptable, to my mind, when touched off by a master. The following will doubtless be hailed by the "precious" school as a very artistic morsel, but it seems to me rather a waste of paper:

I felt a flick below the wrist;
So, grudgingly, I turned about:
Some red bird flitting by, I wist—
I felt a flick below the wrist—
Could Slip have caught it in his fist?
The Umpire raised his hand. No doubt
I felt a flick below the wrist;
So, grudgingly, I turned about.

Fortunately, Mr. Wilson does not trifle with us long in this way, but proceeds with poetry of more solid worth, and, in the style of Fitzgerald's translation of "Omar," sings of "A Century of Fours." By the time he reaches verse XII. our laureate of the sward has got Mr. Bosanquet well into focus:

Who *waits* on Googlies him shall they oppress:
They are not what they seem nor what you guess,
They are of curly things the curliest,
Inviting least whom they would most possess.

That is distinctly neat, and ought to be inscribed in The Captain Birthday Book opposite Mr. Bosanquet's natal day. Verse XV. must have been written after a Middlesex

ALDERMAN WALTER VAUGHAN MORGAN, LORD MAYOR-ELECT.
Copyright Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

v. Gloucester match, for does not this read as if suggested by the "Croucher's" mighty whacks?

> Nay, Batsmen, think in Sixes: never shun
> The Hazard of Perfection. 'Tis but One:
> Give it good welcome. Think in Sixes still
> So shall you win, since so are all games won,

which is really fine, and inspires us with much respect for Mr. Wilson and his little green book—a book which all lovers of cricket should buy and put on that shelf where repose the volumes that one takes down to while away the half-hour before bed-time. "Think in Sixes," good Captainites—and not only when you are playing cricket, for by so doing you will indeed win in other games besides that which our poet acclaims in such smooth and graceful metre.

Church Lads' Brigade.—In one of our summer numbers we published a short account of the magnificent new headquarters built at Hampstead for the 1st Cadet Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, and recently opened—as depicted in Mr. Alfred Pearse's admirable drawing—by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Amongst the latest contributions of the postman to the mass of letters, papers, and other documents piled upon my table, I find a reminder of that parallel organisation to volunteer cadet battalions, the Church Lads' Brigade. This takes the form of a bundle consisting of the first three numbers of *The Ninth*—the organ of the 9th Battalion of the C.L.B. It is a well-produced little periodical, appearing monthly, and does useful service, I should judge, in

fostering that indispensable *esprit de corps* by linking the various companies of the Battalion together, and keeping each in touch with the doings of the others.

The Chaplain of the Brigade is the Rev. Canon J. Erskine Clarke, Vicar of Battersea, and Hon. Chaplain to the King. He contributes a letter to No. 1 of *The Ninth*, and comments on the disposition of many boys to let religion slide when they go out into the world.

"The reason of this change often is that in the office or workshop they hear Church and parsons scoffed at, and they think it manly to be like the men with whom they spend the week-day."

I suppose that when a boy begins to earn his own living he thinks he is rather too big to go to a Sunday School any longer, and I can quite understand his feelings in the matter. There is no reason, however, why he should drop going to church. The fact that he hears "Church and parsons" scoffed at should induce any boy with real backbone to stick up for "Church and parsons." Let him challenge the scoffers to a common-sense argument on the subject, and let him prove to his listeners—they will all listen—that it is a better thing for young fellows to go to church than to lounge about the streets and fields in small gangs making silly jokes and chaffing poor little servant girls who hurry past with tingling cheeks. Who has not seen this type of Sunday idler—this braying, chuckle-headed hobbledehoy? He is afraid to go to church—although his conscience tells him that he is not spending Sunday as he ought to—because he fears the scorn of his companions. It is not pleasant, I admit, to be laughed at, and it takes a lot of courage to do what is right in the face of ridicule, but I must repeat what I have said before in THE CAPTAIN—*i.e.*, that the very boys and men who jeer, in their heart of hearts entertain a great respect for the people they jeer at. Every time a boy—or man—does something he doesn't want to do, but that he knows he ought to do, he adds to his strength and self-respect, and becomes a greater power in the world.

"Cape Flowers." Referring to my remarks on flowers in the June CAPTAIN, Ernest L. Aubrey writes (from Sea Point, Cape Town): "I should like you to allow me a little space in your valuable magazine to say a few words on Cape flowers. In the Cape Peninsula, flowers abound the whole year round, but more especially during the rainy season (June to November). Table Mountain is quite a flower garden during these months, and the gorges are wrapped in splendour when the Arum lilies are in bloom. The Arums are regarded as weeds here, as they grow almost anywhere. Maidenhair ferns grow in profusion on the banks of the Mountain streams, and the lilies intermingling with the ferns are really a magnificent sight. Only those who explore Table Mountain can form any idea of the beauties hidden among its rocks. The frowning precipices, which seem from a distance to be so vast and unbroken, are found on nearer approach to open into tiny glens and valleys adorned with streams and cascades, and clothed with the most beautiful foliage and flowers, amongst which are the superb Table Mountain orchid (*Disa grandiflora*) and the graceful Silver Tree, the former indigenous to the spot and the latter practically confined to the Cape Peninsula. On the summit of the mountain, other species of orchids are to be found, but the Blue orchid (*Disa herschelia*) is the most beautiful, and has a delicate perfume, resembling the smell of pine-tar. Nearly four hundred species of orchids are known as belonging to South Africa. The *Protea*, or Sugar Bush, is found all over Cape Colony, and about one thousand different varieties have been found. The most conspicuous are the *Protea mellifera* and the *Protea grandiflora* (a tree of considerable size). The flowers of the commonest species have horny pink-and-white petals, forming a circle about two inches in diameter. The cup is filled with a peculiar growth, and cluster of petals, resembling a plume of pure white feathers. The Plumbago plant, which is grown in hot-houses in England, is used here to form hedges, and when in full bloom looks very beautiful. Heather abounds on the mountain sides, and as many as four hundred varieties have been found in a very small area.

"The Agapanthus, cultivated in hot-houses and gardens at home, is very common here, and the deep-blue flower is often found measuring two inches across the top of the petals. On the veldt, Mesembryanthemums grow in profusion, and the leaves contain a kind of gum which prevents too rapid evaporation under the hot sun. The natives eat certain kinds of these leaves to allay thirst.

"It would take hours to describe all the South African flowers, and I have only mentioned a few of the commonest. I expect

a good many readers have heard of the 'Table Cloth' which covers Table Mountain, and have wondered what it is. I thought it very uncanny when I first landed here, but the explanation is quite simple. When a south-east wind blows it rises against the sides of the mountain into colder regions; the moisture it bears is condensed into mist and the flat top of the mountain is thus covered with its 'Table Cloth.' Sometimes this mist is driven down the slopes in a perfect Niagara of vapour."

An Old-fashioned Will.—The will of the late Lady Huddleston, widow of Baron Huddleston, of legal celebrity, is not only significant of the benevolence of the deceased, but possesses a quietly romantic touch in its minor bequests which calls to mind the wills one reads of "in novels" of a bygone school—the Wilkie Collins and Anthony Trollope novels, for instance. Her ladyship left the substantial fortune of £86,468. Of this, £10,000 went to the Barristers' Benevolent Association and another £10,000 to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. A thousand pounds was to be spent on the erection of a drinking-fountain at Ascot. Altogether, £34,000 was left to charities, and £16,000 to servants. £5000 goes to the late Baron's Government clerk, and then we come to a list of legacies which calls up a picture of a grand lady spending her declining years amid old and faithful servants—whose loyalty has been duly rewarded, as follows:

To Mlle. Léontine Grisel, her French maid, £3000, her wardrobe and furs, her watch cased in green stone, with small diamonds and rubies and pendants in the same green stone.

To her housekeeper, Mrs. Hunter, £3000 and the selection of a clock.

To her coachman, Isaac Croft £3000 and the selection of a clock, and all her horses, carriages, dogs, and cats.

To her lodge-keeper, Mrs. Eliza Moore, £1000 and a memento.

To her gardener, Job Savage, £1000 and a memento.

To each other servant one year's wages.

These names look as if they had come straight out of a novel. Mdlle. Grisel, Mrs. Hunter, Isaac Croft, Mrs. Eliza Moore, Job Savage—are they not redolent of a type of romance for which we still have much affection? My congratulations to the fortunate recipients of this good lady's bounty!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A.—The proper way to find out whether your stories are any good is to go in for story competitions or send the stories to such papers as you think they might suit, enclosing a stamped envelope for return. If you can afford it, have them typewritten, as this enhances their chance of acceptance. Still, a conscientious Editor will always read a legibly written tale, and as you write clearly enough there is no particular reason why you should spend money on typists unless you can well afford so to do. You might also, as I suggest in my "Editorial," get a well-read friend to give you an opinion on your work. If you want a professional opinion, you ought to consult, and *pay*, a professional writer. It is only fair, as I think you will admit, to pay for a professional criticism, since you are asking for advice whereby you can make money by your pen. If you want to get into the Army or Civil Service, or become a solicitor or barrister, you have to pay for your instruction, so why shouldn't you pay for instruction that is calculated to put you on the right road to earn money by literary work? Mind, I don't say that such criticisms will make you an author, but they will serve to point out your faults and improve your technique. Given technique, you yourself must supply imagination and originality. If you don't possess those attributes, you'll never be an author, though you spend a hundred pounds on professional criticisms, and try until you're grey-haired

"Hickson's."—"As a public-school man," writes "Old Rossallian," "of five years' standing, I beg to offer an indignant remonstrance against publicating (to coin a word) the insane letters in favour of an institution like Hickson's. The flat-chested, athletic, third-sex creature that Hickson's produces is not popular, and certainly not good-looking. I know several athletic girls, and not one of them is worth a second glance. I think, with regard to this latter point, that those fellows who advocate the athletic girl cannot be human. Personally, I am subject to the charms of pretty women, and ninety-nine out of a hundred public-school fellows prefer a pretty girl, flirt though she may be, or nervous perhaps, to the athletic sloucher who drops the 'g's' at the end of her words, and slaps you in the back, at the same time asking you for a 'fag' and the latest results from Ascot. This, of course, only applies to Ireland, where very few athletic girls exist, and it is possible that all the good-looking athletic women live in England. Nevertheless, it is a notorious fact that there are more good-looking girls in proportion to the population in Ireland than in any other part of the world."

"Would-be Actor-Engineer" would like to be an actor, or, failing that, an electrical engineer. He wants full information about both professions. I have already stated my objections to giving information about the stage. They are not puritanical objections, nor the objections of a prejudiced person, but simply common-sense views on the subject. Briefly, I don't advise a young fellow to go on the stage if he can get any other kind of respectable employment. Most actors will give a "would-be actor" the same advice. It is a hard life, an uncertain life, and to a large extent a demoralising life. For all that, there are certain people who *will* go on the stage because they are hopelessly stage-

struck; let the stage, therefore, be recruited from the ranks of such. As regards electrical engineering, the proper thing to do is to enter a big electrical engineering firm as a pupil. My correspondent will have to pay a premium unless he has friends in this kind of business who will take him without one. He will find the names of a number of big firms—to whom he might apply—in *The Electrical Engineer*, 3*d*. weekly.

"Milo the Grotoman" sends me a letter in which he points out, at some length and in forcible language, that Scotch public schools are quite as good as English ones. He seems, indeed, to be under the impression that the English public school-boy looks down on his Scotch brother, but I assure him he is greatly mistaken. The English public school-boy has a very great respect for his Scotch contemporary, for he knows what a hard-working, hard-playing chap the latter is. Let "Milo" therefore disabuse his mind of the idea that the Scotch public schools are held in disdain by English boys. It is clear some English boy has been irritating "Milo" with disparaging remarks, hence this letter. Finally, let not "Milo" say that THE CAPTAIN neglects Scotch public schools. In our limited space we give them their just proportion of attention. By the way, a Scotchman once told me that I ought always to use the adjective "Scottish" when speaking of Scotland. Yet "Milo" uses the word "Scotch" all through his letter. Is he right or am I?

Tall Scoring by a Private School.—A Chatham House (Ramsgate) correspondent calls my attention to the run-getting powers of his school eleven, which, during the past season, won seventeen out of twenty-two matches, two being lost, two drawn, and one (*v*. Deal) ending in a tie. The highest aggregate was 436 for three wickets (*v*. Simon Langton, Canterbury), and the next highest 323. Three individual scores of over 200 were made, and three other centuries were put up by individual players. The crack bat appears to be Campbell, who made 221, 205 (not out), 114, and 107. "Unfortunately, neither the South Eastern College nor St. Edmund's would play us," writes the editor of the school magazine. From the above figures, however, I should surmise that Chatham House would have given both of the schools in question a good game. Still, they doubtless know their own business best. My congratulations to Chatham House on their excellent season.

"Wellingtonian," referring to the Hickson question, says that he believes that "the girl most fellows like is the girl who can drive a decent ball at golf, who can play hockey without hitting you in the head, who can cycle, and who can talk fairly interestingly." I congratulate "Wellingtonian" on being so easily catered for, but I can assure him that when, in the dim future, he leads some young lady of this kind to the altar he will find as time goes on that it is also a very advantageous thing if a girl can sew as well as play hockey, and mind a house as well as she can drive a ball at golf. A girl who can play the piano and sing is also not to be despised. These other qualifications, my dear "Wellingtonian," when a man has settled down to the sober business of matrimony, count for far more than efficiency in golf-playing, cycling, and hockey.

"Silkworm," also writing on the Hickson question, mentions incidentally that certain friends of his (boys and girls) developed during the summer holidays a kind of mania for attending performances of the pierrot class on the beach. In spite of his remonstrances, every evening saw them gathered round the mysterious masked performers by 7.30, and there they would stop until the performance was over. The best thing "Silkworm" can do is to search round for some boy and girl friends who are not such idiots as to devote the whole of every evening to listening to open-air performers, however good the latter may be. People who waste evening after evening over such trivialities are surely not companions worth troubling about.

O. E. S. is a very practical supporter of THE CAPTAIN. He evidently believes that if one likes a magazine, it is one's duty to acquaint other people with its qualities. C. E. S. goes in for exchanging stamps with boys living in the Colonies, and whenever he sends any stamps he always asks his correspondents if they read THE CAPTAIN, and in this way has gained us quite a number of new subscribers. We thank him heartily for his efforts, and recommend his admirable system to other readers.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew.—Those of our readers who may be emigrating to Canada cannot do better than communicate with the secretary of this Brotherhood, which makes a point of calling upon men as they arrive and keeping them in touch with the Church of England, and giving them such information and advice as may be of assistance to them. The Secretary is Mr. F. W. Thomas, 23 Scott Street, Toronto, Canada.

Colonial Competitions Time Limit.—As we have received so many complaints from Australian and New Zealand readers to the effect that the extension of time given hitherto does not enable them to do justice to the competitions, we have decided to extend the time by another month.

W. R. Brown (Wanganui, N.Z.).—I do not think a William IV. farthing is worth anything very much. I have a George III. half-crown, and no one has ever felt disposed to give me more than half a crown for it, in spite of the fact that it has got a hole through it.

Skegness.—In her essay on this popular watering-place "Puella" wishes it to be known that the sentence, "Ask your north of England friends, &c.," should read, "Ask your *south* of England friends," as, of course, northerners would naturally know where Skegness is.

A. M. O.—If a CAPTAIN Club has been formed at Cheltenham, an announcement to that effect will have appeared in these columns. CAPTAIN Clubs are not intended for girls, except to attend as guests. Girls should form little clubs of their own.

W. Halswell's time for the quarter-mile at the Amateur Athletic Association's Championship Meeting was 50⅘ sec., and not 15⅘ sec., as erroneously stated in our August number.

Lex Junior.—I asked the author of "The Case of Macdonald" to send a reply to your letter. This he has done, and if you will forward your address I will let you have his explanation.

Letters have also to be acknowledged from: "Eutropius," J. W. Connell, "An Interested Reader," "Piers Gaveston," "Dreamer" (if you want a criticism you must send a stamped envelope), "Togo," "Hockeyite," "Freshman," "Why Not?" (that's me), "The Long 'Un," R. E. Thomas.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of September Competitions.

No. I.—"Scholarship Appointment Competition."
—Result will be announced in the January No.

No. II.—"'Captain' Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF "GUINEA KITO" CAMERA: C. Maud Heddy, 46 Redcliffe Gardens, South Kensington.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Mrs. Forden, The Leaze, Berkeley, Glos.; A. A. Kerridge, 51 St. Mary Street, Chippenham, Wilts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith M. Nanson, Dora Beddow, Mrs. A. Talbot, Marian Hewitt, R. Lilian Ormston, Constance Greaves, May MacCowen Hall.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: G. W. Bailey, 396 Attercliffe Road, Sheffield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Gladys A. W. von Stralendorff, 12 Lord Street West, Southport, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: May Curell, Marion Pryce, Dorothy Nanson, Bernard Weaver.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Robert D. Morrison, Brantwood, Campbell Drive, Bearsden, N.B

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Osmond, R. Middleton, Doris Stafford, Kathleen Talbot, James Haddock, Tom Marston, Emmeline d'Auvergne, Jessie Harris, Bernard Hickson.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: John T. Roberts, 40 Wingfield Road, Gravesend.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Harry W. Witcombe, Castlebrook, Holland Road, Maidstone.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James T. Child, W. A. Cleworth, David Clark, A. K. Hosack, Lottie Clark, Constance N. Daly, Mrs. Herbert Bindley, R. W. Copeman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: R. H. Barnes, Burgh Rectory, Aylsham, Norfolk.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: William Richardson, South Church, Bishop Auckland, co. Durham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ernest Townsend, A. F. Simpson, George H. Webber, E. Waddington, G. S. B. Cushnie, Mabel Pauline Gore, A. Mattinson, Edgar J. Barrett, Edgar M. Firth, J. A. Chesterton, J. J. R. H. Oldham, Harold E. H. Cooke.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: T. L. Bayliss, The Leasowes, Barnt Green, nr. Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. R. Bourne, D. A. Hilton, Owen W. Callard, Reginald J. Francklyn, George M. Eaton, Leonard Pearce, A. C. Powell, Stanley Broughton, G. F. Stephenson, Harold Hull, L. Mead, Wulstan Martin.

No. IV.—"My Twelve Favourite Characters in 'Captain' Fiction."

No age limit.

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Muriel Jackson, Bardykes, Blantyre, Lanarkshire.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Maggie Roberts, 97 Lichfield Grove, E. Finchley; G. S. Blake, 3 Stag Lane, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. E. Kay, Ethel C. Williams, C. Foster, A. Smallpiece, Randolph L. Pawlby, Madge Kirsopp, J. J. Simpson, R. Lilian Ormston, W. F. Curtis, L. A. Carey, H. R. Bishop, E. A. Peers.

No. V.—"September Celebrities."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GRADIDGE FOOTBALL: William Kentish, Balmain Lodge, Trafalgar Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: George E. Russell, 4 Chandos Road, Causeway, Staines; A. Tapply, Thorndale Wateringbury, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Neville V. Gorton, H. C. Smith, Ethel Carleton Williams, R. H. Ferguson, P. L. Dacre, F. A. Kennett, G. Austen Taylor, Leo Teesdale, Bernard Weaver, Gwen Brookes.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF GRADIDGE FOOTBALL: Arthur W. Woolley, 194 Foster Hill Road, Bedford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Cyril J. Seed, 24 Park View, Halifax

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. G. Coomes, R. E. Thomas, Jas. McGregor, Inez F. Dicksee, H. B. Higginbottom, John Single, Fred C. Wild, Edwin G. Urwin, Edgar A. Peers, Emmeline d'Auvergne, Harold Fox Walton, William Mackay.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Marjorie Noel How, Oakville, Holly Park, Crouch Hill, N

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Barbash, Henry d'Auvergne.

No. VI.—"Ideal Number Competition."

No age limit.

WINNER OF NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: Tommie Thomson, 111 Sinclair Road, West Kensington, London, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Norris C. Thorpe, "Rathlin," Worsley, nr. Manchester; S. E. Kay, Sunnyhurst, Sutton Valence, Maidstone, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. M. McCrossan, Claude Bonnett, George Scott, A. H. Macklin, May MacCowen Hall, H. G. N. Tucker, J. Valiant, R. H. Crump, John Leigh Turner, Percival Dacre, W. F. Curtis.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(August.)

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: Lee Matheson, Westville, Nova Scotia, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith E. Erskine (South Africa), C. E. J. Da Costa (Trinidad), Leonard Glass (India).

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: Benjamin Smellie, c/o J. Smellie, Esq., Nagpur, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Brierly (Trinidad), Leslie H. Burket (Canada).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: D. G. Crofts, Bell Street, Point, Durban, Natal, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. H. Jones (India), Cecilia Duffy (Canada), Allan M. Petry (Canada), Leslie H. Burket, Sybil Hastings, (India).

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: Donald T. Middleton, c/o H. E. Murray Esq., Port Mourant Plantation, Berbice, British Guiana.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith E. Erskine, Charles Harris Leach (Newfoundland).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the September Competitions.

No. II.—I was glad to notice this month many new names among the competitors, and while welcoming these new friends I must congratulate them on the excellence of their work.

No. III.—Pleasant holiday pictures composed the majority of entries in each Class.

No. IV.—The winning list, decided by vote, is as follows:

J. O. Jones	"J. O. Jones"
Jim Mortimer	"The Long 'Un"
Stanborough	"At Hickson's"
J. Munro	"The Duffer"
John Baywood	"Adventures of John Baywood"
Sir Billy	"Sir Billy"
Wardour	"Tales of Greyhouse"
Trevor	"The Gold Bat"
Kennody	"The Head of Kay's"
Drysdale	"Tales of Eliza's"
Acton	"Acton's Feud"
Fenn	"The Head of Kay's"

Older readers, of course, had a distinct advantage in this Comp., several early favourites appearing in the winning list.

No. V.—The essays were not quite so numerous as usual, but the high standard was fully maintained. The favourite "Celebrities" were Dr. Johnson, Lord Nelson, Lord Roberts, General French, Lord Clive, Queen Elizabeth, Michael Faraday, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

No. VI.—It will be noticed that the following list, decided by vote, is identical with the one published in the September Editorial, with the exception that a second serial is substituted for the "Naturalists' Corner," which, however, found a good many supporters. We may, therefore, conclude that the Editor's opinion as to the completeness of the August number was quite justified. The adjoined table represents an "Ideal Number" of THE CAPTAIN, according to our readers:

1. Serial story.	11. Stamp Corner.
2. Athletic Corner.	12. Short story.
3. Short story.	13. Article.
4. Article.	14. Short story.
5. Short story.	15. Competitions.
6. Photographic Gallery.	16. Short story.
7. Camera Corner.	17. Captain Club Contributions.
8. Short story.	18. Editorial.
9. Cycling Corner.	19. Answers to Correspondents.
10. Serial story.	20. Results of Competitions.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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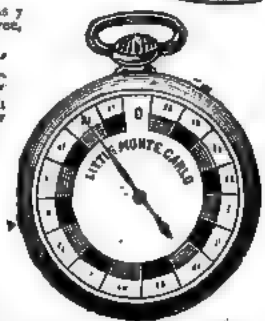

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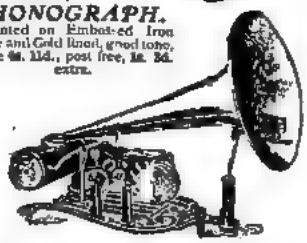

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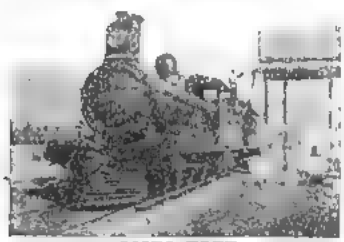

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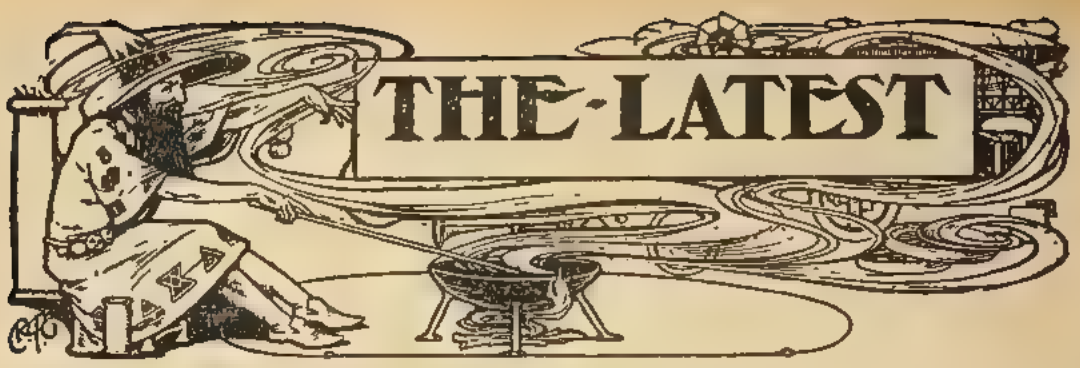

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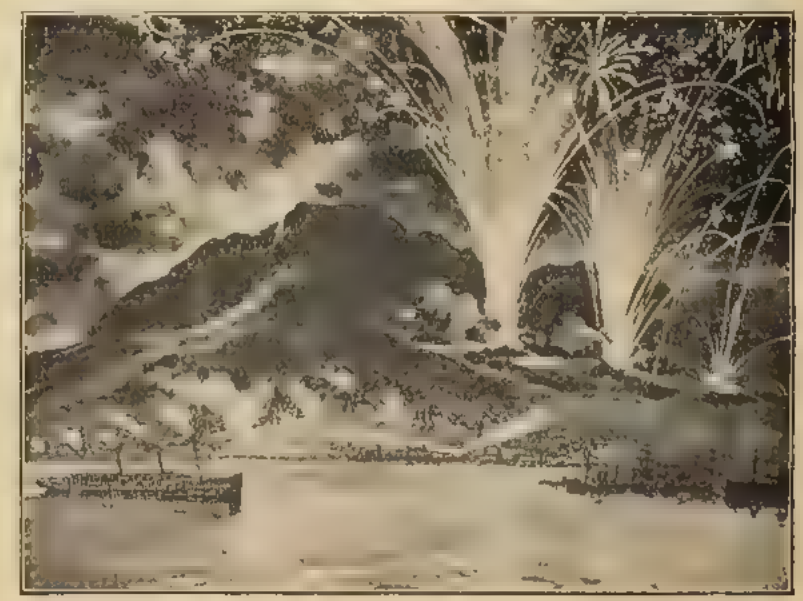

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(Continued on page xx.

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[Continued on page xxii.

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BOXES OF AUTOGRAPH CHRISTMAS CARDS, &c.
12 Exquisite Christmas, with inserts and silk ribbons, 1s.
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No. 39. The Beautiful Cabinet of 50 Lovely Cards, including many sold at 4d. and 6d. each, with Envelopes, 2s. 6d. Full List Free.

THE CENTRAL POSTCARD AGENCY,
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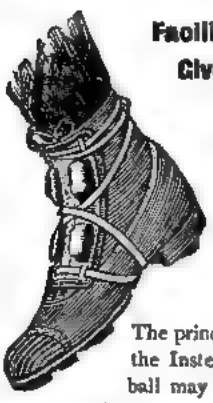
SAMS'S "PRESTO" KICKING PAD.



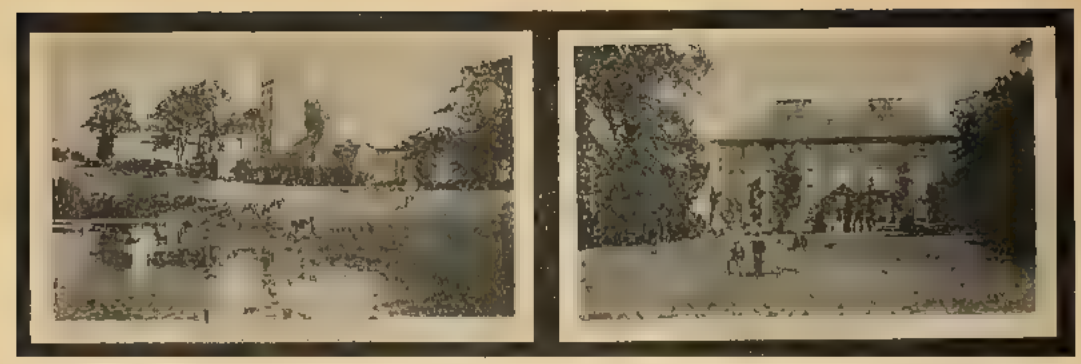
Facilitates Sure Kicking.
Gives Impetus to the Kick.
Braces up the Foot.

PROTECTS THE INSTEP.

The principal object of Pad is to bring the Instep into prominence so that the ball may be kicked therefrom without the liability of DIGGING TOE INTO TURF.

Price 1/6 each. Postage, 1d.

S. E. SAMS,
Stanstead Ware, Herts.



TWO CARDS OF THE NELSON SET — Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

lavished. With regard to choice of subject and manner of reproduction, so much thought and care have been brought to bear, and such improvements introduced, as have resulted in thousands of beautiful productions clamouring for admission to that modern gallery of all the arts—the picture postcard album.

And as to the reason of such widespread success—it can be all summed up in one word—simplicity. The picture postcard is a labour-saving device, and, as doing away with the necessity of letter writing, is entitled to our highest consideration.

THE CAPTAIN has received from several firms an enormous response to inquiries recently made with the idea of ascertaining, if possible, the exact degree of the popularity of the picture postcard. It is, indeed, difficult to make a representative selection from so much good material in so small a space. The Woodbury Series is well to the fore as regards artistic production. We give on this page an illustration of two of the fine Nelson set published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode in this series, which are really well done.

The bright colouring of Japanese subjects will always make an excellently effective postcard. In the "Cardinal" Series of Messrs. F. A. Horle and Co. there are some very fine specimens of real Jap. cards, which are a decided and very beautiful novelty. Our small illustration will give some idea of the way in which these subjects are treated.

From Messrs. Gale and Polden we have received their series dealing with life in the Army and Navy, which is sure to be specially interesting to every boy. We reproduce one of their "Types of the British Army" in the spirited picture of the Dragoon on this page.

We have also received cards from Messrs S. Oates and Co., The Photochrom Company, Ltd., Mr. Charles Volsey, Messrs. Thornton Bros., Messrs. H. Lindley and Co., Messrs. Davidson Bros., Mr. G. P. Osmond, and Messrs. Blum and Degen.

A GOOD COMIC CARD. Chas. Volsey.

A REAL PHOTO. PICTURE. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

A NOVELTY IN VIEWS. Thornton Bros

A MILITARY SUBJECT. Gale and Polden.

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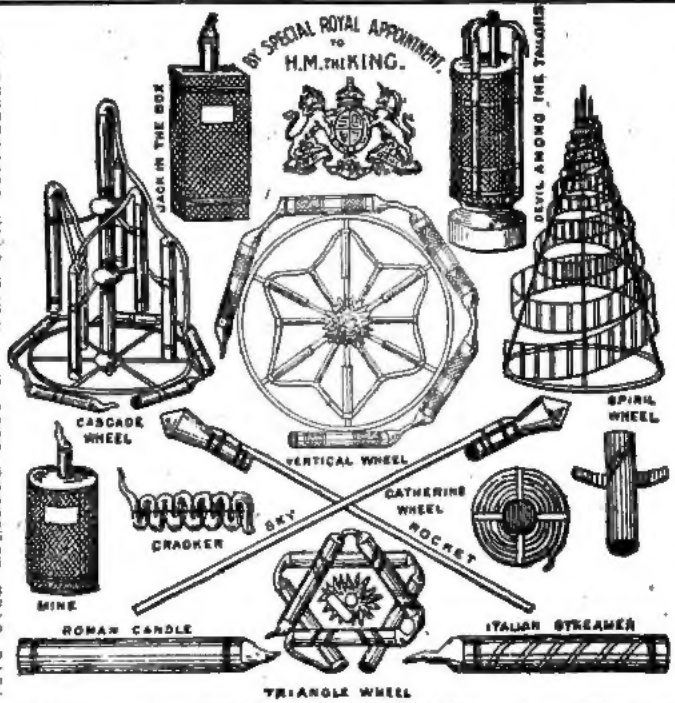
	s. d.
12 Squibs with loud reports	0 6
6 Golden Rains	0 3
6 Crackers	0 3
6 Catherine Wheels	0 3
6 Starlights	0 3
2 Roman Candles	0 4
2 Golden Flower Pot	0 4
1 Packet Crimson Fire	0 4
1 Golden Fountain	0 6
1 Italian Streamer	0 6
1 Packet Chinese Crackers	0 4
2 Large Wheels	0 2
	4 0
Less Discount added in Fireworks	1 6
Nett	2 6

5s. BOX.

	s. d.
2 Electric Wheels	0 6
12 Squibs with loud reports	1 0
12 Golden Rains	1 0
6 Crackers	0 6
6 Catherine Wheels	0 6
1 Catherine Wheel, extra large	0 6
1 Packet Crimson Fire	0 4
1 ,, Green Fire	0 4
1 ,, Blue Fire	0 4
1 Mount Vesuvius	0 6
1 Golden Fountain	0 6
3 Roman Candles	1 0
1 Jack-in-the-Box	0 6
1 Packet Chinese Crackers	0 4
1 Silver Fountain	0 2
	8 0
Less discount added in Fireworks	3 0
Nett	5 0



10s. BOX.

	s. d.
1 Palin's Electric Sparkler	0 3
1 Pain's Electric Torch	0 3
1 Pain's Electric Wheel	0 6
12 Squibs with loud reports	1 0
12 Golden Rains	1 0
12 Starlights	0 6
12 Crackers	0 6
12 Catherine Wheels	1 0
3 Catherine Wheels, extra size	0 6
1 Mount Vesuvius	0 6
1 Chinese Tree, with Silver Fire	1 0
1 Box Crimson Fire	0 9
1 Box Green Fire	0 9
1 Box Blue Fire	0 9
1 Roman candle, large size	1 0
1 Roman Candle, Red, Green, and Purple Stars	1 0
1 Jack-in-the-Box (great explosions)	1 6
1 Triangle Wheel	1 0
1 Packet Chinese Crackers (loud reports)	0 6
1 Fairy Fountain	0 6
12 Port Fires for Lighting	0 6
	16 3
Less Discount added in Fireworks	6 3
Nett	10 0

ONE GUINEA CASE.

	s. d.
1 Electric Wheel	0 6
1 ,, Torch	0 6
1 ,, Sparkler	0 6
5 Roman Candles, assorted colours	5 0
3 Coloured Lights, do	3 0
1 Jack-in-the-Box	1 0
1 Mount Vesuvius	1 0
1 Triangle Wheel	1 0
1 Chinese Fixer	1 6
1 Bouquet of Gerbes	2 6
1 Golden Fountain	1 0
12 Squibs	1 0
1 Chinese Tree, Silver Flowers	1 0
12 Starlights	1 0
12 Crackers	1 0
12 Catherine Wheels	1 0
3 Large Catherine Wheels	1 0
12 Golden Rains	1 0
1 Pilot Balloon	1 0
1 Italian Streamer	1 0
1 Golden Tourbillion	1 6
6 Coloured Torches	0 6
1 Line Rocket	1 6
12 Port Fires	1 0
	£1 13 0
Less discount added in Fireworks	0 13 0
Nett	£1 0 0

THREE GUINEA CASE.

	s. d.
Special Assortment Pain's Electric Fireworks	5 0
6 Roman Candles, assorted colours (large size)	10 0
6 Catherine Wheels	3 0
1 Large Balloon, with Magnesium Light changing colour four times while sailing through the air	5 0
1 Packet of Chinese Fire Crackers, consisting of 8 reports	1 0
1 Double Triangle Wheel, Illuminated with Beautiful Tints	6 0
1 Mount Vesuvius, discharging at frequent intervals myriads of Coloured Stars	2 0
4 Prismatic Lights of great brilliancy, changing colour 3 times	8 0
1 Bouquet of Golden Gerbes	4 0
4 Rockets with Brilliant Stars	4 0
2 Rockets with Variegated Stars	5 0
3 Rockets with Peacock's Plumes	12 0
1 Large Jack-in-the-Box, 5s.; 2 Fountains of Golden Fire, 3s.	8 0
1 Chinese Tree of Silver Fire	2 0
1 Devil among the Tailors, a most exciting piece of pyrotechny	3 0
1 Italian Streamer, 3s.; 1 Cracker Mine, 3s. 6d.	6 6
1 Shell of Laburnum Blossom	4 0
1 Doz. Port Fires for Lighting	2 0
4 Oriental Shells with Aerial Wonders and Mortar, complete	4 0
	£4 16 6
Less Discount added in Fireworks	1 13 6
Nett	£3 3 0

FIVE GUINEA CASE.

	s. d.
Special Assortment Pain's Electric Fireworks	10 0
1 Jewelled Fountain	2 6
2 Golden Tourbillions, forming Cascades of Fire in ascent and descent	5 0
1 Large Balloon, with Magnesium Light	5 0
1 Double Triangle wheel, forming a Radius of Silver Fire, centred with Crimson Flume	6 0
6 Roman Candles with Brilliant Stars	12 0
6 ,, ,, with Carmine, Emerald and Turquoise colours	12 0
1 Jack-in-the-Box, with Eruptions of Varied Amusing Fireworks	5 0
3 Prismatic Lights, giving Varied and Charming Effects	9 0
4 Rockets, with Pearl Stars	8 0
3 ,, with Variegated Stars	12 0
2 Asteroids, changing colours while falling through the air	8 0
1 Bouquet of Gerbes, producing Blossoms of Golden Fire	6 0
1 Magnesium Light	2 0
1 Mine with Bengal Light, giving a Moonlight Effect, and discharging a Cloud of Fiery Serpents	7 0
1 Devil among the Tailors, a most exciting piece of pyrotechny	3 6
1 Rainbow Wheel with Circles of Beautiful Colours, intersecting each other with pleasing effect	6 6
1 Congreve Mortar, containing a Shell of Stars	5 0
1 Huge Fountain of Golden Spray, forming an Immense Column of Fire, upwards of 20 feet in height	5 0
1 Italian Streamer	3 6
1 Doz. Port Fires for Lighting	1 6
6 Oriental Shells, with Mortar, complete	12 0
1 Magnesium Flash	1 0
1 Packet Cannon Crackers	1 0
6 Doz. Small Fireworks for Children	6 0
	£7 17 6
Less Discount added in Fireworks	2 12 6
Nett	£5 5 0

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Boxes of special assorted ROCKETS ONLY with sticks and portfires complete, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-, 21/-, 42/-. All the above prices are strictly nett. In every case we have added upwards of 50 per cent. in Fireworks, and our selections consist of only high class goods. Our customers will at once notice that the above method is cheaper than if they purchased goods to their own selection.

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President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. *Vice-Presidents*, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR NOVEMBER 1905.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary

KIDDERMINSTER.—This branch has started the Winter season well, and their first Football match, against the Grammar School at Woodfield, resulted in a win for the B.E.L. team by 7 goals to 4. The branch has got some excellent fixtures, and I trust this is a happy augury of their future success.

INVERCARGILL, N.Z. — Mr. Raymond McCarthy writes very enthusiastically of the way in which boys in New Zealand have taken up the League, and suggests the formation of a League Camera Club as a means by which members in the Mother Country can exchange views with others in the Colonies. Photography is a delightful hobby in itself, and would be made still more attractive to B.E.L. members if such a club could be formed. I shall be pleased to forward the names of any readers who would be willing to join it.

TRINITY, Newfoundland.—This branch spent an enjoyable evening at their Club Room last month. Here is the programme, which might be adopted by others with advantage:

7.0.—Preliminaries. Introduction of new members, &c.
7.30.—Speeches.
8.30.—Games, &c.
9.30.—Discussion on the entertainment, and suggestions for future evenings. Refreshments.

It was decided to close the meeting by singing the National Anthem.

I regret that Mr. Maidment, the founder and late Hon. Sec. of the branch, has been called away to another part of the Island. He has, however, left his branch in capable hands, and still retains a deep interest in its welfare.

LAURA, S.A.—The Hon. Sec. writes: "Our B.E.L. Club is progressing favourably. We gave a free entertainment in the Town Hall, which is used as our Club Room. We had all sorts of games on tables 'rigged' up for the purpose, and at intervals we rendered songs, recitations, and dialogues which took very well indeed, and helped to show the townspeople what our Club was like." Competitions have been in progress, a beautiful banner has been presented to the Club, and quite a variety of interesting events are taking place, all of which show that our Colonial members know how to enjoy themselves, and at the same time uphold the principles of the League.

I have also to thank numerous members for their interesting letters, many of which I have answered by mail. A number of members are desirous of cultivating a friendly correspondence with CAPTAIN readers, and I shall be pleased to send their names and addresses to those who would care to enter into communication with them, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Many of them would be highly delighted with simply a picture postcard, and I can guarantee that such will be courteously and thankfully acknowledged.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

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SPECIAL OFFER!

To Readers of "The Captain."

PADDED MOROCCO POSTCARD ALBUMS

Newest shade of dark green leaves **to hold 300 cards,** both upright and oblong shapes, and **including** 25 beautifully coloured, highest grade quality Pictorial Postcards, copyright views, all different. Sold everywhere retail 1d. each.

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Two parcels and over penny per parcel reduction. Very large demand anticipated. To avoid disappointment **order at once,** as these Parcels are not sold for profit, but to advertise new Catalogue.

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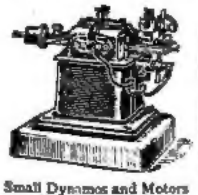
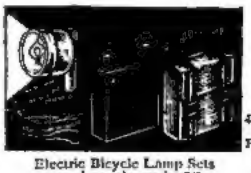
MANUFACTURING ELECTRICIANS, TWICKENHAM, ENG.



Small Dynamos and Motors of every Description.



Electric Bicycle Lamp Sets complete, charged, 18/6.

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2/9 each, 30/- doz.

3/9 „ 42/- „

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Finest Cowhide.

Match size 9/9

The "Crown," 5/-

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With Elastic & Patent Clip, 2/3. Ordinary Makes, 1/4, 1/9, 2/9, 3/9. White Swansdown, 1/4, 2/2, 3/3. Postage, 3d. 2/- reduction on 1 dozen.

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Size 2 to 5, 5/11. Pad, 5/9.

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6d., 9d., 1/-, 1/3 Pair.

SCEPTRES (For School use).

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(4½d. per lb.)

4-lb. per pair,	1/8	10-lb. per pair,	3/9
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BOXING GLOVES.

Ordinary Youths', 3/6 per set.

Superior Stuffed Hair, 4/6 per set.

Men's ditto 5/6

"J.P." BANTAM.

Best Gold Cape, White Palms, Lace Wrists, 10/6 per set.

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White Knickers, 1/4, 2/2, 3/3 per pair.

„ Flannelette Trousers 3/6 „

„ Flannel Trousers, 4/8, 5/3, 6/5 per pair.

Postage 3d.

Gym. Vests, White Gauze 1/- each.

„ „ Trimmed Red or Navy, 1/6 each.

„ Shoes (White), 1/11 per pair.

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